

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

JUNE
1926
WINNIPEG, CANADA



A BRIDLE PATH ON LAKE LOUISE

10
CENTS

Howard Lee Manzer Edith G. Bayne Laurentian Lou F. D. Bradbrooke

A Successful Westerner—By C. B. Robertson

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The Western Home Monthly

BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR

WINNIPEG, MAN.

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After Every Meal

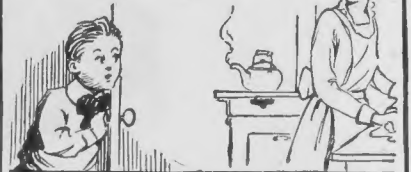
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CG 13

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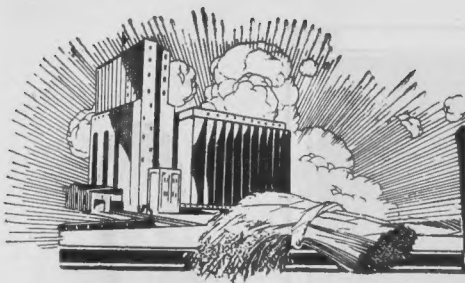
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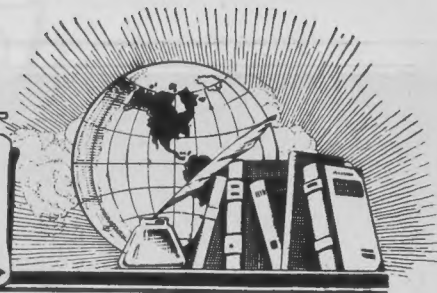
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EDITORIAL



Our English Speech

SOMETIMES we think that American and Canadian newspapers have a monopoly of wild phrases, but even the leading English weeklies are sometimes able to outdo us. The following from the New Statesman is a fine sample of the new style. As an American would say: "It has 'pep' even if it lacks beauty."

"We wonder how much longer Mr. Baldwin intends to tolerate the indiscretions of his Home Secretary. In past times it has not been uncommon under Conservative Governments for high offices to be conferred upon men of little wit, but usually such men have understood, or at least have acted as if they understood, that they were not expected to talk too much. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, however, seems to be too fond of talking to allow himself to be silenced, and every time he gets on his feet in front of a public audience he manages to say something foolish and more or less dangerous. In his speech at Ipswich last Monday he excelled himself. Quite gratuitously he described all the measures that had been prepared to safeguard the food supplies and commerce of the country in the event of anything like a general strike. It was a threatening speech, addressed to leaders of Labour in general. "Let them beware," he repeated over and over again in solemn accents, hinting that if they attempted to obstruct his arrangements, they would be putting their heads in the lion's mouth—the lion, of course, being himself, Sir William Joynson-Hicks. We all know that the Prime Minister does not approve of stupid bluster of this kind, and realizes how dangerously provocative it is. But why, then, does he permit it? In any crisis that may arise it will undoubtedly be the duty of the Government to safeguard the food supplies of the community; but if we are really to get our food it is certainly to be hoped that the practical direction of affairs will be in the hands of someone who can talk less and do more than the present windbag of the Home Office."

The average Canadian has never heard the name of the Home Secretary, and probably does not know what is meant by the safeguarding of the home supplies, but he understands quite clearly that the New Statesman is angry and annoyed. Still the resentment could readily have been shown without this outburst. Frankly, the English press should be above it.

This evidently is the opinion of the Editor of John O'London's Weekly, who has this to say of Mr. Mencken's attempt to re-word the *Declaration of Independence*. As we remember it, the Declaration opened with this fine sentence: "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitles them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the courses which impel them to separation."

Mr. Mencken, who believes wholly in the language of everyday life as the language of literature would have something like this:

"When Kings get so balled up that the people of a country have to cut loose from some other country and go it on their own hook, without asking no permission from nobody, excepting maybe God Almighty, then they ought to let everybody know why they done it, so that everybody can see they are on the level, and not trying to put over nothing on nobody. All we got to say on this proposition is this: you and me is as good as any body else and maybe a dam sight better; second, nobody ain't got no right to take away none of our rights; third, everybody has a right to live, to come and go as he pleases, and to have a good time however he likes, so long as he don't interfere with nobody else. Any government that don't give a man these rights ain't worth a damn; also people ought to choose the kind of government they want, and nobody else ought to have no say in these matters."

Naturally John O'London wishes that this language should not characterize the English press or the press of any other nation.

Similarly, he might have hoped that in the fiction which appears in the ordinary magazines, the language should be worthy of the readers. In the hundreds of stories that reach the editor of a magazine every month there are to be found many that are excellent as to plot and true in their delineations of character and their descriptions, but wholly unworthy as to form of expression.

In order to escape from what might be called vulgarity—not obscenity—many writers are beginning to adopt innuendo. They do not use plain speech to express pure thought, but employ honeyed phrases to suggest the impure and the improper. This is worse than any vulgarity. The speech of the working man—and in this country all are working men—is to be respected, but the language of the coarse jester is to be avoided. It is true that during the Victorian period our speech was robbed of its virility and its beautiful clarity of expression, by those who attempted to imply truth rather than express it openly. Even public speakers and preachers were guilty in this respect, and many of us wish at times that those to whom we have to listen would speak to us plainly, frankly and fearlessly as in the days of old. But this does not mean that language must lose its elegance, its force and its clearness. If a man thinks truly his expression will be clear, if he has convictions or feeling he will express himself forcibly; if he has a clean mind and if his associations are pure and his ideals lofty, he will find that his style possesses elegance enough for the needs of life. But why Billingsgate when ordinary language will suffice?

Needed Inventions That Will Come

KINGS and conquests are really of small importance in the story of the human race in comparison with such things as the first thought-out deliberate striking of fire from flint, the first shaping of a wheel (which must have been the result of thought following the observation of an accidental use of a tree-trunk as a roller in moving, probably to water, a larger tree which had fallen), or—to pass from such prehistoric achievements and come down to times long after the beginnings of recorded history—the accidental discovery of gunpowder, the invention of the printing press (which was a matter of thought and experiment and ingenious planning), and the later inventions of electric lighting, the telephone and wireless, to mention only a few outstanding ones of the modern miracles of man's control and use of the mysterious powers that are in nature. The most striking chapters in the history of mankind are those that tell of the romance of discovery and invention and the results that have followed from discovery and invention. And what has been done thus far only foreshadows the increases of human mastery over earth and air and ether which this century will see. There are children living now who will hear the midnight bells on New Years Eve ring 1999 out and 2000 in. Who can foretell the wonders to which people then will be thoroughly accustomed to, as matters of everyday use, just as we are accustomed to electric light, the telephone and the radio? It seems safe to predict that by 2000 many of the problems which inventors are now working at will have been solved. There will probably be small, light and cheap electric storage batteries in general use, the sun's electric and magnetic rays will be made serviceable, there will be light, powerful motor engines, noiseless airplanes, anti-dazzle headlights, a light capable of penetrating fog, practical methods for using tidal power and atomic energy, wireless transmission of power, speaking movie pictures, and many other things which are not as incredible today as electric light, the telephone and the wireless transmission of today would have been incredible a hundred years ago. Indeed, it might almost be said that there is nothing—except life!—which man cannot discover, or invent, if he needs it badly enough and keeps working at the problems he has to master, in order to produce it.—Popular Science.

The Great Strike

THERE are things we must all regret and things of which we have reason to be proud.

It is to be regretted that the coal industry does not pay the same profits as formerly; that all the owners cannot continue to pay the present wages without assistance from the government; that the government cannot continue the subsidy indefinitely; that the miners cannot live on less than the present wage. It is also to be regretted that both parties concerned did not for a moment or two forget their unhappy conditions and consider the remedy proposed by the Commission of Enquiry. Above all is it to be regretted that the general strike was called. No body of men, no matter how worthy they may be, can usurp the powers of the government.

On the other hand there is great cause for satisfaction in the fact that the people of the Motherland stood by the constitution; that they kept their tempers and held their tongues; that they refused to have anything to do with red communism; that they determined to settle their own quarrels rather than have them settled by Moscow. There is also reason for pride in the fact that Britain behaved herself more splendidly on this occasion than would any other land under similar circumstances.

Of course the end is not yet, and perhaps both sides are a little wrong in thinking the original problem can be settled without more serious consideration of world conditions. The strike has been costly, but it has surely been educative.

The Conflict of Loyalties

MAN is by nature a social animal. Because of this he combines with his fellows in groups of all descriptions. Sometimes it occurs that it is difficult for an individual to decide which of his loyalties shall prevail. Family affection may dictate one thing and religious conviction another; national leaning may influence him in one direction and class feeling in another.

Just now there is confusion in many fields because of divided or conflicting loyalty. In the field of religion there are hundreds of thousands who are wavering between loyalty to their accustomed denomination, and loyalty to their conviction as expressed in the teaching of the fundamentalists and modernists. So, too, there are many who have difficulty in reconciling the claims of their city with the claims of their union, or the claims of their family with the claims of the community.

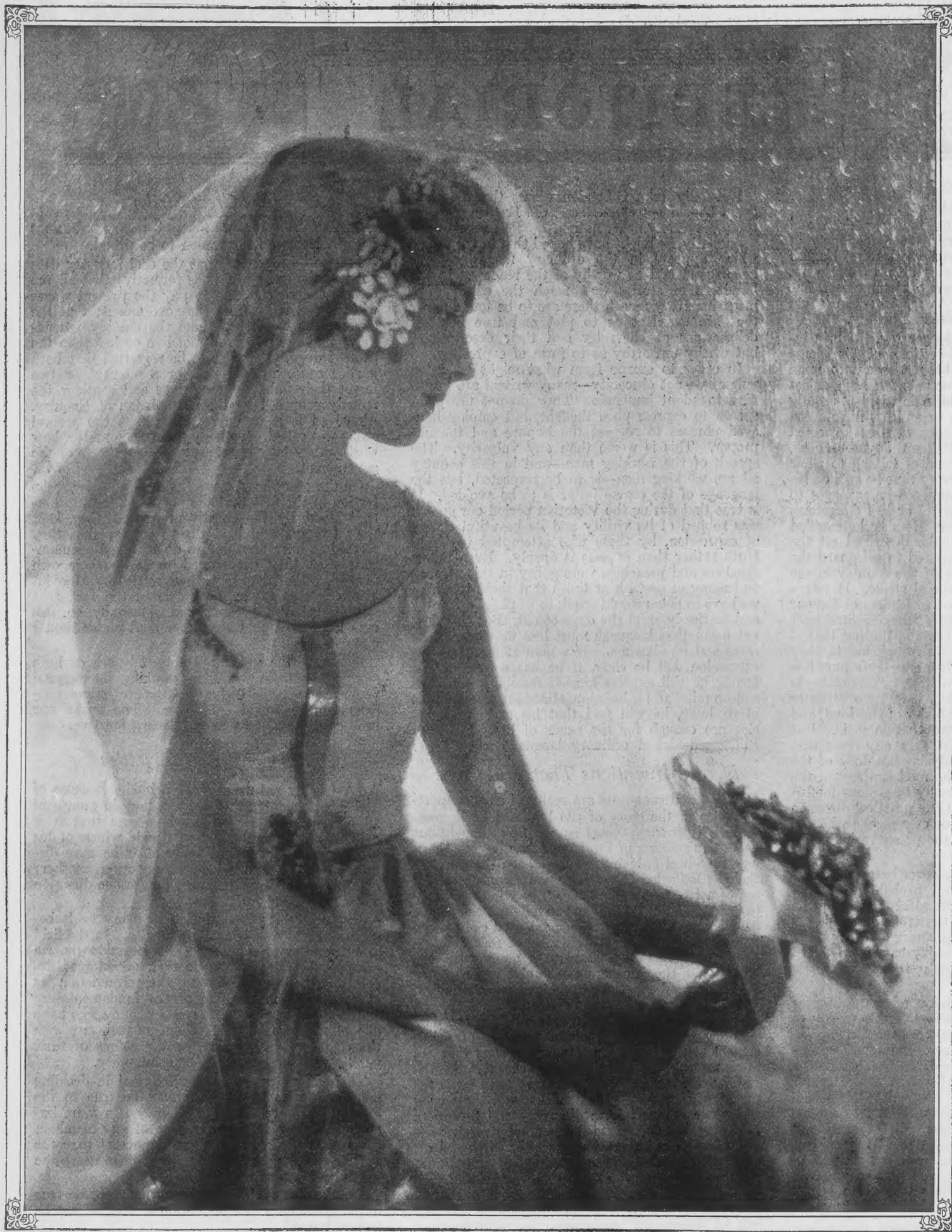
There is a principle to be followed in deciding matters of this kind. One must be true to the highest. The welfare of the family is a more important matter than the welfare of any member; the welfare of the nation more important than the welfare of any group. And no group can usurp the functions of government.

The condition upon which any man will be true to his community and his nation is that he first be true to himself.

*"This, above all. To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."*

Unless men are truthful, just, honorable, there is with them no possibility of loyalty to any institution.

As for us in Western Canada, we require to do two things—first keep ourselves as individuals right in mind and heart, and in the second place keep before our minds the thought of a great united people. The last is our objective; the first is the prime condition of realizing the objective. In working towards the objective we may unite with our fellows in many ways provided we are true to ourselves and to our ideals, but if we lose our manhood, our sense of justice, or our national ideal, we lose all.



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DEMMEYER

4



K. ALLEN

"Here, get your arm around my neck and use your good leg," commanded Slim

"But speaking of the 'weak spot,' went on Mr. Wilson more amicably, after a moment, 'I believe I did probe that, but blessed if I could place the application on it. It is certainly a new one to me.'

"And how would you diagnose it then?" eagerly queried Slim, this time in all sincerity.

"Well, replied Mr. Wilson slowly, 'it is a trifle difficult to describe exactly, at least for me. I might come somewhat near it, however, by stating that it consists of an overweened idolatry of things, physical and ephemeral, rather than a wholesome reverence of things, aesthetic and more lasting, coupled with a deep inherent jealousy and contempt of the 'white-collared sharks and capitalists,' as he calls them, whom he involuntarily concedes his mental and social superiors.'

"Whoo-o," exclaimed Slim naively, "your analysis of Larson's mental malady overwhelms me with the exuberance of its verbosity, the acuity of its perception and the profundity of its logic. That's the advantage of having been incubated at Queen's."

Mr. Wilson chose to ignore the irony of Slim's words. In fact, he had received the education give so often that it had lost its power to irk him.

He continued unmoved. "Yes, any man who remains cold to the idea of providing for the future welfare of his family and himself, because some capitalist might benefit slightly by his so doing, and yet confesses in the next breath that he has gladly helped to line the pockets of low-brow fight and sport promoters by paying exorbitant prices for ring-side seats just to see two men pummel the liver out of each other, is beyond my meagre comprehension."

"Yes, he's a queer jinks," agreed Slim. "He's always liked me personally, but hated me for what I do. Says it's too bad to find a man as 'congenial,'—he calls it—as I am, in the company of crooks," he finished with a laugh.

"The sad part of it all is, that such an attitude of mind about spells doom to our plans concerning him and all these fat prospects that you say are dominated by his judgment and philosophy of life," ruefully stated Mr. Wilson, with a sweep of his cigar toward the houses of Little Scandinavia.

"Yes, too bad, but we can't get 'em all," replied Slim cheerfully. "Must leave a little for the other companies, you know."

"Well, they'll have to hammer mighty hard to crack this big nut, anyhow," replied Mr. Wilson, in self-consolation.

"Say, what's the big glare in the sky over there?" he broke the silence that had followed his last remark by exclaiming suddenly.

"Why, that must be the reflection from that bush fire at the Ajax works, that Larson spoke about," replied Slim, after looking closely in the direction indicated. "Must be growing, too," he continued, "to light things up that way. Bet Larson spends the day tomorrow fighting his arch-enemy, fire."

"Hope it sweats some of the damn foolishness out of him, then," retorted Mr. Wilson viciously.

"Let's have a cup of coffee before we hit the feathers," exclaimed Slim a few minutes later,

The Weak Spot

By Howard Lee Manzer

Illustrations by K. Allen

pulling up before the solitary little cafe of the little town. "I believe I'm going to have a fine sleep tonight," he added irrelevantly, with a mischievous glance at Mr. Wilson, who was consulting his watch.

"Slim, your faculty for remembering things in your favor, is positively uncanny at times," replied the latter good-naturedly. "Well, it's worth the price of your room and your breakfast thrown in to have discovered this new species of the genealogical tree, Larson. Thought I had bumped into every conceivable type of character in my experience, but I must confess to a surprise tonight," he finished, *sotto-voce*, as they threaded their way through the assortment of nondescript loafers who kept their customary nocturnal vigil on the cafe steps.

THE next morning, as they had no one in particular to interview, until two in the afternoon, according to Slim's note-book, they did not rise early. So it was almost noon before they emerged from the hotel, and found the town agog with excitement over the bush fire at the Ajax works. Telephone reports, coming at intervals to the company's office in town, stated that owing to a stiff breeze behind it and the intense dryness of the underbrush and slash, it was now beyond control, and was fast sweeping toward that sector of the company's limit where logging operations were in progress. The latest report was that the mill and woods crews had been whistled off regular work, and mobilized to fight the fiery demon back from the donkey-engines and other expensive equipment that lay helplessly in its path.

The deputy fire-warden was in town beating up an emergency crew to take out, and many of the leisure townfolk were piling into cars to go out and glean, if possible, some thrills first-hand.

Slim, who never could forget the college vacations when he had worked as a care-free logger in his father's camp, and loved it, suggested that they also run out to the fire for an hour and watch Larson and his crew in action.

Ten minutes fast driving brought them to the mill of the Ajax Lumber Company. Here they had to leave the car and walk a mile along the logging railroad, to reach the main scene of the fire-battle, where the donkey engine, water tank and landing from which the logs brought out of the bush to the donkey, are loaded upon the trucks to be hauled on the railroad to the mill, were situated.

Arriving here, they found that the crews, under the direction of the fussy, theorizing fire-warden, and the practical, perspiring Larson, had, by dint of a powerful steam-driven pump, stemmed for a time the onset of the flames on the west side of the ravine where the donkey sat, and were now resting for a moment to decide what should be the next sector of action.

Larson, the big, rangy Swede, with arms like a gorilla, was just in the act of stuffing a mouthful of his indispensable Copenhagen behind his upper gums, as Slim and Mr. Wilson came up. Suddenly he broke off his altercation with the fire-warden, whom he deeply despised, especially for his neat khaki suit and English accent, to exclaim, as he wheeled about with a jerk, and scanned the side of the ravine opposite the donkey, "By the yumping yoopiter, I clean forgot about the kid in the excitement."

"What kid, and what about him?" exclaimed several of the men in chorus.

"Why, the whistle-punk, my nephew, you knot-heads," retorted Larson excitedly. "I sent him twenty minutes ago to the other side to cut the haul-back block loose, so that we could run in the lines before the fire geds under them in the ravine,"

THE Chrysler-Four coupe slipped quietly this sultry August evening, over the dusty road toward the little town of Haney. On either hand shot past the trim home-like places of so-called Little Scandinavia, a Swedish settlement, of which the strong-backed and Bolshevik-headed males, for the most part, worked in the mill or woods of the Ajax Lumber Company that operated near by.

Philip MacDonald—"Slim" to those who knew him intimately—district agent for the local life insurance company, sat at the wheel, a light of amusement in his blue eyes, his eternal cigarette between his lips.

Mr. Wilson, sleek, well-groomed man of the city, reclined in the cushions at his side, gloomily puffing at a plump cigar. Mr. Wilson was feeling sadly out of sorts this evening. He missed greatly the invigorating influence of his eight o'clock beer, and his daily plunge in English Bay, and he knew he would miss them even more by bed-time.

Unbending duty had drawn him away for a few days from his manager's desk in the airy Vancouver office of the company, out into the dust, smoke and flies of the country, to help Slim, his friend and agent, close some "hard cases." One of these cases they had just come from, leaving it to their sorrow still unclosed. This fact, also, aided in taking the sweetness out of existence for Mr. Wilson this evening.

Slim emitted a faint chuckle. "Well, why the disturbance?" petulantly queried his companion, without lessening his scrutiny of the dust on his otherwise immaculate brown shoes. "Can't we have a little rest and quietness after that Waterloo?" he complained further.

"Feeling in need of it, Chief?" quizzed Slim tantalizingly. Since Mr. Wilson had become his manager, Slim usually addressed him as chief, partly out of deference, partly out of sarcasm.

"Well, don't you think I'm entitled to it, seeing that you graciously permitted me to spill all the words, and burn all the energy on that piece of concentrated ignorance and bull-headedness, Larson, back there, while you sat by and grinned like a Jack O'Lantern," cuttingly retorted Mr. Wilson.

"Merely following your suggestion at that, Chief. Remember you wagered the price of my bed, tonight, that you could find his 'weak spot,' and sell him on it," replied Slim, in mock humility.

"Oh, shut up, and leave me in peace," snapped his badgered companion.

These two often abused each other without permanent injury to either's feelings or pride—Slim by a subtle sort of goading, Mr. Wilson, more directly by barbs and darts from his fluent tongue.

he explained. "Now, I can't see him anywheres over there. The lines haven't slacked any to show that he got to the tree where the block is and cut it loose. And, by dam, it looks as though the fire was yooost pretty near thad tree now. Maybe he is in trouble some way," he finished with a note of fear in his deep tones.

"Now I say, Larson, you really should have known better than to send a boy on a dangerous mission of that sort," reproved the fire-warden. Had you taken my advice—"

"Aw shut up," growled Larson. "He's seventeen years old—more of a man now than some people at forty; besides, I send him because he is faster than these old nags," indicating the other seasoned and older members of the crew. "But by gosh, I ban not think the fire would come on so fast on thad side though, or I wouldn't have send him yooost the same," he finished in a troubled voice. "The damn gamy young fool, he'd never turn back if the fire got right into his pockets," he went on, with family pride. "Say, Bill," he exclaimed suddenly, turning toward the engineer of the donkey, "blow the 'all hands in,' signal agen." His hide is wort' more than these old cables. Blamed company loses, thad's all."

The high-pitched whistle shivered through the air, thick with heat and smoke. The men waited anxiously.

"That should bring him back on the yump," exclaimed Larson.

"Yes, and it will take all the jump he has in him, too, to beat that fire," exclaimed Slim, speaking for the first time, as he pointed to the right of the trail through the gulch.

All eyes turned in the direction indicated, and beheld, to their consternation, that the fire was sweeping up the gorge at an enormous rate, under the quickening breeze and its own draught. Another hundred yards would put it across the trail and cut off the kid's line of retreat.

"Aw dere he comes now," exclaimed Larson in a relieved tone, pointing to a figure, half-running, half-stumbling, in their direction out of the billows of smoke on the other side, about a furlong distant. "Guess he didn't ged to the tree then, being the lines are still tight."

"Let the company lose their gol-danged old hay-wire. They're making too much out of our sweat, anyhow," stated one hard-shelled logger, in the well known authoritative tones of a bunkhouse oracle.

"By God, he's down!" cried Larson, as the figure at the focus of their gaze seemed to trip, struggle wildly for equilibrium, and then pitch face downward in the bush at the side of the trail.

All waited anxiously for the dark object to rise, but in vain. A few frantic hand-movements were all that it accomplished. Some thought they heard a faint shout for help, but could not be certain in the roaring of the wind and the fire.

"God to ged him," shouted Larson, springing forward, "Want someone to help me. Who'll come?"

Half a dozen loggers dropped their shovels or pails and stepped forward eagerly. Lawson's face lit up for a second in admiration.

"You're the kind of stuff that makes the world go round, boys, bud I see thad the dress parade squad hangs back when there is a man's work to be done," he went on, including the insurance men, the fire-warden and the municipal constable, who had come up a second before, in his contemptuous glance.

"Don't be a fool, Lar-

son," said the constable sternly. "It would be suicidal to go over there with the hope of getting back, carrying a man, before the fire could cut you off. It would simply mean three dead, instead of one. Your common-sense should tell you that."

"Yooost the same, we're going," doggedly retorted Larson a trifle more tolerantly after this rebuke. "Come on, Eric, you're about the spunkiest," he exclaimed to a tall young Swede in the volunteers, as he himself lumbered forward.

The constable stepped in front of him. "In the name of the Law, I command you to stand back," he said authoritatively.

"In the name of Hell, ged out of my road," exploded Larson, thrusting him aside like an empty pipe.

But the constable sprang in front again, and whipping out his service revolver, shoved the muzzle into Larson's left shoulder.

"Another step, and I drop you, fool," he hissed warningly.

Larson paused with an oath on his lips. The men closed in. A second tragedy was imminent.

"Wait," suddenly rang out the voice of Slim, whose quick eyes and alert mind had not been idle while the above scene was taking place.

On a logging donkey, two cables lead out from separate drums. The smaller, a half-inch line, runs through a lead-block, one hundred feet above the donkey, on an adjacent spar tree. The larger, an inch line, the "main," also runs through a gigantic bull-block on the spar tree, near the haul-back lead.

The haul-back then continues out over the stretch of ground to be logged, passes around a guide-block on a tree or stump, and thence back to connect with the main at the bull-block. Pending groundwards from the main line, where it connects with the haul-back, is a long tag-line to which the logs are attached. The two lines form a moving loop from the donkey out over the area to be logged. Thus, by winding in the haul-back, the main is sent out until the tag is over the

desired log. Then the winding stops, the log is hooked on, the main line wound in, and the log hurtles through mid-air toward the spar-tree where it is dropped, to be loaded later onto railroad trucks.

Slim knew all this from past experience, and an idea wherein lay a meagre chance of saving the kid had suddenly taken form in his mind.

"Got steam up?" he asked the engineer.

"Eighty pounds," replied that grimy functionary of the logging industry, glancing at the gauge.

"Enough," ejaculated Slim, running towards a water barrel, and without hesitation, submerging his form beneath the water in it. A second later, he jumped out, a sorry object, spluttering and dripping.

"Now, I say, Mr. Man, what the 'ell do you think you're up to?" exclaimed the fire-warden, running up, quickly jealous of any possible infringement upon his sacred work.

"Watch and see," curtly replied Slim, snatching up a piece of old canvas, and quickly baptizing it also.

"But, Buddy, the blinking fire!" started to protest further the worthy guardian of one of Canada's chief natural resources.

"Close your stupid trap," snapped Slim, as he dashed towards the constable, who with the rest of the men stood, mouths agape, in wonderment at this unexpected activity.

"Your gun, chief," said he shortly, snatching at the weapon.

But the custodian of the law drew back, exclaiming, "Not on your life! I've never yet surrendered my gun to any man and—"

"Give me that thing," hissed Slim fiercely, looking his man in the eye. "I need it."

Slowly the constable relinquished his hold on the firearm.

"Now!" shouted Slim, turning toward the blinking engineer, "you run me over there. Usual signals, from this," he said, tapping the revolver, "One to stop, one to start for the main, and two for the haul-back. Get me?"

Then he ran at top speed, canvas in one hand, gun in the other, toward the tag-line. Two seconds brought him to the spar-tree. He seized the ponderous steel hook of the tag-line, passed it under his armpits, and hooked it to the cable to which it was attached, thus leaving himself in a running noose.

The crew still stood, in quietness, dumfounded, his purpose still in a nebular state in their minds. The engineer alone showed any signs of comprehension or activity. He stood expectantly, hand ready on throttle.

"Skin'er back," shouted Slim to him. The engineer threw in the friction on the haul-back drum, opened up the throttle, and Slim shot up and out into space, dangling from his cable, like a spider on the end of a floating web.

He had been up in an aeroplane several times, but he stated afterwards that the sensation produced by flying, compared to that of this cable-ride, was like the illumination of a wax candle to that of an arc lamp.

In an aeroplane the passenger is comfortably strapped in and feels a sense of security, owing to the plane beneath and around him. True, the motion is swifter, but the rider is not conscious of it, owing to the smoothness of motion, whereas Slim on his cable, although only two hundred feet above ground, was teetered, jerked and wrenched with the constant rise and fall of the big cable as it peeled, now easily, now in jerks,

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A second later he jumped out, a sorry object, spluttering and dripping

Shinnenbaum's Shoe Sale

By Edith G. Bayne

"FERDIE," said Mrs. Rifner to her son, "give a stand-up and tell the gentleman where it hoits."

Ferdie rose and began to step delicately around, at the same time munching an apple he had snatched from Grosweiner's fruit stall.

"It hoits all over," he complained.

"Nu, if it's only the heels yet I can break them in myself," Mrs. Rifner told the clerk. "They're the cheapest pair on the table."

"Mrs. Rifner, a lady with a foot like you, you should spoil it!" the astute young man returned. "Let me show you the traveller's sample I got saved for you—only \$5.98, Mrs. Rifner, classy Fifth Avenue model—"

Mrs. Rifner lifted protesting hands.

"I couldn't even buy myself so much as a shoestring such an expensable family I got!" she declared. Becky! Maxie! Moe!" she called to the rest of her offspring, who were ranging about through the dense-packed crowds.

"Outside hanging I got just the pair for your Maxie, Mrs. Rifner. A moment, I get them." The clerk stepped to the door.

Enticingly spread across the windows outside appeared the following announcement in red letters on white cotton: "Fire! Fire! Fire!! Shoes going at less than cost. Fit out the Largest Family and Get Your Money Back! One Day Only!"

"That's a joke, ain't it?" suggested a passer-by, pointing to this remarkable sign and shrugging. He was a depressed looking little man, in an overcoat that reached almost to his heels.

"Oh, no, that's dead serious, Mr. Blotz," the clerk said. "You buy your ten kids and the old lady and yourself a pair of shoes and who knows but maybe you're the lucky winner! And what's furthermore, Mr. Blotz, you're positively getting it A-1 satisfaction, understand me—"

"You make it my mouth water," said Mr. Blotz, wistfully, "only, worse luck, I ain't got ten kids. All I got is a mother-in-law and three nieces by my first wife yet."

He passed sadly on, shaking his head and muttering into his beard.

Inside, an elderly Russian woman sat a little apart, holding in her hands a pair of infant's booties, pale blue kid with cunning tassels. She was obviously very poor, very infirm and a little bewildered with the noise and the crowds. Now and then she tentatively fingered the women's boots that lay tumbled about on the seats, but—

"She has no money to buy," whispered Mrs. Rifner to a friend. "She has no children—nobody. Soon she goes to the Home, I heard. Look only, at her feet! Half out! She had once babies, yes. In Russia. Me, I get mad at my kids, Mrs. Bloom, but I tell you when you got children you got money in the bank, ain't it?"

The old woman continued to stare blankly around. The hurrying clerks paid her no attention. Presently she laid the booties aside, rose and wandered about nodding and mumbling, her smooth sheitel awry, her wrinkled face working with some half-slumbering, nearly-forgotten emotion.

"Outta my way, Grandma!" cried young Felix Shinnenbaum, briskly. "Don't you got it some other place you could go and get warm except here with the store full from customers?"

She buttonholed old Mr. Borchovski at the wrapping-desk. Perhaps he was the only one with the complete understanding. He, too, came from the steppes . . . She told him of the beautiful shoes she had had once, brass-toed, sturdy, the hand-work of her husband whom they had killed—how long ago? With the babies she had escaped from Russia, fifty rubles hidden in the toes . . .

"Oh, Sam, I dreamt last night you bought me a lovely pair of silver dancing slippers!" cried young Mrs. Mintz, coyly. The Mintzes had just come in.



"I tell you when you got children you got money in the bank."

Her husband groaned.

"You're going to ruin me with your extravagant dreams," he prophesied gloomily.

"Well, anyhow, I got to have brogues—and new gaiters," she said firmly.

"Please, could you get up," Mr. Sam Mintz inquired very politely of a lounge, "and let the lady sit down so she can have a fit? Thank you."

"What size?" asked the clerk.

"Three," said Mrs. Mintz, demurely.

The clerk took a look at her pedals, but he was too much of a business man to contradict a lady. He went to the size seven shelf, however.

"Give her a good fit," ordered the young husband. "If you let her do it she comes away with too little room. I don't want that she should limp."

A very stout Polish woman had squeezed herself into one of the partitioned sections of a bench and couldn't get up. She heaved and panted and groaned.

"What could I do for you?" a busy clerk paused to ask as he noted her beseeching look.

She shook her head and sighed and with her arms made a motion like one who plays a phantom fiddle. She had no English and her Yiddish was skiddish.

"She means 'bring a saw,'" a bright youth standing near translated.

It took three of them to pull her out.

AND now appeared the Fishbein family, nine children and the parents. They entered with the air of a conquering host.

"For the foist time in my life, here's where I get something for nothing!" Mr. Fishbein, who was a breezy, boisterous gentleman, declared, addressing everybody at large. He snatched up a shoe at random. "Hello, Felix, where's your poppa?" he called to the junior partner of the firm. "Oh, Mr. Shinnenbaum! Come quick out and look at the prize-winning family! Sit here, Rachel. Sit there, Isadore. I'm surprised at you, Louie, stepping on the lady's foot. Right away apologize by her—you hear? Say, Mr. Shinnenbaum, for why should this shoe remind me of a hot dog? You give up? Nu, it reminds me of a hot dog on account of its tongue—it's hanging out! Why don't you laugh, eh?"

He continued in this gay strain until someone whispered in his ear that larger families than this had been in.

Such luck," he sighed then, and set about hurrying his family away. "Come on, Rachel, come home before you see something you want. Izzy, is that the fire-reels already I hear outside? Quick run and see!"

But Mrs. Fishbein wanted a pair of shoes and wasn't to be lightly turned aside from her purpose. The couple thereupon engaged in a stormy and protracted argument. To a strange youth sitting near Mr. Fishbein said as he gave in, at last:

"My boy, I'm telling you like a Dutch uncle don't get yourself married till you got anyhow a shock-proof bank account!"

Mrs. Rifner had fitted out her four and now marshalled them proudly down the aisle, squeak-squeaking in all the glory of brand-new, knocked down, bargain footgear. As she passed out, the Yudenitches oozed in. Mr. Y. was a small, red-bearded man with a large wife, and in

their wake tramped sixteen children, ranging in size from a month-old babe to flapper twins.

But a dark whisper flew about:

"They ain't all his kids!"

"We should lose a night's sleep! The risk is his," grinned the clerks.

Paterfamilias had 'em all outfitted. Then:

"I get it now, here, my money back, ain't it?" he observed smoothly, rubbing his hands.

"But they say these ain't all little Yudenitches," protested the younger Shinnenbaum.

"Can I help it if some are big, maybe? Kids grow," returned Mr. Yudenitch warmly.

"You don't get me. They say these ain't all your family."

"So help me, I ain't got any more! If I had wouldn't I bring them?" Mr. Yudenitch spread out his hands in a broad and sweeping gesture and lifted his shoulders to his ears.

"Listen, Abe, honesty it's the best politics, ain't it?" Mr. Shinnenbaum, senior, now cut in.

"What's that?" shrilled Mrs. Yudenitch.

A chaotic ten minutes followed. Everybody talked at once. Business stood still. Abe sat with his head clutched in his hands, moaning.

"Oi, gewiss, I am ruined already!" he repeated over and over.

"That acting don't get you nothing," the younger Shinnenbaum said coldly.

"From the heart I am acting!" Abe raised a stricken face. "Look only! Sammy and Rosie and Manny has walked in them already and we can't get a refund! If I had it my life to live over again I wouldn't be born!"

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Shining Windows

By Laurentian Lou

Illustrations by Kathleen Allen

IT WAS a bright May morning. The birds were singing in the newly-leaved trees, while old Sol shed his cheering beams upon the busy city street. Everyone seemed to be hurrying and bustling with a glad interest in life—the gladness and joy of spring-time.

There was, however, one small person whose feet lagged, not keeping step with the other feet that moved so eagerly—a person whose face bore a look of unutterable weariness and despair. In Margaret Evans' soul there was no gladness.

Sometimes when our heart is very, very sore, the gladness of spring seems to hurt us almost more than we can bear, and if toil and sorrow and poverty be our lot in this beautiful season of the year, when everything about us is taking on fresh life and fresh hope, we are filled with a dumb sense of misery and defeat that only those who have felt it can truly understand.

Margaret was only twenty-five—the age when pretty clothes and good times are a young woman's birthright, but she had none of these, and worst of all, not even good health. Her parents had died five years before, leaving her alone and penniless, and since then she had tried to keep body and soul together by working as sales girl in a departmental store, but the long hours of standing were steadily sapping her strength, and besides, her country lungs were starving for God's fresh air.

Why did she not secure some other employment or why did she not go into the country to work? Poor Margaret's hands were tied. The fetters that bound her to the big store were secure. Every cent that she earned was needed to pay for board and room in a decent locality, and for clothes, because if her clothes were too shabby, she would be turned away from the store. She dared not leave her position and run the risk of facing starvation while she sought another kind of work.

Just then she needed a new skirt; her old one was getting so shabby that she feared that it might be the means of her dismissal, but the money that she had saved for it had been spent in a doctor's bill. The doctor, knowing her circumstances, had not wanted to charge her anything, but Margaret had refused to accept charity, though how she could get money enough saved up for a new skirt in a couple of weeks she did not know. She had skimped on lunches just as long as she dared. In fact, the doctor had warned her of what would happen if she did not eat plenty of nourishing food.

The poor girl was so utterly weary of eternally planning to make ends meet that it was no wonder her heart was heavy, but when she took her place that morning behind the counter, she assumed the pleasant expression that attracted so many customers to her end of the jewellery circle. For four years Margaret had hoped for a raise, because her tally was always the largest of all the girls in her department, and the manager had personally commended her, but somehow the raise had not come, though a raise had been given to another girl whose tally was always small and who often neglected customers, while she rehearsed the news of her latest party to the other salesgirls. Margaret shot an envious glance across at her that morning and wondered for the ninetyth time why Evelyn had been preferred before her. Maybe it was because of her nice clothes, and again Margaret became painfully conscious of her shabby skirt.

That afternoon was pay-day. Maybe she would buy a new skirt with part of the money and ask the landlady to wait a little for her board. She had never gone in debt before, but that seemed to be the only way out of the present difficulty; besides, it was spring, and surely she was entitled to something new.

She waited impatiently until her pay envelope arrived. As she opened it, her face went suddenly white. The envelope contained her pay and also her discharge notice.

The manager, seeing her distress, leaned over the counter and said kindly: "I'm very sorry, Miss Evans. I recommended you strongly, but the department is short of work just now, and I could

not persuade them to keep you, but I'll gladly give you a good recommend, and if you like, I'll try to get you into another department."

"Thank you, I'll see," she managed to reply in a voice none too steady, then turned quickly away, choking with disappointment and anger.

Maybe someone had reported her for sitting too much. She had had dreadful headaches lately, and to keep herself fit for

A SHORT distance before her stood a large, rambling farm-house surrounded by beautiful shrubs and old-fashioned flowers. She might ask for work there. Likely in that house lived some old lady who tended those flowers with loving hands. Just maybe the old lady might love her.



Grandma thought she saw a strange light in Graham's eyes and she went to the house for her knitting.

work at all, she had found it necessary to sit down whenever she had a chance, but then she had never neglected a customer, and her tally had still remained the highest. So this was the reward of her faithfulness. Stay in that store and work in another department. No. She was done with it.

At five o'clock Margaret Evans passed out through the employees' door of the great store for the last time. Smarting with a sense of injustice and defeat, she walked rapidly down the street with a set, stern face. On and on she went—it did not matter where her walk would end—nothing mattered—she was friendless and nearly penniless in what seemed to her a cruel world. Nobody cared.

In a fit of rage and resentment the thought came to her to plunge into the nearby lake and end it all, but her fighting blood coming to her rescue, there sprang up within her a determination to make her way in the world somehow.

On and on she walked until finally she found herself on the outskirts of the city, and soon her feet were treading a country road. The perfume of the sweet spring flowers and the refreshing smell of the awakening earth somehow soothed her tired heart and inspired her with fresh courage. If only she could get some work in the country. She was not very strong, but probably there might be some place where she would fit in.

How she longed for a little bit of mothering. On coming nearer she noticed, too, the spotless windows and the clean, neatly hung curtains. Surely this was the home of some dear old grandmother. She could just feel the old lady's loving arms around her. Something told her that this would be a refuge from her troubles, and bravely she turned in through the little iron gate and sounded the old-fashioned knocker. A minute or two of waiting. No answer. All was still. She raised her hand to the knocker again, but just then things went black and she dreamed of a white-haired grandmother bending down to kiss her.

There on the door-step Joe Graham found her when he returned to the house with his team of horses at the close of the day's work.

"Well, of all things," muttered Joe to himself. "This is a nice mess. What in the mischief am I to do?"

Then a bright idea struck him and he tore off across the field to Grandma Burns' little cottage—Grandma would know just what to do; and so she did. Under her ministrations the fainting girl revived again, and then the old lady helped her to a sofa inside.

"Where am I?" whispered the girl, and again she fainted.

The old lady hustled out to Joe: "Say, look here, fainted again. Phone for Dr. Snell at once."

Meekly Graham obeyed.

An hour later the doctor had come and gone.

"You're in for it now for certain, Joe," Grandma Burns was saying. "The doctor says it's a bad case of typhoid, and that he is afraid to have her moved, for her heart is very weak."

"Grandma Burns, you don't mean to say that she has to stay here?"

"I do mean just that. There is nothing else to be done unless you want to be the means of killing the girl by moving her, and I don't think that you would want to do that."

"Well, maybe she has friends. We'll advertise anyhow. In the meantime you stay here. Since she has to remain here, I'll see that she gets the best of care. You're engaged as nurse right now,

seemed queerer still to ask each time he came in about the health of one who was an utter stranger to him.

Once, just once, he ventured to the door when Grandma Burns had told him that the patient was sleeping. He somehow did not begrudge the money that he was paying when he looked on that pale, deathlike face. "Poor kid, it's pretty tough, all alone among strangers, ain't it though?" he muttered to himself, as he went down the stairs.

One day when he came in at noon, he found the old lady in a great state of excitement. "She's conscious, Joe. The poor, little thing," and the tears came to Grandma's eyes, as she spoke. "She opened her eyes and said, 'Where am I?' Then she said, 'Oh, yes, I think I remember—a house with nice white curtains and flowers and a grandmother—to love me,' and then her voice failed from pure weakness. I don't know what the poor child meant."

"Poor kid," muttered the woman-hater.

A few days later, Margaret told Mrs. Burns how she had come there and how she had wanted a grandmother to love her. The old lady patted the little white hand, as she said, "Yes, dearie, you poor child. I love you. Of course I do; now lie back and rest."

Gradually the patient rallied, and one day after six weeks of the careful ministrations of the doctor and the two nurses, she asked Grandma Burns to help her to get up and get dressed. Grandma answered that she was too weak for that yet, that she must just lie still and rest until she was a little stronger.

"But I can't rest. I must get up. I have no money. I can't stay here."

And then the old lady told her about Joe, and how he was paying the nurse, and how he was well off and she need not mind.

"But I do mind. I can't have a strange man paying my bills. I won't have it. He must not do it."

Hush, dear, you'll get yourself all worked up and you'll be worse again. Now just try to get well and then you can pay him back."

"But I'll not be able to work for a long, long time. I may never be able to pay him. Bring him here, I must see him. I cannot stay here and let a perfect stranger have all this trouble and expense for me."

"Oh, say, Grandma, I don't want to meet her. You know how I feel about girls. Make some excuse," pleaded Joe,

when Grandma gave him the girl's message.

"No, I'll not, Joe. You'll have to come up and see her."

"Mr. Graham, said the girl, as she held out her hand to him, 'I can't stay here like this. I—I can't let you pay my bills. I have no money and it will be months and months before I'll be well enough to earn any. Send me to the hospital.' I guess they'll take me in and let me have a bed to die in anyhow. Oh, why didn't I die . . . I wish I could die—I'm no good to anyone—just a burden." Then her voice broke, and burying her head in her pillow, she burst out into passionate weeping.

"Poor child, poor child, don't take on so," soothed Grandma. "If you don't want to stay here I'll have you moved over to my house, and you can stay with me until you get better. You know I live all alone, and it's lonely. I'd like to have you for company."

Then Joe spoke up. "No, no, Grandma, she's not fit to be removed yet. You are both to stay right here for a while yet. Then to the girl he said gently, 'Look here, I know how you feel, but I don't need the money; however, if feeling independent will make you get better any quicker, I'll tell you how we'll fix it. You just do your best to get

well, and then when you get to earning money again, you can pay me back gradually—I don't care if it takes you years to pay it. Anyhow, you don't really owe me much, for there is a counter account. I owe you something. Your getting sick has livened up my existence. I've gained a few pounds on Grandma's good cooking, and now since you are stronger and Grandma is able to read to you, I want to be allowed to come up evenings for a little while and listen to her reading, if I may."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the patient.

There the matter ended, and Margaret stayed where she was.

Joe found himself looking forward to the evenings. It was a restful conclusion to a long day spent in the fields under the hot sun.

At last, one hot August evening, as he entered the sick-room, he said to Grandma: "Don't you think that the patient would enjoy being outside among the flowers for a little while? She won't catch cold, will she?"

"Catch cold, and the sun not set? Certainly she'll not catch cold. I guess you'd like to go, wouldn't you, Margaret?"

Joe lifted the little body in his big arms, and carried her down to the front lawn, where he placed her in a big easy chair. Grandma Burns arranged the cushions about her, while the man spread a rug under her feet so that there would be no danger of any dampness from the ground.

"Oh, isn't it lovely here?" Margaret exclaimed, as she breathed in the perfume of the flowers.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I love a garden. I'm crazy about flowers. I used to have a garden in the country once when I was a little girl." She paused, and deep shadows came into the wistful brown eyes.

"You used to live in the country. Won't you tell us about it?" Joe asked.

So Margaret began, and recounted how her childhood days had been spent in surroundings very similar to the ones where she now found herself, and almost before she knew it she was telling these two listeners of the wonderful garden which had been her mother's pride and she pictured to them the rows of hollyhocks, the beds of pinks, sweet smelling stocks, Sweet William and a myriad of other old-fashioned flowers so dear to her mother's heart. Her heart ached as she tried to describe the wonders of the orchard in full bloom as it appeared at this time of the year.

She spoke of her mother's lingering illness, of the many months she had nursed her and prayed for her recovery, and the tears were very near the eyes of both Grandma and Joe when Margaret told of the double tragedy that had overtaken her, for her dear mother had not been dead a week when her father was killed by lightning, leaving her practically destitute.

Margaret told how she came to the city and recited some of her experiences while trying to find work—she spoke of the awful loneliness of her life; and then how eventually she had been turned away from the store, and how the clean windows had attracted her to this house. "And now," she ended bitterly, "I'm worse off than ever, for I'm in debt."

Grandma thought that she saw a strange light in Graham's eyes, and she went into the house for her knitting.

"Look here, Miss Evans," said Joe, "I don't want you to think about being in debt to me. I want you to let me always care for you."

"But—" and she looked at the ground.

"No buts, Margaret. I love you—can you trust me to care for you always?—and you'll always have flowers and pretty clothes, and—love," he added in a low tone.

"But, Joe, she spoke the name shyly—"you do not know me very well."

"Oh, yes I do. I know that you're pure and sweet, and you've restored my faith in folks again. Listen, dear. Years ago I thought I was in love and became engaged to a girl. I did not know at the time that she went with me simply to have me spend money on her, but I found that out when she ran away and married another man a short while before what was to have been our wedding day. I thought then that all women were heartless grafters, and I vowed that I would be single all my days, but you came, and I found how pure and sweet women can be, and I want you."

Grandma found them sitting together, Margaret in her one hand held a beautiful red rose, and the other hand—well, Joe's hand hid that.

"Blessings on you, my children," she said, as she bent down to kiss her patient.

"And blessings on shining windows, and a grandmother with white hair, for they brought Margaret to me," put in the usually quiet Joe.



and I'll phone into the city for a trained nurse to help you. I guess she hasn't any money, poor thing. Her clothes and shoes look pretty shabby, but I'm not a poor man. I'll foot the bills.

It was something new for Joe Graham to have women in his bachelor's abode. His father and mother had died when he was in his early teens, and then later he had had the house painted up ready for his bride-to-be, Emily Parr, but a few days before the wedding was to have taken place, Emily had become the wife of another man and gone to a distant town.

That had finished Joe's career as far as women were concerned. Since one had been faithless, he had jumped at the conclusion that all women were unreliable. Thus he had settled down to a bachelor's life, but from the looks of the house one would not have guessed that a man kept it, for everything was neat and clean both inside and out. The other young men of the community joked about his clean window curtains and the shining panes, but they had not been able to laugh Joe out of his good housekeeping.

Now it seemed mighty queer to him to eat his dinner with a pretty nurse or with Grandma Burns, whichever happened to be off duty, and it

The Only Way Out

By Bruce F. Richards

"THERE is no use talking about it any more," Dora exclaimed impatiently. "If you care for me as much as you say you do, Carl, you would surely work out some plan so that it would not be necessary for me to live with your mother."

"But there isn't any other way that I can see," pleaded Carl, "and you know, Dora, that I do love you more than my own life. I can't remember the time even as a little tad when I didn't adore you. Are you going to let this foolish idea of yours wreck our two lives?"

Dora Strong frowned and shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"It's all very well to talk," she said wearily, "but, Carl, I simply couldn't live with your mother. In the first place, she doesn't like me and makes no bones of saying so to anyone who will listen to her. In the next place, no house was ever big enough for two women. And lastly, I have seen just how that sort of thing works out in my own home life."

"Mother had years of it, and our own childhood was shadowed by the friction between Grandma Strong and Mother. They never agreed, and if ever there was an angel to live with, it was mother. Her patience was marvellous. I could never get along with what she did—and I'm not going to put my head into any such noose."

"Well, I suppose there is no use talking about it if you feel that way," replied Carl dejectedly. "I wish I could see my way out, but there seems nothing for me to do but to keep my solemn pledge to Father. It isn't a light thing, Dora, to take your oath before a dying man that you will do a certain thing, and I reckon I'm not built so that I can break a pledge like that even when my own happiness is at stake."

"That's very fine," interrupted Dora, "and of course I respect you for being faithful to your mother, but as I see it, it is a case where you must choose between us. You have chosen. That's all!"

Dora's lips quivered and the tears filled her eyes. "You forget, Carl, that I care for you," she added, "and that it isn't easy for me either. But why talk about it?"

Carl Peters' fine face was tender in a moment.

"Indeed I'm not forgetting that, Dora," he defended. "It is hard on both of us. Of course Dad didn't realize when he exacted the pledge of me that I would never leave Mother while she lived, that a situation of this kind would arise. Mother, you know, had never been strong, and Dad had always shielded her from every breath of wind and trouble that he could. It was natural that he should think of her and look out for her as he did."

"I suppose so," agreed Dora, "but have you ever thought, Carl, that there was a little selfishness on your father's part? He wanted to die easy about your mother's future—and he hadn't been able to provide for her himself. It seems to me that he should have been satisfied with the promise on your part that you would never see her want, and would do your duty as a son, without binding you to live under the same roof with her."

"Believe me, Carl," Dora continued with increasing emphasis, "most people in this village of Castleton recognize that your mother is not easy to get along with. She has had her own way so long and has humored herself on the score of delicate health so much, that as I see it, she is mighty selfish too. If she weren't, she wouldn't be willing to sacrifice you and your happiness."

Carl straightened up.

"Mother has never been strong," he defended gently, "and I know she means to be a good mother to me. It's natural that as I am the only child, she should not like to face separation between us."

Dora tossed her head.

"That's all right," she smiled a bit sarcastically, "perfectly all right. Every person to his liking. I just want to say, Carl, that you have no reason to complain if I go around with Perry Hanson. He's fine company and a splendid dancer. There isn't a mite of sense of our thinking we can ever marry, so we might as well forget each other. All of the girls are crazy about Perry. He likes me and I don't see why I should refuse the good times he can give me. Young men aren't any too plentiful, you know, in Castleton, and Perry Hanson

must be rather clever to hold the position he does with the biggest dry goods firm in town.

"I have promised to go out with him this evening. There is a dance out at the Wild Duck Pavilion. I saved the date for you, Carl, as long as I could, but you didn't ask me and Perry kept urging me to go—"

"I am sorry," Carl exclaimed, "but the boss down at the Electric Light Plant decided to send me out of town for a few days each month on business for the company, and it looked as though I would not be here tonight."

A Baby

By Eleanor Hamilton

*Little soft body that curves in your arm,
Brimful of magic and potent of charm.
Wide trusting gaze out of eyes that are blue,
Hair of spun gold, with a kink in it too!
Fat little limbs that you just long to kiss—
Feasting your eyes—lest a dimple you miss!
And oh, the warm fragrance of wet little lips
Means drinking life's beauty in tiny soft sips.
Enchanting, bewitching and human and mild—
Is there anything else to compare with a child?*

"It's always business, business, business," burst out Dora. "Perry puts me and my pleasure first. Well, so long, I must be going. See you at the dance tonight."

"I'm not sure," Carl called after her. "There's no fun going unless I go with you."

ALL day long as Carl attended to his duties as consulting engineer at the big power station, his mind went forward to the long stretch of lonely road between the state highway and the Wild Duck Pavilion. He didn't like to think of Dora and Perry Hanson in that swift little racer of his.

Some way he couldn't bring himself to trust this gay young chap who had taken the girls so by storm. Perry was too much of a boaster to suit him, and some of the fellows hinted that he wasn't averse to a little gambling on the side. But then there would be plenty of other cars going the same way, and if Dora chose Perry as company, her safety wasn't his lookout.

Yet in spite of his reasoning, Carl was uneasy, and so he jumped into his own flivver after supper, determined to have a look in at the dance some fifteen miles away.

"Don't be long," entreated his mother, coming to the door. "I'm feeling very poorly tonight, and I don't think that I ought to be left alone."

"All right, Mom," called back Carl, "I'll be home in a little while."

As he left the main highway, Carl slowed down for the road was rough, and here and there a machine with drawn curtains stood at the roadside. Carl frowned.

"If I had a sister," he muttered, "I'd put her wise to a few things, believe me!"

His eyes pierced the darkness, for an uneasiness possessed him, for he was on the lookout for a low-slung, grey roadster with red wheels. He had not covered more than half the distance from the main road when his headlights fell upon the object of his search, drawn under the shadow of a tree on a level bit of ground by the roadway leading to the lake. With an uneasy approach, he drew up.

"What's the trouble?" he called. "Want any help?"

It stung Carl to see Perry with his arm around Dora, and he made no effort to withdraw it.

"No trouble at all," mocked Perry with a dis-

agreeable sneer. "What's the idea of following us? Why don't you get a girl of your own?"

"I didn't know I was following you," flung back Carl. "I always supposed the road to Wild Duck was an open thoroughfare. As long as there's a dance on there tonight, you can hardly expect to shut out traffic. As your car is so much faster than mine, you better go on ahead, for the road is too narrow to pass in safety after we go over the next hill."

Perry muttered something angrily, and threw his machine into gear, but she refused to budge. He jumped out, threw up the hood and made an examination with his flashlight.

"She was all right when I stopped," Perry snarled, "and I don't see what's gone wrong all of a sudden."

"Perhaps I can help," Carl offered good-naturedly.

He climbed out of his own vehicle and went over and made a hurried examination.

"As nearly as I can discover," he ventured after a moment or two, "you are out of gas. Listen!"

The tank gave a hollow sound in response to his knuckles.

"Tell you what I'll do," Carl offered cheerfully: "I'll take Dora on to the Pavilion and bring back a can of gas to you. I haven't any too much in myself and that'll be the best way out."

"What's the matter with Dora staying here while you go for the gas," snapped Perry.

Carl folded his arms.

"Nothing doing," he remarked. "Either Dora goes on to the Wild Duck or I stay here."

"Perhaps that's the best way," decided Dora, hopping out of Perry's car and climbing into Carl's. "Some of our crowd has gone on ahead, Perry, and I'll stay with the girls till you come."

In spite of Dora's apparent willingness to go, she was sulky and anything but agreeable as she and Carl negotiated the dark, narrow road ahead of them. Carl made little attempt at conversation.

When he saw her safely in the company of some of the Castleton young people, he leaned over and said quietly:

"Dora, I'm not coming back. I'll take Perry the gas and go home. Mother isn't very well tonight. But I wish you'd promise me to ask Ruth or Louise or some of the other girls to ride home with you. Please do, Dora."

"The very idea! You forget," said Dora coldly, "that Mr. Hanson's car is not mine, and I am scarcely at liberty to invite others to join us."

"Take the liberty," Carl advised crisply. "So long, Dora, I must be going."

The next morning Carl went out of town for a few days. He was anxious about leaving his mother, but he made arrangements with Aunt Tabitha Jones to stay with her. There was nothing for it but to make the best of the situation all around.

When Carl returned, he found his mother unusually chipper.

"Heard the news?" she inquired. "Things have been happening while you've been gone. Dora Strong is engaged to that Perry Hanson. They are to be married before very long too. That girl certainly has a way with the men."

"And what do you think, Carl—while you were away, your father's cousin who lives out in California stopped to see me. We went to school together when I was no bigger than knee-high to a grasshopper. I'd forgotten it, but he hadn't. What are you going to send Dora for a wedding present?"

Carl set his jaws firmly.

"I've not made up my mind yet," he answered dryly. "I reckon there'll be time enough for that!"

It was on one of Carl's trips out of town that he ran across the record of one Perry Hanson—a record that was neither savory nor encouraging in any way, but time did not permit him to verify the tales which he heard, and Carl had no notion of making any charges he could not substantiate.

All the way home his heart ached with the utter hopelessness of the situation. It was surely the duty of a man of the world like Banker Strong to look up the records of his future son-in-law. It

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A Successful Westerner

The Hon. John Edward Brownlee, Premier of Alberta

By C. B. Robertson

*"One ship drives East, and another West,
With the selfsame winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales
Which decides the way to go."*

AT PORT RYERSE, a village on the shores of Lake Erie, in August, 1884, a little Canadian craft set sail upon the Sea of Citizenship. And the name of the craft was John Edward Brownlee.

The father of this young Canadian was of the stuff which has made Canada a truly British nation of loyal Imperialists. He was the village store-keeper, well liked and much respected by his neighbors.

No doubt Brownlee senior was a proud parent, just as proud in his ignorance of what Fate held in store for his small son as if he had been aware, from the baby's first howl of protest upon entering this vale of tears, that Brownlee Junior would, some day, hold the dignified office of Premier of that great province within the Dominion and the Empire—Alberta!

It seems strange that a boy born in an Ontario village should fare so far from home; should become a big, outstanding figure in North-Western Canada, but "the set of the sails" carried the sturdy craft on a Western tack.

Young John Edward attended the village school at Port Ryerse; the Sarnia High School. He was the usual Canadian youngster, devoted to baseball, hockey, swimming and sailing. But, perhaps, he was not so usual, after all, for upon matriculating from High School he did not go into business or a trade, or "the bank," as most of his fellow-students were glad to do. He turned his steps to Toronto University.

Young Brownlee's father was able to assist the young student very little, in a pecuniary way, and, at Varsity, he encountered adverse winds, which might have turned a less well-balanced craft from its course.

John Edward Brownlee achieved his degree. In view of the failure of many students who are privileged to give all their time and attention to their studies, it is interesting to contemplate the never-ending struggle which carried this determined young villager to victory. The young chap worked his way through college by selling books from door to door—chiefly books, though he carried along samples of other things, and sold anything which would bring in a modest commission. He did his work in Toronto during the college year, and in vacation sought wider fields throughout Ontario, covering the ground on his bicycle.

He even managed to see England, working his way over, and selling things of Canadian manufacture all over the "tight little island." "Tight little Island" expresses it most perfectly in this connection—but the young student and salesman persuaded the inhabitants to "loosen up" sufficiently to provide him with a living during that adventurous vacation. In Brownlee's final year at college the financial stringency abated, for he was made salaried secretary of a college organization—and that helped a lot!

A RECENTLY-PUBLISHED article anent the Premier's career reads thus: "Upon being called to the bar at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, he went to Calgary, Alberta." And whereas that statement is an incontrovertible fact, it falls far short of the truth of the story.

This is what happened: J. E. Brownlee, Esq., B.A., Barrister &c., offered his experienced services in the selling of goods, to a concern which was engaged in the manufacture of a certain Canadian product. Showing a lamentable lack of faith in human nature, the head of the firm offered the young man no salary; but a modest commission on sales. However, young Brownlee had never yet got something for nothing, and he had no ambition that way, so, quite satisfied with the proposition, and confident that he could sell his wares, he set out to see Canada. He was spurred on to his adventure by a stern determination to find that place in the Dominion where lay the greatest field of opportunity for a budding lawyer. That was just fifteen years ago.

So the ambitious young man travelled pretty well all over settled Canada, west of Toronto, and,



The Hon. John Edward Brownlee, K.C.

every inch of the way, he was keenly on the lookout for the place where he should be destined to live and practice law. His sales were not spectacular, but they paid his way. He stopped off at all the big cities, and he did not neglect the smaller towns and villages. Each one might be clamoring, for all he could tell, for the services of a bright, up-and-coming young barrister.

Having reached the Coast, Brownlee looked back over the long journey, and he came to an important and far-reaching decision: Alberta was "home." When there he had strangely found that he loved the very soil of Alberta beneath his feet; every breath of Alberta's rare air which he breathed seemed to him full of inspiration to tackle the big job of living in a big way! If we're real Canadians we all feel that way about some particular part of our Land—but it was Alberta that "got" young John Edward.

As Mr. Brownlee expressed it, when I talked to him the other day: "I recognized that it was a part of Canada where lay opportunities so big that their proportions would have frightened a chap, were it not that he somehow felt at one with, and a part of this Western country. It has been wisely said that 'A small thing partakes of the qualities of that greater thing of which it is a part.' You see, if you search and find that place in the world where you know that you 'belong,' and it is a place which positively thrills you with its bigness, you can't help feeling that you, as a part of it, are big enough to fulfil your responsibility there as a man and a citizen. It gives a fellow courage."

To again cull an extract from the unenlightening article previously quoted: "He went to Calgary, Alberta, where he sprang into note, a number of years ago, as General Counsel for the United Grain Growers, Limited, and the United Farmers of Alberta." All of which is true. But it tells so little of the truth.

Toward the farmers of Alberta with whom he came into professional and neighborly contact, Brownlee's attitude was one of vast respect. He appreciated their hard, conscientious work, their dogged courage in adversity. He was only twenty-five years of age when he took up his law practice in Calgary, and he was a young hero-worshipper in a way, as all worth-while young men are apt to be. He had fought hard for an education, every step of the way, but his young struggles seemed nothing in comparison with theirs, to wrest a living from the land, for themselves and their wives and children, in times of agricultural depression.

When the co-operative idea first began to work in the minds of Alberta farmers, the young lawyer offered his trained legal mind to work in co-operation with the practical wisdom and knowledge of his farmer friends. And, when the Grain Growers and the U.F.A. were in a position to engage a lawyer on salary, to protect their interests, Mr. Brownlee was made General Counsel.

Everyone knows the history of co-operation in Alberta, and how, failing under the party system to secure legislation which they considered necessary to the prosperity of the farmer, Agriculture in the province organized a political group known as the "Progressives." Mr. Brownlee entered politics with vigor and enthusiasm. He was elected to the Legislature of Alberta, and appointed Attorney General in his thirty-seventh year.

In November, 1925, upon the resignation of Premier Greenfield, this still young Eastern-born Canadian, the Hon. John Edward Brownlee, B.A., K.C., became premier of the province, and practically all Alberta (all whose political affiliations permit) acclaim him as the staunch friend of the farmer, a big man, and the right man in the right place as Premier of this farming province.

IN THE Parliament Buildings at Edmonton I talked with the Premier. We spoke of the East, where he was born, brought up, and educated. We spoke of the West where he had proved his usefulness as a first-class Canadian, and a loyal Albertan. I asked Mr. Brownlee if he did not consider himself lucky in that he had come to the North-West at a time when it was a land of golden opportunity for youth?

"Yes," said Mr. Brownlee, "I was in luck!" (It was not for him to say that "luck" and "pluck" are maybe synonymous terms.) "Yes," he said, "I was a very fortunate chap, for those were great days. But here is a point which I wish to make very clear to you: there are infinitely greater opportunities today than there were in those days in Alberta, and throughout the entire West opportunities for the young chap with vision, with the spirit which refuses to recognize obstacles as such, the young chap who, as someone has put it, 'walks right through the obstacle as if it were not there,' and above all, with that quality of neighborliness which prompts a career of service."

"Canada is a great country; the West, a great part of it! Alberta is a great province; Albertans are great folks! Just as Canada is in process of growth within the greatest empire known to history, so is Western Canada pregnant with greatness; so is the youth of the West the repository of greatness to be expressed in service. Our youth is a Dominion-building force; an empire-building force!"

"You have great faith in the West, Mr. Brownlee?"

"Yes, and I love it. I love Alberta. The people of the other Western provinces can understand our love of Alberta as a province, in a way that Easterners, whose civilization is of an older, more staid, less exuberant character, cannot grasp."

"It isn't clear to Easterners—our love of our individual provinces. But perhaps we shouldn't expect them to understand us as we understand them. You see, so many of us began as Easterners. I, personally, having been an Easterner before I became a Westerner, and journeying frequently to the East, as I do, to see my people, am typical of a large number of Westerners. I sometimes wish that more Easterners had been born in the West, or that they would come out and visit us for long enough to understand us better, and sympathize with the problems which we have to face. Then, perhaps, our 'radical legislation' in Alberta, as they call it, and other aspects of Western politics, would not, as it so often does, surprise and grieve their Eastern hearts."

"I have an idea that, if they could only be made to see the magnitude of our problems, they might feel a greater sense of brotherhood toward us, even though we continue to think differently as to the best solution of those problems."

"A clearer understanding with the East—and I speak now of and for Alberta, particularly—might simplify those problems as, in attempting their solution, we endeavor to fit ourselves to be a

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The Flame of Courage

By George Gibbs

Illustrations by

Grattan Condon

The
Fifth
Instalment

of the Intendant, he said, that she had been spared a trial under charges of being aware of the true character of the prisoner. She had been so oppressed by this refusal that it was not until night that she thought again of this clemency of Francois Bigot. His clemency! What did it mean?

How great were his powers? A postponement of the day of execution perhaps, scarcely more. And yet even that was better than this certainty of death upon a certain hour.

She remembered now the phrases of Monsieur Bigot in the Governor's apartment—"Perhaps even yet you may have need of me. If so, I may be able to give you proofs of my continued devotion." She recalled the irony of his tones. Yet why should he have uttered them, if his hatred of her was so intolerant? Any sacrifice that he would demand of her could not be too great a price to pay for the life of Jacques Davol. It was curious, she thought now, that Francois Bigot had made no attempt to molest her, when she was at last at his mercy. But this was no hour to measure the depth of her humiliation.

Death lurked about her.

Exhausted at last, she slept, and the sun shone brightly upon her counterpane when she awoke again to the new day. With rest and the bright, warm sunshine upon the rug before her she gained a sudden courage. Why was

it at this moment that she suddenly thought of Angelique de Pean? She did not know, but the thought persisted. They had not met for weeks, and the hatred that had been the cause of Francois Bigot's vengeance was hardly a rock that a drowning woman might dare to swim for. And yet Heloise remembered that it was Angelique de Pean whose jealousy had made possible her escape upon the *Navarre*. Could she use this jealousy still? Perhaps not. She had heard that Madame de Pean had been seen again at the Intendancy. She paced the floor of her room excitedly, neglecting to touch her coffee which had been brought up to her; for in her mind an idea was born, a plan that made her heart beat high with alternate hope and fear.

Angelique de Pean was still powerful in Quebec. In spite of the sentimental defection of Francois Bigot, she still held strong sway in the material affairs of the Grand Company. She knew too much to be ignored. And it was through this knowledge that she hoped again to win back her power over the Intendant. The help of Angelique de Pean, at any cost, Heloise must have.

After she had drunk her coffee, she carefully prepared her scene as though upon the stage of a theatre. She wrote a note to Madame de Pean,

then rang for the woman who kept the house, giving her one of the few remaining gold pieces, while she explained the few things the woman was to do. It was a plan requiring for its success the unconscious collaboration of the principal actors in a prearranged situation. Had Heloise still the skill to make these people play their parts?

The note sent to Angelique de Pean was brief, but so worded as to excite her curiosity. It read:

MADAME: You have not always been friendly to me, for you have persistently misjudged my motives. These, alas! can interest you little more since my fall from grace. As Heloise Gueret I have nothing to expect from life or from you, but I wish you to know that I sincerely desire your friendship, which can be better promoted by my frankness to you in a matter that concerns us both. I would like to see you at once, this morning, if possible. Will you inform the woman who brings this note whether you will come? And if so, tell her the hour at which I may expect you?

HELOISE GUERET.

The house of Madame de Pean was not far away in the Rue Saint Louis. She would probably be in the act of making her toilet for the morning. Heloise feared her refusal less than that of Francois Bigot, for if she had read the character of Madame de Pean correctly, this opportunity of presenting herself *en grande dame* to the humiliation of the so-called Armande de Lusignac would not be distasteful to her. As to Francois Bigot, the man of affairs, the case was different. A hundred things might conspire to prevent his compliance with her request. Had she still the power to compel this man to come to her? She was staking all of her hopes of aid on one cast of the die.

She wrote him boldly:

FRANCOIS: In a moment of ironical amusement at my defeat you asked me to send for you when I needed you. Was this only the cruelty of a victorious hatred, or were there left in your mind some of the memories of gentler emotions? I do not know. You asked me to send for you. I do so in the hope that you can still be generous. I am alone in dire poverty. Life has defeated me. I must see you at once, this morning, or perhaps not again, for I am desperate.

HELOISE.

This note written and sealed, she addressed herself to a careful toilet. Fortune, so long unsmiling, was now to favor her, for in half an hour the woman returned with the message that Madame de Pean would call at her lodgings almost at once. She glanced at the clock. The hour was eleven, so she gave the woman the note for Monsieur Bigot with instructions to find him no matter where and deliver the letter into his hands before mid-day.

HELOISE planned her conversation with Madame de Pean carefully, her own role to be taken on the assumption that the note to Francois Bigot would be successful. If he came she intended to play her hand with him desperately. If he did not come she would merely have gained the further enmity of Madame de Pean, which could not matter to one already so greatly hated. But she had high hopes already and stood before her mirror, making preparations to play the leading part in the greatest drama of her life.

Angelique de Pean was dressed elaborately, as though by design to make more conspicuous the difference in condition between herself and this girl who had presumed to come between Francois Bigot and herself.

"I regret, Madame de Pean, that I am obliged to receive you in such a reduced condition, for my bedroom is both parlor and dressing-room," Heloise said with a smile, "but I beg that you will make yourself comfortable in my best chair."

Angelique de Pean, whose glance had passed in swift appraisal over the face and figure of her rival, smiled and sat, turning daintily in her gloved fingers the be-ribboned cane that she carried.

"As Carroll leaped upon him the hand holding the file darted toward the man's throat. There was a cry, the lantern was dashed to the ground"

HELPLESS to aid him, Heloise was led from the room and taken by Madame de Vaudreuil to her own apartment, where she was put upon a couch and lay most of the afternoon in a state of exhaustion. Later Madame de Vaudreuil offered the coach of the Governor to take her to her lodgings. But Heloise preferred to walk through the streets alone.

Helpless and deserted by friends and servants, Heloise entered her lodgings, and, locking the door of her room, abandoned herself to the contemplation of her misery. It seemed as though she could never weep again, that her body was dry with fever which denied her even the luxury of tears. Night came, but with it no new counsel. She was thankful at least, that the Governor, heeding the request of Madame de Brinvilliers, had yesterday sent the old woman in a ship that had sailed for France.

In solitude she could share the sufferings of Jacques Davol. She had asked, through Madame de Vaudreuil, permission to send him a letter, but had been refused by the Governor, who bade madame inform her that she was now beyond the pale of his favor. It was only through the influence

"It is needless to say that I am sorry to see you in such a plight," she said with the amiability of one who could easily afford to be generous. "It does not do, Mademoiselle Gueret, to put one's trust in princes, or even the mistresses of princes." And then with a shrug, "Your mission from the first was a thankless one, I may add, hopeless."

"I realize that now, Madame, only too well. I am, as you see, ruined. Madame de Pompadour has deserted me. There is nothing between me and starvation but the possible interest of those who have once been my friends."

Heloise made this statement with an air of sincerity, for she had already weighed the value of her words. Madame de Pean was no fool, and a sudden bright gleam in her dark eyes showed at once that she had risen to the bait.

"I am sure that the thought of your starvation would be intolerable even to your enemies. It is quite possible," she said with an air of condescension, "that your return to France might be arranged."

"Alas!" said Heloise with a sigh. "I have nothing to hope for in France. My employment at the theatre is taken from me. There is nothing left. I am indeed unfortunate."

Madame de Pean shrewdly studied the downcast head of the girl.

"I do not know why you have sent for me to tell me of these things. I am not one who forgives easily. We might have been friends if we had met under different conditions, if you had not chosen to go out of your way to thrust yourself between me and my friends."

"Madame," said Heloise appealingly, "there you have always done me an injustice. If I sought the friendship of Francois Bigot it was because I was ordered to do so by my *patronne*. That Monsieur Bigot gave me his admiration——"

"His affection, his esteem, his love, you will say," the woman broke in with a laugh. "What is the use, Mademoiselle Gueret. Is this the sort of twaddle you brought me here to listen to?"

"No, Madame, it is not. I pray you to believe me when I say that I never desired the love of Francois Bigot. And the reason why I could care nothing for him was because all the love of my heart was given to another."

"And now your lover is to be hanged," said Madame de Pean cruelly.

Heloise flinched. "He must not hang, Madame de Pean," she said coolly. "And it is you who will prevent the execution from taking place."

Angelique de Pean, startled, rose suddenly to her feet.

"I!" she gasped. "You are dreaming!"

"No, Madame, I am not dreaming. You, more than any other person in Quebec, are able to accomplish the escape of Jacques Davol. Your husband is the town major. Through him you will have access to the cell of the prisoner, where implements could be smuggled which would enable him to get free. Tools, drugs for his guards, perhaps, and money. Any man in Quebec will sell his soul for money," she finished bitterly.

Madame de Pean stared at the girl. Then she laughed.

"And you expect me to do this, to help release a condemned spy, to play the part of traitor to my friends in Quebec and to my country? You are either mad or a fool. And why should I do this for you, pray? Because you have come spying into the business of my friends and tried to steal the love of the man who belongs to me? Is this why you have sent for me? I thought I might see you crawling at my feet or licking my hands for favors, but not that you would be fatuous enough to make such request as this." She moved toward the door.

"I should tell Monsieur de Vaudreuil of the plans that you make, that he may put you beside Monsieur Jacques Davol in the Citadel and subject you to the same fate."

As she went to the door, Heloise moved quickly forward, turned the key in the lock, and faced her visitor.

"ONE moment, Madame de Pean," she said firmly. "This is only part of what I asked you here to tell you."

"Let me go, girl." She raised her long cane, but Heloise caught it before it could fall and tore it from the woman's fingers.

"No, you shall not go. Not yet," Heloise gasped breathlessly. "Sit here by the window while I tell you the alternative."

"You shall pay for this," muttered the woman, nursing her wrist.

"No, Madame, I shall not pay; nor shall you if you are wise. I am, as I have told you, in a desperate situation. You may think that I am mad, but you will see in a moment that there is some method in my desperation. And I shall now be frank in telling you why it will be wise for you to do what I ask. I love Jacques Davol. There is nothing in the world that I cared about but his escape from death, not my own safety nor my own honor even. I would gladly die or even suffer the passion of Francois Bigot if I could save him." She laughed dryly. "And you say that I shall pay for this. What do I care what I pay? Since I care nothing for life, I am beyond the power of harming. I will tell you the alternative if you do not aid Jacques Davol to escape from Quebec. I will never go from here without him. I will stay here. I have told you that. With his death honor means nothing to me. You have heard some

Continued on page 74



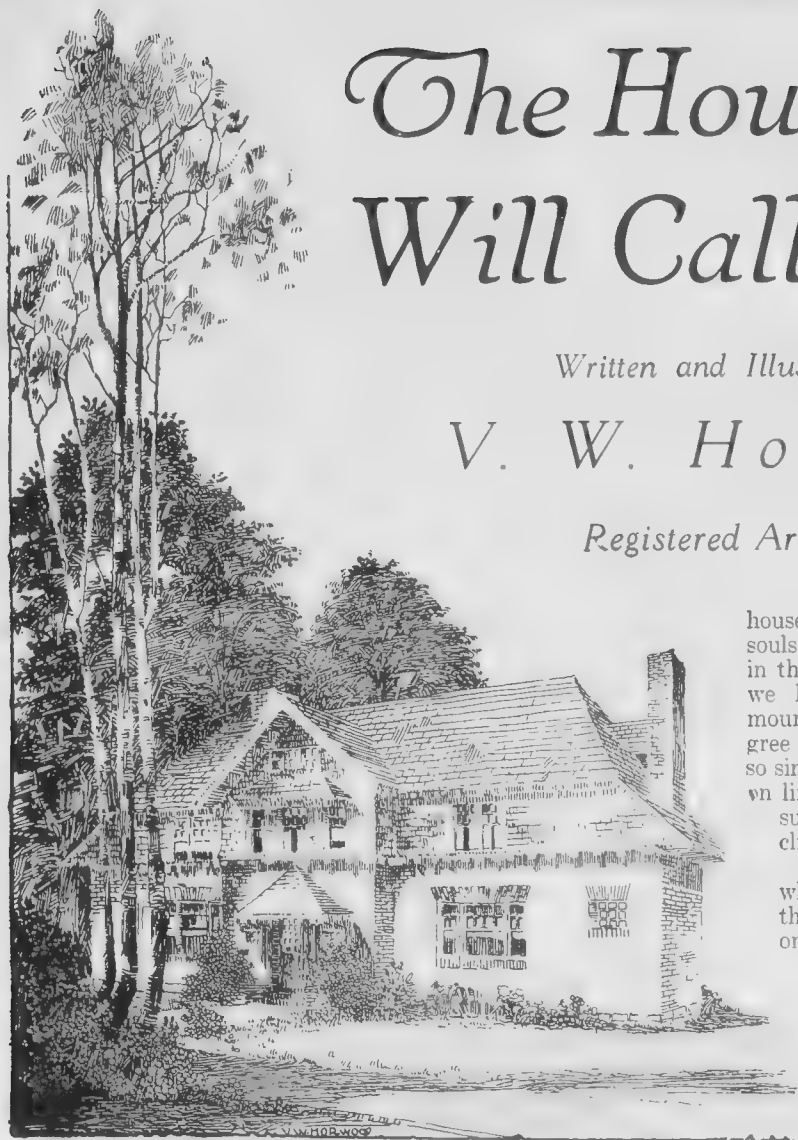
He lifted her out and turned the boat adrift that it might float upstream and thus not betray their landing place

The House You Will Call Home

Written and Illustrated by

V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect



houses through whose windows the souls of the people are looking. But in this vast land of the West where we have prairies and lakes and mountains with almost every degree of climate, the solution is not so simple. The only way is to design on lines which have already proven successful in the same kind of climate and locality.

The perspective shows a house which is quite a departure from the usual square type. The rooms on both floors are planned on generous proportions so that one gets from them a sense of airiness, coolness and the utter absence of cramping, yet with this grateful quality there is no feeling that space has been used without real economy. In its

general mass the exterior of the house reveals nothing more unusual than what good design sanctions, but in what might be called its applied architecture is given a quality seldom encountered, grace and charm. A broad gable emphasizes the entrance and the contrast of its brickwork and shingles is very effectively worked out.

In the kind of living people find the most happiness, is the kind to which they are most naturally attracted. Their tastes in this important matter naturally synchronize with their tastes in design and in the whole character of the house they would live in, and it is at this point they should find the answer to their question of style. This house may express the quality they are seeking for.

The drawings show the happy relationship which exists between the site and the building. These do not always come ready-made, but if Nature has provided some outstanding feature, carefully study it. Too many builders start the house impatiently or without due consideration of the site until all the

is some inherent magic in the house itself, and try by translating the design to another entirely different surroundings to catch this magic, only to be bitterly disappointed.

If all buildings were similar and all designs of houses the same it would be easy enough to evolve a formula, and a formula unfortunately is what a great many of us seem to want. There are places in the West, Winnipeg with its outstanding Crescentwood district; Portage la Prairie with its adapted Island Park, and many others in which the natural scenery of the location has been preserved and enhanced in charm.

This house would require a generous lot, at least one hundred feet wide and wider if possible to show off the horizontal lines. Stability is the essence of economy in home building, and with this fact in mind the lower storey has been built of brick. There are many ways of laying brick, some of them it must be confessed exceedingly tortured. Brickwork, like other material, should tell its own story, which is strength, fire resistance and color. We have got into rather a shoddy way of building a brick wall, showing the face of all stretchers or brick running the same way. This is called American Bond, and is tied into the wall with some sort of metal tie or by cutting the corners of the face brick and inserting a bonding brick. The brickwork in this house is built in common bond, laying the brick all stretchers four courses in height and then laying a course of bricks with the ends showing on the outside of the wall. Light and shadow are things to conjure with in the exterior of a house, the light should melt into the shadows and draw the eye pleasantly to the various details of the building. The eye loves light, and you will be enchanted when you see it play about, the colorful wall bringing reflections from half-hidden surfaces, or soften some bright color partly lost in the shadow with a perfect harmony of mellow richness. It seems too bad that masons should be allowed to spoil a wall by encircling each brick with a dark stripe. It never should be done. White mortar always looks well in brickwork and in this house of rough yellow brick, the joint should be a wide one, at least three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and left as built, not striking them, as the mason puts it. The wall should be thirteen inches thick and should be properly plugged or stripped inside to give nailing grounds for the interior finish. The windows have an angle iron over them upon which the eighteen-inch flat brick arch is built. The basement is to be of brick or concrete or stone. As the billiard room is in the basement, make certain that all drains are properly put in and with the right slope, and that the walls are left ready to attach finish when wanted. A bright basement is very inexpensive if the walls are treated with any of the patent waterproof cement paints.

In the entrance doorway perhaps more than any other single feature of a house it is possible to trace the development of Architecture. The roof, the windows, the chimney, these all have their limitations according to the purpose of the building or to the local conditions or climate, but the door is governed by one primary fact that it is there to allow the passage of persons in and out of the building. It is the maker of first impressions and has the power of begetting various sensations in those who approach. It may, on the other hand, belie the character of the building, and so betray its trust.

Many are the qualities which we find expressed in doorways. There may be dignity, a little frigid but none the less impressive, or there may be warm welcome. It may be proud or it may be humble. The suggestion of the texture of the material has much to do with its effectiveness. This brick doorway is simple, yet distinctly handsome with its brick wing-walls and its brick steps with concrete landing. It is an entrance that should always keep a bit of a thrill for you when approaching it.

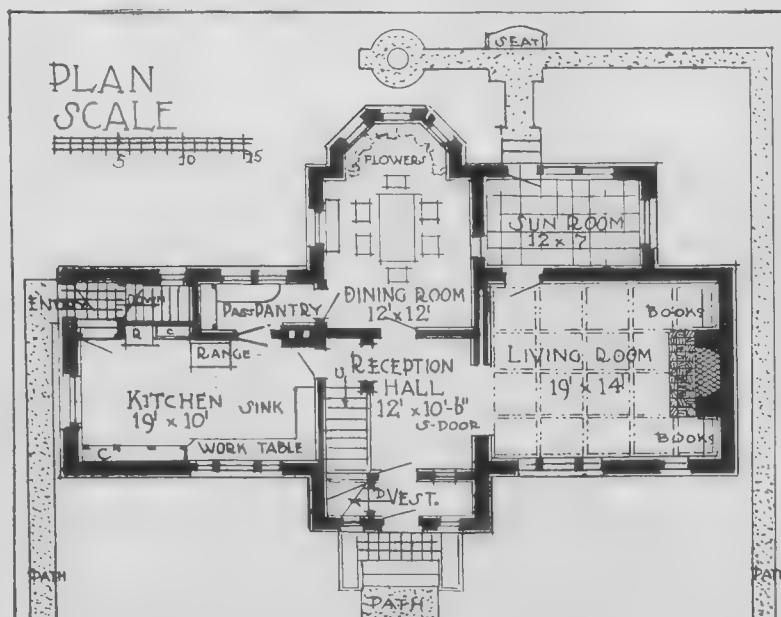
The shingles on the wall should be laid five and a half inches to the weather and be entirely dipped in stain, a soft yellow just off the tone of the brickwork. Where the union of the shingles and brickwork comes, the shingles are slightly curved out and supported by small square brackets which break up and give sparkle to the long horizontal shadow. The staining of the roof is a coloring of brown October leaves silhouetted against a deep blue sky. It is a coloring that harmonizes and contrasts, light enough in tone so as not to make the roof top-

THE delight of expressing your own individuality is afforded when you are building a home. The question of style is ever fresh, a hitherto unexplored question as though the house you were building was the first house that had ever been built in the world. It generally is a great adventure into an unknown country of worries, surprises and delights.

Some people are lucky and in selecting the design for their house choose just what suits their personality. Others through indecision choose something in which they are disappointed, while others by stubbornly using a definitely wrong method are utterly lost. This is often due to our economic make-up. The one who, without definite knowledge of style or design, yet wants a home, generally gets it, but to the other there is the query always lurking in the back of their minds "Will the house as I wish it, be one that I can sell?" and by subordinating their ideas to what they think some one else will like, achieve nothing.

An outstanding and important truth is that the choice of your design is not a matter of picking; still less is it a matter of choice. Even though a selection of several architect's designs may show a full line of "numbered patterns" the choice is still not simple. Style in building is so fundamental in its nature that for each individual who is about to build a house, the right style exists, whether or not he finds it. There are some people, women especially, to whom the architect becomes a "kindred spirit" if he is at all receptive as he ought to be, who, when he studies them, conjures up in his mind purely imaginary rooms of soft colorful hangings and deep squashy downy cushions, with a Persian cat curled on the softest one; of a chuckling little fire in a friendly hearth and the bright bindings of books glowing under a shaded lamp; of candles mirrored in the winey ruddiness of bare mahogany and enhancing the lustre of old silver, and the fragile translucency of china, and this he would translate into their homes. The wisest way to choose a style for your home after your own individuality is expressed in its plan and design, is to use materials which are in accordance with the climate you live in. Recollections come of the snug homes of the Habitant on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the equally expressive stiff brick houses of the pioneers of Ontario,

natural features are destroyed. Clumps of trees, depressions in the ground, all should be studied to get the most out of the lot. Nearly all of us are definitely conscious of the charm of a house that is well related to its site although the relationship eludes and leaves us with only the feeling that there



heavy, yet so distinct that it is not lost against a background of trees or sky. It is cool and restful yet not monotonous and completes the color scheme of the house.

The spirit of the exterior has penetrated the walls to the interior. Glimpses of the hall, living room and dining room show the simplicity of the lines. It must be confessed that one of the tests of good taste and refinement is shown in the selection of the essential equipment of the house.

The hall and vestibule are generally regarded as the formal introduction to the interior, a point of junction between the exterior and interior, and must be so furnished and decorated. The use of the vestibule fundamentally is to afford an entrance to the house and it should be borne in mind that while the main purpose is to admit, the secondary object is to exclude. Therefore the vestibule should be finished simply so as to afford no chance of injury by the weather. From the vestibule goes the stairway to the billiard room in the basement.

The reception hall could be made very handsome with its columned staircase and panelled walls. A glimpse of the living room can be had through the sliding door opening. Walls have many treatments and it depends to a certain extent on the ability of the workmen how to finish them. It is not the least advantage of modern wall papers that by sheer artistry of design they have brought back true warmth and rich coloring to our walls. The textured plaster wall finishes are often used and of course the sand finish is deservedly popular for many uses. Rough finished plaster has a texture. Its points catch and reflect tiny spots of light, often giving life to a dull room. But rough plaster is not a solution for all walls. It should not be used in conjunction with highly finished woodwork and silken draperies. There are certain types of houses demanding the rough plaster effect and in this entrance hall and living room the rough plaster might be used with good effect above the panelling.

Of all things which go to make up the interior of a house, there is probably not one more favored than the panelled room. Romance has woven its legends around the mysterious Panelled Rooms, with their secret sliding panels through which the hero always escaped into the narrow passage in the thickness of the wall. Certainly the thought of this hall and living room panelled, with the beamed ceiling not too high, with its book cases on each side of the deep fireplace, gives a picture of comfort, a picture which is complete almost in itself. If the cost is too heavy have the walls prepared so that in time to come the room may be finished without destruction of the walls. In building your home it is always well to plan ahead, instal all the wiring; especially have the kitchen wired and piped or ducts left so that these additions can be added afterwards without tearing down the walls.

One of the nicest features of this house is the sun room which adjoins the living room. The floor is of cement and the walls carry out the house construction. The windows are casement and can be screened. In buying wire screens get the best as the ordinary wire stains and rusts very quickly.

The shape of the dining room is good and it would prove charming and take on an added hospitable atmosphere from the warmth and richness of color of its flower alcove. A pass pantry serves as a buffer between it and the kitchen, and a pass window opens to serve the sun room.

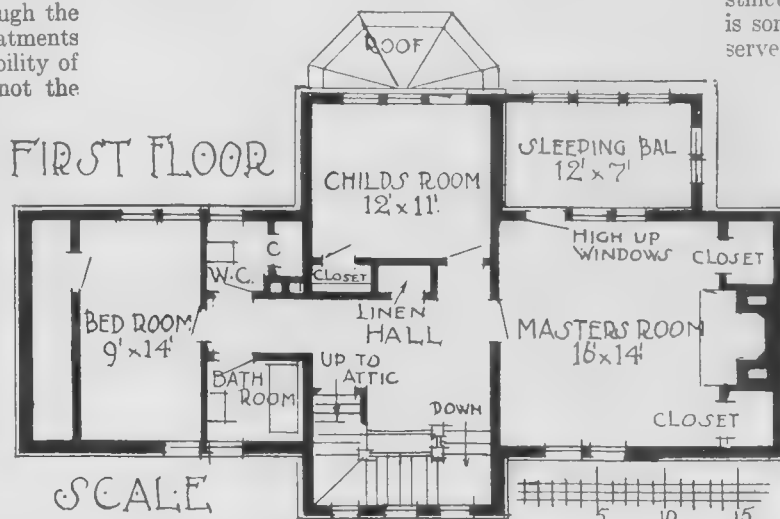
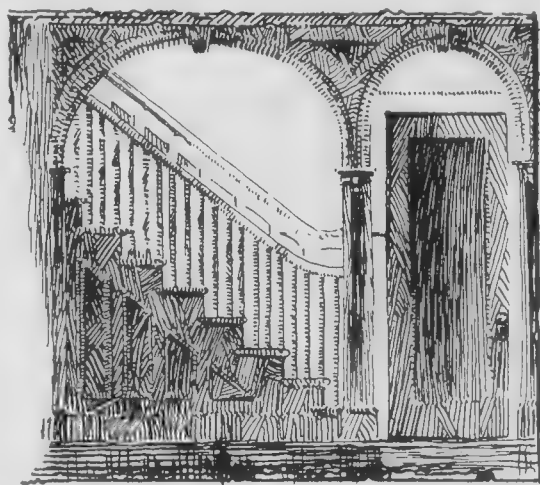
In the old days a house without a large pantry would have been as poorly equipped as a house today without a stove. Yet today the pantry is sometimes not even planned. The reason is simple. Space is of more value and an extra room means extra work, also the manufacturers have so contrived to house the pantry material in such an economical way that except in very large homes the pantry is dispensed with. In this little pantry all the more intimate china and glassware is kept.

Going into the kitchen we find that there is no back or service stairs. The reason is that many

women today do most of their own housework and the kitchen is so convenient to the stairs that it seemed waste of money to add another. The

kitchen is on the front and all the living rooms face the garden side. The old kitchens were mostly sad affairs; dingy woodwork, cross-barred muslin and chilly and unfriendly windows, cupboard doors of wood, with shelves fairly bulging with little boxes, bags and jars. It is small wonder that the ultra-modern reaction against such a kitchen has resulted in an efficiency almost alarming, an efficiency which sternly strives to repress color and daintiness as insanitary. The

kitchen should be modern to the utmost degree but it should also be camouflaged with quaintness and color. It has been mentioned that if the modern appliances of water, light, etc., are not available they should be installed by the owner. It is a simple matter both to light and force water now with your own machinery. A gasoline engine will do almost anything and is simple to operate. A house of this character must be supplied with water and light.



The kitchen entry gives access to the basement in which is installed the hot water furnace with fuel room, vegetable bins and cool storage. The kitchen has cupboards and all the appliances which go to the making of a modern kitchen.

The first floor has a simple logical arrangement. The W.C. is separate from the bathroom, which should if possible be tiled, and have first class fixtures. The child's room might have a door to the master's room if wished for, and the sleeping porch with its screened windows opens from this room. The lower portion of the roof on each end is made into closet space, and the closets have shoe and hat racks, and there is a stair leading to the attic. The attic may be finished if desired.

The floors throughout should be of hardwood or edge-grain fir. If of soft wood they should be painted.

There are many ways of treating the surroundings of this house. Mention has been made of preserving the natural features of the lot, and that it should be a spacious piece of land to give the breadth required by the composition, and to keep other houses which might not be in harmony at a distance. In fact we want the composition to be a picture pleasant to look upon. One realizes that the ground about the house whatever its character or area must necessarily be more or less altered as soon as building operations are started, and as the house arises this alteration becomes more manifest. The undulations and curves are meeting a rigid line of the foundation, and the foundation may from its mate-

rial be foreign to the land. If the owner now desires that his surroundings after undergoing these changes from their natural state should be in keeping with the house, and at the same time as beautiful as possible, he has on his hands a very considerable problem.

The house is built, but the scene is by no means completed, and unless the house has been designed as a part of the whole scene, that is, with careful consideration to the surroundings, the final effect is almost sure to be disappointing. When planning a home very few realize that the complete picture must include service yard, garage, garden, and when the house is up find that they cannot be as conveniently arranged as they might have been if considered in relation to the lot and house when the planning was going on.

A house of this size and character should have the best advice of landscape gardeners in consultation with the architect when its position is being resolved upon. We cannot from our limitations know the best way to plan the grounds, and mistakes are made which cannot be rectified, when with expert advice you are almost sure of having beautiful surroundings in which the house and grounds are in absolute harmony with each other. It is well to know that the real beauty of the finished house and grounds is never derived from added decorations, but must spring directly from the shape and character of the scene itself, and that the whole composition, house and grounds must be studied and thought out together as one composition. Artificial construction is often designed to cover a multitude of sins when the instinctive good taste of the owner realizes that there is something out of harmony, but alas! these only serve to aggravate.

Often the approach or path is incorrectly placed. In the layout of the main approach try and locate it so that it will not cut the grounds into two small lawns. We often see a walk smack in the middle of a lawn with hedge and flowers on each side cutting what would otherwise be a perfect piece of turf into two insignificant bits of grass. The happy arrangement is to lay the path to the side, giving a broad stretch of lawn before the house.

In this design the path should be swung in a gentle curve to one side, with a few shrubs in the hollow of the curve, so that there will be no crossing the grass. A gentle curve is much better than the square turn, but the curve should be determined by the shape of the ground. Curves made up of arcs of circles rarely

prove satisfactory unless the arcs are comparatively short. A hedge should be between it and the service entry. The hedge should be continuous but yet irregular, broadening in one place, bending in another and if possible merging in a large group of trees and shrubs.

The object of planting of the grounds about the house with the idea of assimilating the building and other controlling features into one appropriate and pleasing scene. The connecting of the unyielding walls with the ground by means of shrubs massed in the angles, and breaking the horizontal lines with bright spots of flowers, removes at once

all idea of incongruity. The house seems to belong, to become a part of its surroundings and grow out of the lot. Naturally breadth is gained by means of grass, so that the grass should not be broken into by impertinent shrubs and flower beds. There is nothing so soothing to a tired eye and mind as a smooth expanse of turf leading into the cool mysterious shadows of the shrubberies about the house.

Keep in mind the scale of the building and lot when planting. In the picture the massing is what is

called by artists "triangular composition." The eye is led along the sides of a triangle but not allowed to escape, that is, if the picture is a success. The presence of a few large trees would give support and background.

A few trees, some shrubs, a dozen plants with a bit of lawn may either make a lovely little picture or a huddled disarray of forms and a hideous discord of color. It depends on the individual taste.



It Cannot Lie

By Charles W. Stokes

PROFESSOR ASHDOWN held the chair of political economy at a university; but his hobby was somewhat singular—the very opposite, in fact, of his customary researches. It could be called Photographic Phrenology.

"Instead of feeling the bumps," he would say, "I analyze the face and its characteristics. Especially above the eyebrows! Show me a photograph and I will tell you what the man is, what he does, and what his vices and virtues are."

And, strangely enough, the professor was nearly always right. But he grew tired, somewhat naturally, of checking up the characters of Lloyd George, the ex-Kaiser, Thos. A. Edison, and so forth, from their photographs. One knew so much about them already that to say their faces showed "marked executive ability," "overweening self-conceit," or "great constructive genius" was merely to echo the obvious. And then one could not fairly apply the test to the photograph of themselves submitted by admiring friends or relations!

So Professor Ashdown took to studying criminals instead. Danny Sheehan, the genial police lieutenant, with whom he had a curious intimacy, would show him pictures from the rogues' gallery, and upon these the professor would test his skill.

"This man," he would say, holding up a picture and peering at it through his double-lensed glasses, "has theft developed to a high degree. He is a coward, however, and confines his efforts to small affairs, particularly mean ones. He is a sneak thief, not a burglar or even a pick-pocket—the kind of man who steals children's pennies when they go to buy candy. Am I right?"

"You sure are!" big Danny would answer. "That is So-and-So, pinched for stealing milk bottles. Now try this one." The professor would take the next picture, and diagnose it; and nine-and-a-half times out of ten he would be absolutely correct.

Not because he was rich, but because he represented Intellect, and because Intellect lent Tone, the professor frequently found himself asked to the "pink teas" and receptions of the Four Hundred. Often he went, for he loved luxury like a cat.

At such an affair, he ventured to refer to his hobby. It was at the very rich Mrs. Beaufort's.

"And can you really tell a person's character from a picture?" asked one lady; and when he modestly asked to be tried, she breathed "how wonderful!"

"From anybody's picture?" asked Mrs. Beaufort, picking up a photograph from a small table.

"Surely," said the professor. He gazed at this one, very intensely—oh, he was a cunning old bird!—and shrewdly guessing it to be that of a relation or close friend, said that it represented a person of affectionate temperament, fond of the home, modest, gentle, and very musical.

"Bravo!" said Mrs. Beaufort, who seemed pleased. "Now this one." So he rearranged his epithets, and said this was a person of brilliant intellect, forceful but tactful, of great inward vision and with a distinctly bright future.

"Bravo again!" cried his hostess, whose favorite nephew it was. She handed him the cake tray, beaming. Mrs. Beaufort, it may be said, was a particularly big frog in that particular pond—wealthy, well-connected, and socially powerful, and to be on her visiting list was to be "it." She was, in fact, the arbiter of Who's Who and What's What in that neck of the woods.

The story, however, is not of her but of the lady who breathed "How wonderful!" She now cried effusively, "You are a wizard, Professor Ashdown! How did you first know you could do it?"

"I practiced on the pictures of criminals, madam," he smiled.

"How dreadful!"

"You would be surprised, however," said he, "what a large number of respectable citizens manifest traces of criminality."

"How cynical you are!" she murmured; and, on arriving home, tried to induce her husband to have the professor to dinner, because he was so interesting. Her husband compromised, because he thought the professor and his hobby would be a bore; but being the managing editor of a daily newspaper, he remembered both of them next morning when the Sunday editor complained to him how short he (the Sunday editor) was of copy

for the next Sunday supplement. The managing editor thereupon dropped a suggestion to have the professor write an article on Photography Revealing Criminals.

Two minutes later the professor's telephone rang. "This is the Sunday editor of the Daily Scream," said a voice. "Can you write me a full-page on How Photography reveals Criminals?"

"It's a serious subject, sir," said the professor, bristling a little, though inwardly gratified at this recognition of his researches.

"Sure! But to be in the Sunday supplement is fame nowadays, and also to get the widest audience. Our Sunday pages are syndicated to other papers with a total circulation of seven millions."

"Well—" said the professor, hesitating.

"All right, then! Now we must have it tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, young man?"

"Yep. What's the matter with that?"

"Yes—yes—I could write the article quickly enough, of course—my head's full of it—but you'd want pictures to illustrate it, wouldn't you? And I haven't any."

"Where do you usually get them from, anyway?"

"From Lieutenant Sheehan at Police Headquarters. But he doesn't let me keep them."

"What, Danny Sheehan?" cried the young man. "I'll fix that!" and he rang off.

Two hours later an express messenger from the Daily Scream delivered to Professor Ashdown an envelope. In it were two photographs and a note that said, "Pittsburg Harry and Fifth Avenue Rosie. Just pinched. Must have copy tomorrow sure, and return pictures for cuts."

One photograph was of a middle-aged man with a stubbly moustache, and minus a collar, the other of a woman of about thirty, good-looking and smartly dressed. He studied them carefully.

"The man's a tough," he concluded at length, "and the woman a come-on." From Danny Sheehan he had acquired some of the vocabulary of the underworld. Propping them up in front of him, he began his article in the utmost enthusiasm, so much so that by bed-time he had it completed. Greater zest went into it, in fact, than into any treatise on political economy! The next day he revised and strengthened it, and then delivered it in person at the Scream office.

"H'mpp" said the Sunday editor. "Somewhat lengthy, Prof! But you're sure on time."

"You won't—er—mutilate it?" the professor asked tremblingly, for he had heard of the dreadful things that sometimes happen to newspaper contributions.

"Oh, no! You haven't got the Sunday point of view yet, but—" flicking over the pages—"there's some awful good dope here. Bring the pictures back?"

"Here they are. You don't intend to publish their names, I hope? I have made my delineations rather forcible, you see, and—"

"I get you! No, sirree—no names even if they are in the coop!"

The professor could hardly wait until Sunday, such was his impatience. Not that his name in print was a novelty—but this time it would be no modest close print in some obscure corner, as having given a lecture, or in thin type on the title-page of a sparsely circulated brochure. When at length Sunday dawned, he rose so much earlier that he had to go out on the porch to see if the copy he had ordered specially—for otherwise he never read Sunday newspapers—had come.

He could not know, of course, that the prominence he obtained was accidental, due more or less to the unusual dearth of Sunday features; but there on the front page, right across the top, was

HOW TO KNOW A CROOK BY HIS MAP

SAYS ARCHIBALD ASHDOWN, PH.D.

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR WHO DOES SLEUTHING ON THE SIDE

and immediately below this the two photographs, six inches high.

They had truly taken liberties with his copy! Thus, for instance, his elaborate introduction had disappeared. Instead the article began with the quotations in which he had endeavored to analyze

the two pictures obtained from Danny Sheehan; and these were printed in larger, blacker type than the rest, and still further emphasized by heavy black lines around each, in box style. Still, he could but admit the effectiveness and snappiness of this arrangement, and his heart glowed as he read.

"This face exhibits unmistakable signs of a predatory character," (he read under the man's photograph). "Its owner lives on his fellows—not by stealth, but fiercely, taking the best that they have by sheer force of arms. In medieval times he would have been a robber baron. Nowadays he represents the strong-arm type. Not only that, he employs lesser criminals as jackals, to do the dirty work, to listen in on telephone conversations, to pick over waste paper baskets to obtain all the usual blackmail material. The nose is pugnacious, dominating; the ears are entirely unprepossessing. The mouth is thin, tight, hard, with more than a little suggestion of cynicism which is, however, balanced by a tendency to moroseness. The teeth, part of which are revealed, indicate cruelty. The forehead recedes a little, and is prominently veined, which would lead one to infer a savage temper. The eyes are staring, but they would probably glaze over in semi-vacuity while their owner meditated some new villainy. The impression is confirmed by the short moustache, which has the appearance of being smoothed from the middle outwards while in a state of excited thought. The chin is undistinguished except that its thickening into rolls suggests self-indulgence and excess. Beware of this man! He has many disguises—one day he might accost you in the dark street, the next you might meet him at a Board Meeting. But on every occasion his weapon is the sandbag."

And then this under the picture of "Fifth Avenue Rosie:"

"This face is that of a professional vulture. She would not associate with you except to use you, and when she deliberately forces you to take notice of her, she has some definite object. If she had not, she would not bother with you. When you have served her purpose, she quickly lets you know, utterly disregarding your feelings, and instantly forgets you. Notice the long, narrow eyes, how they survey you critically, calculating how much you are good for. Before their owner would make an attempt on you, she would have to know you were worth her time. A certain laziness is clearly indicated by the fat cheeks, and actual slovenliness is not impossible, although the eyebrows, which are obviously the object of solicitous care, suggest vanity. The mouth droops at the corners, a sure sign of impatience. The nose is supercilious, supplementing the general impression of insolent appraisal of your wealth contained in the eyes. The forehead and temples are those of a quick thinker who can conceal her emotions and in times of danger extricate herself quickly. Hardness, coolness, utter incapacity for soft feeling—this subject, like the other, is a dangerous one, but for different reasons. She makes her living nominally as a decoy for strong-arm confederates, but on the side she takes a first bite of her victim's roll. Her effectiveness is considerably enhanced by her factitious air of high social breeding, which indeed is her chief weapon; she could, in fact, masquerade successfully in the best society—may, perhaps, have done so until discovered."

Thence, the meatiest, juiciest parts of his article, especially that in which he described how he did it, followed and were continued on page thirty-six.

Despite the mutilation of his thoughts, Professor Ashdown walked on air. He walked, in fact, all the way out into the country, forgetting his breakfast, and then, still clutching the precious copy, he obtained a scanty meal at a farm-house and walked home again for lunch.

His landlady met him at the door. "I'm so glad you've come back, sir!" she cried. "The telephone's been a-goin' for you—"

"For me—on Sunday morning?"

"I should say! First of all it was Mrs. Beaufort, an' then somebody who said he was a Sunday editor, and then Mrs. Beaufort again, an' then Screw and Rack—"

"Screw and Rack?" This was a firm of famous lawyers.

Continued on page 57



When a woman puts her foot down—

When she puts it down firmly, it is a sign she's stopped drifting in her search for helps that make housework easier. When a woman puts her foot down it means her mind is made up. She may have been tempted to try all kinds of soap and cleaners, but—

When she puts her foot down, it means she knows Fels-Naptha is more than soap.

When she puts her foot down to stay, it means she pays more attention to the washing help she actually gets, than to the form or color of soap. She knows from her own experience and that of her friends, that good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha, working together in Fels-Naptha, give her extra washing help she cannot get in any other soap, no matter what its form, or color, or price!

There is a very good reason why Fels-Naptha is more than soap—why it is a great deal more than just "naptha soap." Fels-Naptha is quality soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha combined in the Fels-Naptha way. This makes Fels-Naptha clean more easily and more quickly. Fels-Naptha does the work thoroughly! Safely, too!

Millions of women have made up their minds just that way; and with the extra help of Fels-Naptha are saving their time and strength and money in all their household cleaning. They'll tell you, as they've told us, that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

Many women get the extra help of Fels-Naptha by dissolving it in hot water, or chipping it directly into the washing machine. They get more than soap suds. They get creamy suds, enriched with dirt-loosening naptha. Chipping Fels-Naptha only takes about 50 seconds. No bother. No fuss. No waste. Try Fels-Naptha in your washing machine. You'll be surprised and delighted with the results!



Smell the naptha in Fels-Naptha!

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Our Canadian Heritages

IT IS interesting to read in one of the leading newspapers of the United States, the "Cleveland Plaindealer," that there is in Cleveland a club which calls itself the Canadian Camp Fire Club and prints in its official bulletin the slogan: "Florida for the Weak—Canada for the Strong." The Plaindealer says truly that "in Canada's half of this continent there is not only a vast empire of varied natural resources but an endless variety of natural beauty in lakes and streams, hills and dales, rolling lands and prairies and mountains." And it is fine to read in the New York World:

"There is this to be said for the Canadian people, that they maintain law and order within their borders in a manner which this country would do well to try to imitate. This is as manifest in the sparsely settled new districts of Canada as in the older parts. It was memorably true during the Yukon gold rush. The Mounted Police of Canada's great West and North are world-famous, and justly so. That splendid force patrols regions dwelt in by Eskimos, who are taught to be law-observing and to know what British justice is. There has never been a lynching in any part of Canada. In every part of that great country justice is maintained with a sure and impartial hand. Irregular methods of regulating disorder or visiting displeasure on unpopular sections of the community are not practiced in Canada. Every dweller in any of the Provinces knows that his rights will be upheld by law."

Proud as we Canadians have reason to be of our vast, continent-spanning national heritage, we have greater reason for satisfaction in our heritage of good government and maintenance of justice and respect for the law.

About Clothes

FIFTY years ago woman was, in respect of clothing and appearance, man's inferior. Today she is greatly his superior. After generations of talk about woman's rights, woman now has achieved, in addition to equal suffrage and many other rights, the right to wear healthful and becoming clothes. Woman now wears clothing which is graceful, practical and, we are sure, comfortable, her skirts do not trail in the dust and mud, she is not impeded in her movements by any article of clothing, and to mention only one thing more, she has her hair cut to a sensible, moderate length. There are a few who go to extremes, but of the immense majority of sensible women it is true that their clothing is more sensible than women's clothing ever was before. Moreover, a lot of the grotesque nonsense there used to be about the "mystery" of women's clothes has been done away with, and there is, as a result, a clarifying effect upon thought. In matters of personal appearance and hygiene woman during the last fifty years has worked a revolution. The Philosopher was looking the other day at a photograph of the corner of Main Street and Portage Avenue in Winnipeg taken on a summer afternoon twenty-five years ago. In gazing at the tight waists, the leg-o'-mutton sleeves, long skirts and elaborate large headwear of the women in that photograph, it is simply impossible to believe that women will ever go back to such attire again. When will men begin to follow the good example which women have thus given? Men's clothing swathes their necks, instead of leaving them free and exposed to the air and the light, and is altogether too heavy and awkward. The garments men wear are admirably adapted to be worn by dummy figures in store windows. They are uncomfortable and unhealthful, in comparison with women's garments, and they are a hindrance in sitting down and in standing up and in most activities. But it seems hopeless to look for any following by men of the good example set by women. Why? A paragraph which The Philosopher read in a recent magazine appears to have a bearing on this subject. The paragraph said:

"One of the difficulties in introducing the Boy Scout movement was the shyness of the boys. They were ashamed to show their knees and elbows. In the United States the Boy Scouts modestly cover up those parts of their bodies."

Girls, as we know, have no such shyness.

The Philosopher

The Richest Man in All History

THERE have been men of great wealth in ancient times and in modern times. Some of them were kings and emperors — such potentates as Milton had in mind when he wrote "Paradise Lost," in describing a throne of imagined splendour and costliness,

"... a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

But of all the wealthiest human beings since history began, incomparably the wealthiest is Henry Ford. The latest balance sheet of the Ford Motor Company, bearing date December 31, 1925, was made public after the annual meeting of that corporation a few weeks ago. The assets of the Company are shown as amounting to \$742,914,000, the liabilities negligible in comparison, and the surplus no less than \$622,367,000. This is the greatest surplus ever accumulated in the world. The surplus of the next largest corporation now in existence, the United States Steel Company, is \$521,863,000, a full hundred million dollars less. There are 172,645 shares of the Ford Motor Company, all held by Henry Ford or by members of his family. The estimated present value of a share is \$6,000. Multiplying this by 172,645, we get the stupendous total of \$1,035,870,000 as the Ford family's equity in the Company. The profits made in 1925 were \$115,078,000, or \$667 per share. To look at it another way, the profits of 1925 mean \$55 each on the 2,103,578 cars and trucks built during that year. The \$28,000 of capital with which Henry Ford started in 1903 has thus grown to be a billion. After saying that the thing is staggering to contemplate, what else is there left for The Philosopher to say about this eighth wonder of the world?

The Collapse of the Florida Orgy

RELIABLE information from Florida is that the "boom-buzzards"—those birds of prey that have picked the carcass of every real estate boom on the continent from Prince Rupert to the coffee and banana lands of Central America—have taken their departure. The speculative trading in real estate—buying to sell again and double your money in forty-eight hours—which was flourishing on an unprecedented scale only a few months ago, is ended and done with. Not that building development is not going on in Florida, but that hundreds of thousands of building lots in outlying subdivisions are worthless. The present owners find themselves faced with a situation which reproduces a situation that has occurred in many parts of this continent, north as well as south of the international line. They plunked down their first payment at peak prices, the second payment to come due in six months. They counted upon selling at a profit before the six months were up. Meanwhile the boom broke under them, leaving them in the position of being unable to sell. Many of them used all their savings to make their first payments. There are many subdivisions laid out on good land and equipped with pavements, street lights, water service and sewers, which seem unlikely to be inhabited for some time to come, because nine-tenths of the lots are held by speculators, and the tenth man, who bought with the intention of building, is reluctant to start building until he sees somebody else doing it. For the laying out of many of the subdivisions, growing orchards of orange, lemon and grapefruit trees were destroyed ruthlessly. Florida survives the boom, of course, but is destined to carry in her land values in perpetuity the cost of all the wild and wasteful orgy of speculation. It is no new story, but one more illustration, and not the last, of how history repeats itself.

The Chances and Changes of Life

HOW many men and women past middle life, seeing the hazards of this world as life goes on about them, have not had moments when they have thought of the possibility of such sickness or adversity as might leave them, or their dependents, in old age incapacitated and unprovided for! In the discussions of the question of old age pensions which have been carried on recently in the Dominion Parliament and in several of the Provincial Legislatures, it has been said, on the one hand, that the work of every generation contributes to the general progress and the increase of the sum total of wealth and there should be some provision for those who at the age of seventy are in need of help, after having lived honest and worthy lives and done their part in the complicated activities in which we are all involved, the rewards of merit being sometimes none too justly apportioned. On the other hand, it has been said that such provision would tend to lessen thrift and foresight and prudent independence of character. It has been said also that old age pensions would cost too much. In reply, it has been pointed out that the lack of old age pensions causes a heavy cost for the establishment and maintenance of charitable institutions of many kinds. The tendency of modern thought and feeling is strongly against the institutional handling of such a public obligation. The history of poorhouses and other similar institutions furnishes a strong plea for a better way. The home of an aged couple may be a poor one, but if a small pension would enable them to maintain it, they would spend the evening of their lives together, without humiliations to wound their self-respect and with the feeling that, after all, this is not an unkindly world. Again, too often the tragedy of the old is the tragedy of the young as well. With elderly parents to care for, a daughter devotes herself and her earnings to them. There are many situations that occur in which elderly persons cannot but feel that they are burdens to relatives, or to those on whom they have no claim. Some there are who refuse all charity, endure all things and manage somehow to fade out of this life without being burdens to anybody. But is it just that this should be so?

Gold

NOT even war is a greater stimulant to the knowledge of geography than is the discovery of gold. Before the sensational findings of rich gold deposits in the Red Lake district started the latest "gold rush" a few months ago, how few of us could have said off-hand where the Red Lake district was! But when the gold-seekers went at top speed by dog sleighs through the winter wilderness to that region in northern Ontario which you will find just over the Manitoba boundary, if you look on the map, between a hundred and fifty and two hundred miles northeastward from Winnipeg "as the crow flies"—or as the aeroplanes flew from Winnipeg on the journeys to the new gold field, which furnished such exciting stories to the newspapers—the name and fame of the Red Lake district became known all over this continent and on the other side of the Atlantic as well. Such is the compelling lure of gold. In every age, ancient or modern, the human imagination has turned to gold, as the sunflower turns to the sun. When we read the report of the discovery of new goldfields, we are as excited as if we had learned of the discovery of a cure for half the troubles of mankind. It seems as if our childhood dream of the magic pot of gold at the rainbow's end had come true for the moment—or as if a golden key to the secret of life had been found. It is not alone that, if we had gold, it would be the symbol of presumable safety for ourselves and our families and that it would give us command over the resources of this world and the services of our fellow-mortals. We do not stop to reason these things out. Nor do we stop to think that every gold rush has meant many more disappointments than successes—and that, anyway, we ourselves are staying at home at our everyday employments and letting only our imaginations go adventuring as goldseekers. There is something in us all that understands the passions that have always carried men along into gold rushes and adventuring for treasure. The ordinary man would rather be a successful goldseeker than the wisest philosopher. When will good men and bad men alike be ready to go on a quest to a Treasure Island where the buried treasure to be sought for is not gold, but wisdom?

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In Sympathy Outdoors and In

Planning the Furnishings to Fit the House

By Katherine M. Caldwell

DID you ever read a more fascinating description than that of the House of Sunshine that our architect has planned for Western Home Monthly readers this month? Can't you see it, dully gold in the sunlight, mellow in the shadow? A house of cheerfulness without and within.

To carry some of that same feeling indoors, is to be our aim in planning the furnishings. A house with the exterior Mr. Horwood describes will breathe a charming cheerfulness from the first glimpse we catch of it. There is plenty of dignity about it, without austerity; spaciousness without aloofness; it welcomes you with simple warmth at the very moment it is impressing you.

To find a hall of generous proportions when one has passed through the delightful doorway, is not a matter of surprise. The broad, many-windowed front has led one to expect pleasant vistas, the easy graciousness of ample space.

To lose the pleasant effect of the soft yellow coloring of the exterior, were unthinkable. I would plan my house within to echo the same golden note—at least in the halls and living room. The architect speaks of the plastered walls as offering suitable treatment, and I should consider them very happily used in the halls, at least—in the living and dining rooms also, if desired, and of course I should finish them in the softest golden creamy-yellow. I should endeavor to use a camel's hair rug, with a strong glint of gold to it, on the polished floor, or if the floor were not of hardwood, I should lay a tile-patterned linoleum, cream-yellow and black.

With the very decorative stair treatment that is shown in one of the detail drawings on page 15, color will be the greatest contribution to the hall's success. The graceful arches, the very individual treatment of the newel post, will take admirable care of one side of the hall. With so many doors opening on to it, there will really be no long wall spaces to furnish. Against the largest of these spaces, the wall opposite the front door, the narrow little writing desk with rather high shelves up the back, would be attractive, or if one is the fortunate possessor of a small low chest or a quaint little chest of drawers, this space would carry it admirably. Above a low piece of furniture, I should be inclined to hang a mirror with an arched top and a narrow frame of dull green lacquer touched, perhaps, with antique gold. I should let the pleasant sense of space sink in, as it were, unhindered by much in the way of furniture. A chair with a high narrow back, perhaps a graceful type of ladder-back, might stand in the corner immediately to one's right hand, on entering from the vestibule.

At the wide doorway to the living room double portieres of golden brown would be attractive, in one of the heavy basket-weave materials of a weighty wool rep. Or if one liked to preserve the light key, a tawny sort of golden fawn color would be very charming for the curtaining of this archway.

The wood panelling advocated by Mr. Horwood for the walls of the living room, would undoubtedly offer the perfect treatment. It has an air quite its own, is an admirable background for furniture and pictures, and whilst more costly than other treatments at the outset, requires practically no keeping-up for years. An occasional rub-over with a waxed cloth, and the well-finished wood surface takes on new beauty with the years.

The beamed ceiling would also complement very nicely the same rough-finished plaster considered for the hall. One could not do better than have it tinted the same creamy-golden color.

If papered walls are the owner's suggestion, the same general color note could be sounded in one of the shadowy papers that show a soft, indistinct all-over design in blended tones of the same color. Such a paper, whilst offering a change from the perfectly plain paper which does not appeal to all tastes, is so unassertive that it remains, as it should do, a background. This characteristic is well illustrated in the photograph shown—the sharply defined little white figure and the soft outlines of the fern, are played up to equal advantage against the warm champagne tones of the indistinctly-patterned wall paper.

THE windows would almost inevitably be curtained with light gold gauze, falling straight and fairly full, from a top rod; instead of a hem, they would look well finished with a matching fringe about two- and a half inches deep. For side curtains, a sunfast stripe in which cream and brown predominate, would be very good; it would quite probably show a touch

of yellow, and perhaps blue and green, in subordinate amounts. Or a cretonne in these colorings, with a deep cream ground, might be preferred. These curtains should drop to the floor, at windows of this size; for the small leaded window, only curtains of the gauze would be required.

With the plain expanses of wall, an excellent opportunity is afforded to use a rug of oriental design, stressing the camel's hair tone, with browns and soft touches of blue, green, terra cotta and rose tones; or if cretonne in an animated pattern were selected for the curtains, to be repeated in some of the chairs, a two-tone rug in the browns or fawn and tan, might be preferred.



The wall paper with a shadowy indistinct pattern is softly blended tones of the same color, offers an admirable background

The feature end of the living room, the wall opposite the entrance, is fully taken care of by fireplace and bookshelves. There is a choice of positions for a chesterfield or sofa, unless there is a piano to be accommodated, the wall on the sunroom side offers a long space, but if a piano should have to occupy it, the chesterfield might take up its position on the opposite side of, and at right angles to, the fireplace; an armchair and a small elbow table opposite it, would provide sufficient balance and another comfortable seat near the hearth.

If terra cotta or one of the orange-red tones has entered the room by way of the pattern in rug or fabric, I should like to see it caught up in an incidental bit of Chinese red lacquer—a gay little cabinet or side table or perhaps nest of tea-tables. The same color would be effective in a pair of pottery vases wired for table lamps, with parchment shades that might carry a bit of vivid decoration; and, by all means, add a bowl of goldfish. If, on the other hand, the bright tone in the fabrics is more along the rose-red than the orange-red tones, the lacquer might be finished in green and deep rose used around the lights, in pottery, cushions, and so forth.

On account of the entrance to the sun-room, the wall space that backs the hall should not carry any deep piece of furniture; a grandfather's clock would find this a perfect spot, or a quaint wall-clock above a shallow table. A wing chair, with its practical protection against a wandering draught from door or window, would be fine for the opposite corner and a couple of light side chairs should be added. As to chair-coverings—I should make them of cretonne for two or three pieces, and a plain golden fawn fabric for the rest. If the striped material were used at the windows, it would reappear charmingly in an ottoman or on a long narrow fender stool before the fireplace.

THE sun-room of today breaks into a perfect orgy of birds and blossoms, on wall paper and chair covers. No paper so gay as the new sun-room designs has ever before been printed! But the complete informality of the room, and the very small amount of actual wall that is usually left by its many windows, makes their use quite feasible.

Wicker, reed, or other informal furniture, is the

usual choice and it is stained to fit in the gay color scheme. Just what the scheme is to be, should depend a good deal on the note of the living room. If the terra cotta appeared there, I should incline toward the use of terra cotta tile linoleum for the floor or if it is of hardwood, I should try to find a suitable little French rug or two, as gay, in their way, as the papers mentioned.

On the chairs, cushions of cretonne or striped material—essentially sunfast—invite one's leisure hours. If the much-patterned wall paper is used, a very restrained material is best here. There are wonderfully stunning designs worked out with a single motif appearing ever so often, on a plain field, very possibly black; this motif can be centred on chair seat or back, as a single medallion.

Curtains are either neutral in tone or of sunfast casement cloth. The former find popular expression in the useful pongee silk or plain cream repp, and it is frequently advisable to make the curtain for each window in two sections, an upper and a lower, each on its own rod.

Painted incidental furniture is most suitable—a drop-leaf table, perhaps a hanging bookshelf or two; and pottery bowls for flowers are of course in order, as are the little wall brackets with their water-tight liners filled with trailing vines.

I must confess a great delight in the architect's arrangement of this group of ground-floor rooms; the sunroom, opening off the living room, adds immensely to the latter's attractiveness and there is unquestionably a very nice dignity to the placing of the dining room.

It is perhaps not often that the dining room appearing in a mere floor plan drawing, bespeaks its charms as certainly as the one in Mr. Horwood's sketch. First of all, note the perfection of its proportions; then picture the delightful deep bay, with its flower-filled windows. And note the advantage taken of the proximity of the sun-room—another charming little vista of the several provided by this admirable planning of the rooms.

Ivory walls (unless the uniform tinted plaster were carried throughout the ground floor or the wood panelling used here) would be my choice in the dining room, with deep amethyst in a lovely rich tone, at the windows and in the plain broadloom rug. Wicker flower stands stained dark green, would hold the flowers—daffodils, narcissus, and hyacinths in the spring, rose-hued begonias and cyclamen and azaleas in their season. A bowl and candlesticks of lovely rose-colored glass would be attractive on the side-board.

The layout of the kitchen appeals to me very much indeed. The windows over the built-in work table, since they face the front of the house, must be curtained in non-committal fashion. A fine cream voile would balance nicely the gold gauze at the living room windows, and would at the same time take kindly to any amount of tubbing. Walls of blue-green, in a light shade, and furniture painted cream with touches of black, would be smart, with cream and black or cream and blue linoleum on the floor.

When we attempt to outline the furnishings of the living and service rooms of a house, we can discuss them with more or less definiteness, but when we ascend to the floor above, the personal element enters very strongly. There is not very much use in suggesting furnishings for the bedroom of the daughter of the house and the guest chamber, if these two rooms are required by two or three sturdy boys; the bedrooms must be planned around their occupants, so these suggestions may be taken as most tentatively offered.

The master's bedroom is usually of good size—and in this instance offers excellent opportunity for its furnishing. It would carry twin beds, a dressing table, chest of drawers, a comfortable chair and the incidental small pieces that are so desirable. A room of this type must usually manage to consider several viewpoints. It is usually the most imposing of the bedrooms, the room to which visitors are taken, perhaps; it represents, as a rule, the personal tastes of the mistress of the establishment; in all fairness it should reflect, to some extent, the needs of the master. It is better to restrict the extremely fragile and dainty effects to the young girl's room or perhaps the guest room—if one does not count upon many masculine visitors—and if one has a love of

Continued on page 32

Thoughts as Care-free As the Gay, Sheer Frock You Wear!

—both under the most trying of hygienic handicaps!



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

TO END the uncertainty of old ways, to enable you to live every day unhandicapped, *regardless of hygienic problems*, is the object of this new way which is changing the hygienic habits of the world.

The trying situations of yesterday become the incidents of today. You wear your sheerest frocks, your gayest gowns; you meet the social exactments of every day without a moment's doubt.

Do you wonder, then, that 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life now employ it? It will make a great difference in your life. *It is basically different from any other way you have ever known.*

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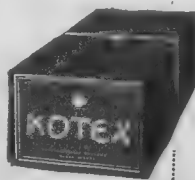
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W.H.M.-6

The Call of the Mountains

By M. D. Geddes

THE clarion call of Canada's great-outdoors annually permeates each office and home for some time preceding the holiday season. To the favored ones of the Western plains the call is from the mountains, and the "whispering wind" seems to breathe something of the charm, beauty, majesty and immensity of the park areas set aside by our Government as National Playgrounds.

"Then we're off into the forests,
Where the bubbling waters run,
Shout our challenge in the forests,
At the rising of the sun,
Build our night fires in the forests
When the careless day is done."

The average Western Canadian knows full well that certain soils are more suitable for some crops than others, and surprising as it must seem to old timers particularly, it is being demonstrated that our rugged mountains, timbered valleys, winding rivers, jewelled lakes and flower strewn Alp lands, which at one time were looked upon as waste land, are today annually bringing in a twofold harvest—health to our people, and revenue to our Government.

Export Sale of Scenery

HAD anyone whispered to you a few years ago that "Canada's Mountain Playgrounds" would some day prove one of her greatest financial assets, you would have scorned the speaker as a rattle-brained visionary. That day has arrived, and already the income from foreign tourist travel places our export sale of scenery, which means money received from tourists, other than Canadians, as third amongst our exports according to the Parks Branch, Ottawa.

There is a bigness and inspiration in the very atmosphere that surrounds these areas that is stimulating and invigorating. There you are in daily contact with the soul of the cloistered spruce in sequestered valleys, and, when you lift your eyes, it is the might and majesty of enduring mountains that fills your vision. There you have the beckoning lure of an unknown trail to lead you on to some wonderland of beauty, perhaps some hilltop bordered only by the distant skyline. There you will find the land of calm nerves, hearty appetites, physical vigor and while you bask in the balsam laden sunshine your body is absorbing the joy of being fit. There the ills of city life are miraculously cured by the "Big Medicine" of the pure, pine-scented air.

You know the tug there is at one's heart-strings, pulling incessantly, as holiday time draws near. Nothing but outdoor life can satisfy it. The winding trail that leads we know not where, the music in the pines, the campfire friendships, the smoke flavored meal and the pull on the reel—these combine the proper mixture of medicine that the average person longs for.

Man's Best Medicine

THE mountain beauty spots wisely set aside by our Government and called National Parks, are to our nation what local parks are to a city. No country can become truly great through material resources alone. It is the quality of her citizens, their industry, intelligence, integrity and virility which makes a country great in the long run. So the major purpose behind the establishment and upkeep of National Parks, which truly are the People's Playgrounds, is the development and maintenance of a rugged, forceful, intelligent manhood and womanhood. What better sports can we have than hiking, fishing, camping and mountain climbing?

Man by nature is an out-of-doors animal, the nomadic instinct is inborn from generation to generation, so the oftener he can get away from the daily grind of city life, with all the petty nerve-wrecking conditions industry has harnessed him to, the better he becomes, physically, mentally and spiritually.

There is no remedy for fagged intellects and tired nerves like the whiff of strong air that comes health laden from pine forests, flowering valleys and snow-

clad mountain peaks. It is one of the strong revitalizing forces of nature, and doctors, knowing this, prescribe a trip to the mountains, the seaside or the country. Get near to the mighty heart of Mother Nature, and obey her health-giving laws—sunshine, fresh air, pure

"Beauty born of murmuring sounds."
"Flowers preach to us if we will hear."
"Butterflies the souls of summer hours" and

"God walks in the woods at dawning,
And even the pines forget
Their sadness awhile and ever

along one of our mountain rivers when he wrote:

"Go softly by the riverside, or when you would depart

You'll find its very winding tied and knotted round your heart."

So again, the mountains are calling me and before long, I purpose packing my dunnage and with other members of the Alpine Club of Canada head for Tonquin Valley and Geikie Meadows in Jasper National Park.

During week ends members of the Calgary section of the Alpine Club and their friends have climbed a number of mountains in the vicinity of the Banff-Windermere motor road. Each of the peaks of the Three Sisters, Mount Edith and Castle Mountain being some of the better known ones, included. All of these except the lower peak of the Three Sisters, which is a truly difficult climb, are suitable for beginners, provided they are good hikers and have a guide.

Castle Mountain Climb

THE day we climbed Castle Mountain we had with us three members who had never climbed before. We started from the motor road opposite the east end of the mountain at 6 a.m., going up through the heavy timber and circling the east end. Here we had to go down a short distance, a couple of hundred feet or so, into a delightful, partially wooded valley. It was a glorious day, and this wonderful valley, chiselled and cut through the passing of years by the power of water, is a delightful spot. Today a tiny stream twists and coils through its centre, at times a waterfall, in other places flowing placidly. On the side we were most interested in there were huge cliffs, and as none of us had made that climb before, the lure of the unknown was fascinating. In this valley there were open spaces where flowers grew in profusion, other places were park like in appearance, with trees and grass. As we went upward, we passed a tiny lake, then the valley narrowed until it was like a great gash in the landscape. The source of the stream came boiling out of this gash about half way up the cliffs, and was very spectacular. Here we had to ascend the wall-like cliffs and on reaching the top we were faced with an amphitheatre, which nearly surrounded a beautiful mountain tarn. This lakelet has no visible outlet, but the large column of water we had noticed coming boiling out of the cliffs was evidently the overflow that has found an underground channel. This upper lake was fed by springs and baby streams which came trickling from the snowfields higher up the mountain. These tiny streamlets are mere trickles in the early morn, but as the sun increases its power, they grow in size until they become regular little torrents.

Climbing a Chimney

AGAIN we had steep cliffs to climb which proved the most difficult part of the ascent as we had to surmount what mountaineers call a chimney into which a choke stone had become lodged. A chimney is a broken crack into the mountain, sometimes quite a deep depression and not very wide. This chimney in most places gave us room to turn our bodies, but there was one spot that should the climber happen to require to turn he could not do so without descending a short distance and making a fresh start. The choke stone was quite securely wedged in, but as there was no room to get behind it this portion was quite difficult to overcome.

From here on there were narrow ledges and fairly steep rock climbing until the top of the cliffs was reached. The balance of the climb was mostly broken rock and moderately steep snow.

Castle Mountain has at least six points or peaks, and the one we reached first was the fifth from the east end of the mountain. Number two from the east end is the highest point, and by 1.30 p.m. we stood on this summit. So far as we could tell it had never been

Continued on page 30



The Boiling Overflow of an Underground Channel



View from Lake O'Hara looking northwest at Cathedral Mountain

water, early hours, wholesome food, less worry—and new vitality is quickly yet unconsciously absorbed.

The Call of the Wild

TODAY we are beginning to realize more fully that food and raiment are not the only things man craves. They, of course, are first essentials, but deep down within most, if not all of us, there is a craving for the beautiful. Some noted writers in trying to give expression to this thought have said,

They should, for its high endeavor, Finds hope in the great green spaces In the marvel of morning set."

Thus it is good for everyone to get away for a while from the daily grind of making a living, to get away from the familiar scenes, and no outing I know of, and I have tried many, will give better returns for time and money invested than a trip into our marvellous Rockies, where we have fifty Switzerlands rolled into one. Surely Kipling must have been following a pony trail



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DEL MONTE



Firstborn of the Road

A Flight of Fancy, Set Down With Apologies to the Creator of “.007”

By F. D. BRADBROOKE

CANADIAN NATIONAL locomotive No. 2747 perspired gently amid the roaring chorus of his birthplace, the Transcona repair shops.

His first head of steam, now showing on the gauge at 170 lbs., set him tingling in all rivets and sent a subdued sizzle of excitement from his safety valve. Men climbed over him with paint pots, dabbing wherever the grey iron showed. Some of it was still hot from the forge.

“I’ll be scrapped if ever I saw a hulking greenhorn of a Consolidated primped up like a wedding special,” snorted a dishevelled Mogul two berths away. He addressed himself spitefully to no one in particular, having more mileage than manners to his credit.

“I have always said the Road was becoming declassé,” lamented a big flyer, Pacific Type. When she came new from the Kingston shops she had gushed unceasingly over the National way. Her highly fashionable pessimism dated from the day when she hauled a special in record time for an exceedingly important person. Since the great man had climbed into her cab to thank the driver personally she had made no more records and exhausted the patience of crews and colleagues alike with the airs she put on.

“Don’t you know Young Hopeful’s the first new engine ever built by this benighted system, and the first in Western Canada by anyone?” scoffed the Mogul. “It’s so, hence his picture must be took.”

No. 2747 felt his gauge rising with resentment. The painters were lining his wheels and link motion in white, ready for the camera.

“I guess I can pull you two backwards off the map anyway,” he retorted, and regretted his impudence immediately. True he weighed 193 tons complete and could put out a tractive effort of 38,000 lbs., but there were lots of bigger engines. His Westinghouse pump palpitated uneasily.

“I’ve got the latest things for efficiency anyway,” he told them sulkily. “Nicholson thermic syphons and an Elesco feed waterheater and constant flow duplex pump.”

“Flues and firebricks! Get that would you,” jeered the Mogul. “Sech language! What’s he raving about, Rosalind?”

“Up to date improvements,” snapped the Pacific in the tone of one mentioning leprosy. “That’s the worst of being constructed in this unspeakable West. Some day they’ll improve on the Walschaert gear that every respectable engine has used for the last twenty years. Then the Road can give right of way to street cars and flivvers for ever. My apron is no stranger to blue-blooded brogues and titled spats but I never needed unpronounceable aids to efficiency—or white rims to get my picture taken. Clean tubes and good coal are all my modest wishes.

“It’s a pity that ain’t all you’re going to get, Rosie,” came a hoarse interruption. The Mogul instantly hailed the owner loudly by the way of pretending he was not uneasy.

“Hello!” he cried. “Alkali Albert is with us once more. How’s the Garnet wheat at Port Nelson anyway?”

“That’s it. Show your ignorance,” wheezed Alkali as he pulled into his berth coughing. “The trouble with you

is your mileage is all on the same steel. You never had a chance to broaden your mind.”

“Alkali” Albert, a ten-wheeler with

and puff pretty for the General Superintendent of Motive Power, Western Region.”

“I’d rather be scrapped honorably than sully my drivers on any such errand,” commented Rosalind viciously. “Painted like a common thing and all puffed up with fancy feed pumps.”

“Tell that to Sir Henry, my lady. I guess you’ll sully yourself just as you’re steamed and switches,” croaked Alkali.

“And more of the brood coming,” added the lady with a disgusted sniff at the frames of No. 2748, just laid. “Made in the West! Blah!”

“And from working drawings made in the West, with improvements,” retorted the youngster, encouraged in disrespect by Alkali’s support.

“Well, I’m not disfigured with modern geegaws,” replied the flyer tartly.

“Not yet girlie,” the ten-wheeler cut in mercilessly. “You Pacifics are all going to have ’em though, Elesco feeds, Nicholson syphons and all, before you get out of here. Of course, you’d like a concrete mixer for a funnel to give you a family likeness to the Countess of Dufferin. As it is you’re due, if you’ll pardon me, for a firebox full of advanced notions and a twenty per cent. shot of extra pep under your belt. You can talk about the Road but it’s not asleep. Here comes the Boss.”

THE shop superintendent walked down the line and things happened.

The Mogul suddenly emptied his air tank in a long sigh. No. 2747 felt his insulation creep with fear as his tormentor disappeared hopelessly through the tall doors to wait on a side track for the cutting torches.

Then the Boss turned abruptly, watch in hand. The youngster was too scared to hear anything above the uproar but his toilet went on apace for ten minutes. He started when the gantry loomed suddenly overhead and plucked the smoke jack from his stack. He felt the test engineer hitching open the throttle notch by notch.

“Who’s that with the Boss?” he found time to gasp to the flyer as a man in a light coat climbed into the cab after the superintendent.

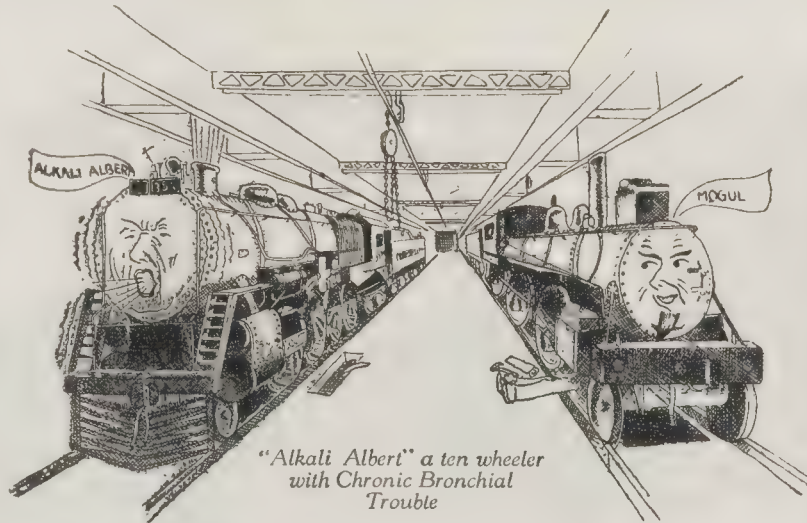
“I know the breed,” was the dark response. “If I ever catch a reporter I’ll paint the ties with him for miles.” Rosalind did not explain that the niggardly press notices of her famous run had nearly blown her up with indignation at the time.

Crossing the yards No. 2747 nearly jumped the switches a dozen times from sheer excitement until he saw a sight which scared him to the very grates. The Mogul, all his breezy malice silenced, hung drunkenly off the end of a side-track, his leading truck and drivers in the mud.

“Wouldn’t that burn you?” commented the Boss without heat. “No one ever made a sidetrack long enough, I know; it’s not possible. When we took the wrecking crane out of there last fall I had a block put on solid enough to stop the Transcontinental. That deadhead wasn’t spotted there five minutes till some clumsy ham bats it in the tail with a string of flats, and now look.”

No. 2747 sped down the line like a scared rabbit. In the twenty-seven

Continued on page 57



“Alkali Albert” a ten wheeler with Chronic Bronchial Trouble

chronic bronchial trouble, seemed doomed to every division on the system where the water was bad. Consequently he was always in the shops, where he picked up gossip with the natural gift of a magnetic crane gathering scrap iron and kept the inmates on tenterhooks with his rasping personalities.

“What’s the latest scandal on your steam chest, old nutmeg grater. Open your cylinder-cocks and let it off,” chattered the Mogul.

“You’re going to be scrapped, for one thing,” was the ill-omened reply. “Not that that’s scandal. It’s about time you were.”

“That’s a lie! After all the track I’ve covered for this road!” The Mogul quivered till he rang all hollow in his boiler.

“The Road isn’t run on sentiment,” Alkali told him. “If it was you’d have



His first head of steam, now showing on the gauge at 170lbs., set him tingling in all his rivets and sent a subdued sizzle of excitement from his safety valve.

gone to the scrap heap years ago for not having any esprit de corps. We get our O.O. and the kid here takes our place.”

“What’s an O.O.?” queried No. 2747, purring with curiosity.

“Order of Obsolescence,” the other informed him grimly.

“You’re not getting it too?” the Mogul cut in, almost eagerly.

“Not just yet. I shall blow off with relief when I do. I’ve hauled out of Melville with a crust on my tubes like concrete drain-pipes; I’ve steamed into Wainwright foaming like a washtub, my fireman tearing his hair over a gauge crawling with suds, an inch to come and go on in the glass and me spouting like a giddy geyser on the grades. It’s new tubes for me and more crowding and corrosion till these youngsters are ready to haul our loads on a quarter less coal. He’s going to pose for his picture



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The Mystery of Bird Migration

By Bertha M. White

IT IS summer in the region of the Arctic Circle. The midnight sun is always above the horizon, and its light reveals the nesting sites of hundreds of Arctic terns, rearing their young on the most northerly coast of the North American continent. Toward the close of August, when the young birds have learned to use their wings and to search for food, the colonies begin to break up. A great journey southward starts. Borne on wings that never falter, these beautiful birds make their way over the trackless ocean until, many weeks later, they reach their winter home within the Antarctic Circle. Almost from pole to pole they fly, making a round trip annually of 22,000 miles, nearly the circumference of the globe. What their paths or where their resting places may be, no one knows, for Arctic terns as birds of passage are rarely seen. Their yearly journey is just one phase of the romance of bird migration, which one naturalist has called the "greatest mystery that the whole animal world presents."

I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet
They seek a southern lea.
I hear the cry
Of their voices high
Falling dreamily through the sky,
But their forms I cannot see.

So wrote Longfellow of the periodical movements of the birds—the world's greatest travellers.

Almost anyone would say, offhand, that birds leave for the southland on the approach of winter because their food supply will be cut off. The insect-eating birds, it is true, would starve if they remained in the cold northern climate. But why, once they are in a land of perpetual food supply, do they return for



THE ADVANCE GUARD
Migrating male red-winged blackbirds. They are among the first birds to come in the spring, the males arrive before the females.

a spring and summer sojourn? Some of the insect-eaters start south in August, long before insect life has begun to diminish. These, and similar mysteries of bird life, have brought naturalists to the conclusion that the advance and retreat of the birds is based primarily on inherited instinct. It has been suggested that ages ago the birds began making short, voluntary migrations; these gradually increased as successful pioneering routes were established, and so the habit became fixed. Another theory, more generally accepted, is that the habit of migration was formed during the Glacial Period. The great ice cap came down from the North Pole and caused a vast retreat of animal and vegetable life; it then receded, and permitted a counter-advance northward. Whatever the initial cause, the birds of today react to an irresistible urge.

The Habit of Migration

HAVING acquired the habit of migration, the birds, by countless experiments through successive generations, have established certain air routes between their summer and winter homes. In the case of land birds, the presence of food supplies along the lines of travel has probably been the most important factor in the formation of these routes. Seven principal routes have been traced over the huge flightway formed by the American continents; we must not, however, think of these as having sharply-defined boundaries.

The most popular route is one which extends from the northwestern part of Florida and western Louisiana across the

Gulf of Mexico, and then follows on by land through Central America to South America. Over the waters of the Gulf, sometimes for several hundred miles without stopping, fly birds coming from east of the Canadian Rockies, birds from the region between the plains and the Mississippi River, birds from the Central Mississippi Valley, and birds which nest along the eastern coast of the United States.

Another route goes to South America by way of Cuba and Jamaica. Comparatively few species take this path, and most of those which do settle down for the winter on these islands. Some ten species, including the black-poll warbler and the bobolink, cross the Caribbean Sea to the southern continent. There is a still more easterly island-route between Florida and South America, and this, too, is relatively unpopular. Most of the birds which follow this path remain in Porto Rico for the winter. The route farthest east is well out over the ocean, and runs from Nova Scotia to South America by way of the Lesser Antilles. Only the water birds follow this passageway.

There are three somewhat shorter thoroughfares west of the main-travelled Gulf route. One, a few hundred miles long, extends from the coast of Texas to Northern Vera Cruz, Mexico. It is a convenient short cut across water for some of the southern warblers and other insectivorous birds. Birds of the Western States that winter in Mexico and Central America use two trunk lines, running, respectively, through Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico, and the Pacific Coast States.

But the story of bird migration is by no means told in the mapping of the main-travelled routes. The birds do not always return by the same path, and there are some peculiarities of migration that need the explanation of the trained naturalist. An interesting contrast is provided by the blackpoll warblers that nest in Alaska, and the cliff swallows whose breeding range is Nova Scotia. Both of these species winter together in South America and pass through Columbia on their way north. The warblers strike off across the Caribbean and follow a nearly-direct northwestward or northerly course to their nesting sites in Alaska. Nova Scotia is due north of Columbia, but the swallows, instead of following a "bee line," go 2,000 miles out of their way and take a westerly route through Panama, Central America and Mexico, completely skirting the western coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Difference in habits accounts for this contrast in routes.

The black-poll warblers fly by night, stopping at intervals at convenient feeding stations, where they rest a few days before going on. The shortest distance between feeding stations is their motto. The swallows travel by day, and catch their insect prey while on the wing. Their onward flight is made up of a continual zigzagging through the air, and its direction is governed by the food supply. That is why the swallows hug the shores of the Gulf, rather than fly across the intervening water directly in their path.

The Connecticut warbler has the interesting habit of travelling south by one route and back home by another. This species nests in Southern Canada. In the fall it flies for a thousand miles almost directly east to New England, then turns southward and follows the coast to Florida; from there it wings its way to South America over the West Indies. In the spring, however, on the way back to the nesting site, this warbler takes a different route from Florida, northward, following the line of the Mississippi Valley.

Flight of the Golden Plover

THE American golden plover has an elliptical route, and, with the exception of the Pacific plover, makes the longest continuous flight of any bird known. After nesting on the Arctic coast of North America, the golden plover flies to the coast of Labrador, feasts there for several weeks on the native fruits, and finally reaches Nova Scotia for the take-off. He must make a long trip of 2,400 miles without food and

without rest, unless ocean gales drive him out of his course; he will then have to stop on one of the West Indies. If the weather is fair, he follows the sea in a direct line to South America. After a land trip across the continent to Argentina, and a six-month's sojourn there, the plover starts back in a northwesterly direction, across the Gulf of Mexico, and follows the route of the Mississippi Valley. The northern and southern extremities of the great ellipse this bird describes are 8,000 miles apart.



THE TRAVELERS INN
Migrating chimney swifts going to their roost. Though sometimes pass 'he night in the same chimney

The golden plovers of the Pacific have an equally long non-stop flight, for they fly 2,400 miles from Alaska to the Hawaiian Islands. On this trip there are no islands to break the flight, should they encounter a storm. Both of these species of plover nest in the vicinity of Behring Straits; their coloring is so similar that an ordinary observer could not tell them apart. But when migration time comes no mistake is made. The American plovers fly east; the Pacific plovers fly south; birds that were neighbors are soon thousands of miles apart.

How do the birds find their way over the great stretches of land and the uncharted sea? Some authorities believe that the land birds are guided by mountain ranges and other landmarks, for their sense of sight is exceptionally keen; these believe there is exercise of memory. Such explanations would not be true for the birds that fly over the seas; they are unconvincing arguments when all the marvels of migration are considered. It seems more plausible to suppose that birds have a sixth sense, the so-called "sense of direction," which not only takes them back over a route thousands of miles in extent, but causes them to return to the same woodland or orchard, and even to the same nesting site.

How High Do Birds Fly?

ATTEMPTS have been made to estimate the heights at which birds fly. In the year 1880 an observer at the astronomical observatory of Princeton University noticed several small birds passing over the face of the moon while he was viewing the satellite through a telescope. They seemed to be one to two miles above the earth. Since then many similar observations have been made; birds have been noticed at altitudes of over 15,000 feet. It is believed, however, that most birds fly at altitudes of less than 3,000 feet.

Many dangers await these migrants of the air. Severe storms on the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico have been known to kill them by the thousands. Sometimes they are blown out to sea and lost, and travellers tell of birds taking refuge from storms on ships. There are cases on record of small birds braving the ocean gales and reaching the shores of Europe in safety. The greatest single cause of bird destruction is the lighthouse. The birds seek a haven of rest in the beacon lights, and hundreds of them dash themselves against the structures.

Our story is not complete without a reference to the fact that migrating birds helped Columbus discover America. About a week before the ships touched the shores of the New World, Columbus turned his course to the southwest, in the direction which the birds were taking, and his trust in them was richly rewarded by the sight of the verdant island on which he landed.



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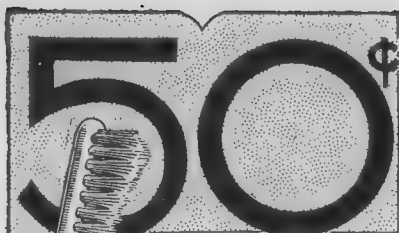
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THE red-stuccoed house at Maidenhead stood distinct from its neighbors. The flaming double poppies and bamboos which in summer lined the sweep leading to the jasmine-smothered entrance attracted the gaze. Few passed without inquiring "Who lives there?" And the answer of those who knew was: "Adorée!" None passed the elegantly gowned lady with the queenly carriage without a second glance. Men looked with unstinted admiration, women with a shade of envy, but all asked: "Who is she?" And the cognoscenti answered, "Adorée!"

Cupid had lured Adorée—idol of Paris, magnet for provincials—to that riverside house. He had aimed his arrow as surely at the great artiste as at the simplest maid, and she, who had been wont to live in the limelight, enthroned and acclaimed nightly as the queen of actresses, declared herself content with the modest platform afforded her in that sylvan retreat—and with an audience of one.

In the first raptures the English life was idyllic; even his daily journey to town—for he had invested in a solidly-founded business—was but the precursor to the eager watching for his return. The whirl and glitter, the admiration and adulation of life in the French capital became memories, or rather, passed before her mind's eye as a panoramic, intoxicating dream.

Five years passed, to all appearances lightly, over the head of Adorée. Her toilette was faultless as ever. From her chic hat to the jeweled heels of her ultra-fashionable shoes Adorée remained Parisienne. Those who examined her features closely—under the spell of her black eyes, few could—might possibly have detected irregularities, but it required a very critical eye, for Adorée, true Parisienne, never despised art as an adjunct to Nature, and the blending was exquisite. But beyond presenting to the world an exterior subtly improved by an artistic use of beauty aids, she possessed a fascination that was wholly and solely her own.

Nevertheless the heart of Adorée was changed. She had indefinable yearnings that were not unmingled with regret. She was vaguely dissatisfied and took a half-cynical interest in her neighbors. There were the Smiths at the Elms: common-looking, common-place, idolizing their extremely mediocre children. They were supremely content! There were the Rawlinsons. He was at his club every night and she at a whist drive—a perfectly amicable arrangement to both parties. Then there were the Moores down at the Bungalow. The way the man swore made Adorée grip the butt end of her riding-whip in a scarcely-resistible desire to chastise him—yet, his wife worshipped him. But she, Adorée, was not content. Her husband's placidity irritated her. Why? He was still fond of her. It was but the wonder of her smiles and glances that had vanished now she was his own. He had merely ceased to marvel—the reality was there—and he liked it.

She, egoist, as what great artiste is not, hated the uniformity and conformity being taken for granted in her. Dick Richards held, she knew, that as he had told her she was bewitching and she was perfectly aware of her charms, it was unnecessary to reiterate the statement. But that was the secret. Adorée, in the innermost recesses of her vain little heart, loved the repetition—sighed for it and craved for it! She thought of the dark-eyed, pale-faced young student who had stood for hours outside the stage-door nightly, craving only the boon of her smile. She reviewed the costly gifts, the queue of lovers, the magnificent bouquets, the sumptuous suppers—I, Adorée—that Paris adored, have found the husband and lost the lover. Hélas! I am of the household a part!" So Adorée communed with her inner self.

D'Avignon, late theatrical manager, now owner of half a dozen theatres, never crossed to England without visiting Adorée. Always he deprecated her folly in leaving the stage and invariably urged her return. The first request Adorée had banished with eloquent hands and scarcely a word; but his second and subsequent appeals required lengthening arguments to refute, till the day came when his eloquent appeal found an echo in her own heart—she heard the call from the

Adorée

By Kae Harkins

people whose idol she had been. The soul of Adorée looked out from her black eyes and she answered "yes," though her lips framed the words "Mais oui," hesitantly. In a fervor D'Avignon clasped her two hands; in an ecstasy he kissed her faintly-flushed cheek. Adorée drew back, slightly reproving. She could not forget that D'Avignon had once been most insistent of lovers.

If Adorée thought her husband's placidity would remain undisturbed in face of her contemplated return to the stage, she was very much mistaken. His face flushed in anger and his grey eyes narrowed dangerously. "I forbid you to go!" he said. "Forbid!" Adorée drew



herself to her utmost height. Forbid! That was all very well for the craven-hearted Moores—women of the world, but for her—Adorée! "I go!" Her accents were the epitome of finality—her gesture as she swept from the room implied that her will was supreme. In vain did Dick Richards follow her, storming, entreating in turn. "It's that D'Avignon—curse the cur!—with his fawning, flattering ways. He's urged you to this step." Adorée raised her hands deprecatingly. "You mistake. D'Avignon was before my manager. He will be once more my manager. *C'est tout!*" "Adorée"—she could not be insensible to the pleading in his tone—"don't go!" She clasped her hands to her heart. "Ah—you do not understand. It ees magic; perhaps I stay, but so little a while. But here today is as yesterday, and tomorrow will be as today; there each passing hour hold for me some new delight." "Adorée," he said hoarsely. "I have loved you—and love you still. You have a beautiful home, and surely all that a reasonable woman could desire—"

"Ah! A reasonable woman! I knew you not understand." With a pretty gesture and softened eyes she added: "Forgive Adorée—it is that I am difficile—*au revoir.*" She passed into her boudoir.

DICK RICHARDS paced moodily up and down the garden. He gazed at the brilliant poppies with bloodshot eyes. He contemplated the thistles which, in his rage, he had ordered should grow unchecked. He watched gloomily the thistledown sail away on the faint arms of the breeze. "Light as a woman's love," he muttered. He had matched his will against Adorée's. He had thought by his refusal to accompany her to France to impel her return, but she did not come. The postman's step on the main walk aroused him. He strode through the separating trees. "Thanks! Good day!" With fingers that fumbled in their feverish haste he sorted the correspondence. From Paris? Yes, one. But not in her writing. He sat down heavily on one of the tree trunks. Flowers had been induced to grow in its crevices. Heedlessly, with his arm he sent a hundred scented petals scattering to the ground as he tore the envelope open. His eyes focused directly on the words that mattered. "After what has happened it is unthinkable for Adorée to return to you. She has come back to Paris and—me. I trust you will take

the obvious steps—and set her free!" "Oh, God!" The exclamation came from his lips just an audible whisper. Somehow, though he'd raved and sworn, he'd never contemplated that. Then a white heat of rage swept over him. If he'd lost Adorée he could at least give this cur the beating he deserved—he'd show Adorée how soon this scoundrel could show the white feather. He thought his voice sounded tolerable calm over the phone. "And I can have it without fail?" "Yes sir," came the reply. "There'll be no trouble about a pilot?" "No, sir." "Whatever the weather?" "No difference, sir." "Good, Croydon, 10.30 then. Goodbye."

ADOREE was in fairyland. The footlights suffused magic rays in which Adorée moved and had her being. By contrast England was a prosaic place where one dined off substantial steaks in an atmosphere of fried onions. Her re-emergence had been so applauded—her art, five years somnolent, had awakened to such vigorous life that Adorée scarcely reserved one corner in her thoughts for a lonely man in a riverside house. She did not mean to be cruel; it was simply that her days were very full! The special matinee of Phyllida had added fresh laurels to her name, and she returned from the performance to her hotel suite in one glorious flush of triumph. Flinging open the door, the actress passed into the delicately-perfumed drawing-room, where, to her surprise, she saw D'Avignon standing. He stretched out his hands eagerly; the next instant his arms were around her, and he was raining kisses on her cheeks. Adorée tore herself away, flushed to her shell-like ears. "Cochon! But my manager, and you dare so much." "Love dares all things," he retorted boldly. "I am your lover and you are mine." "Yours!" He recoiled from the biting scorn of that one word, and twisted his dark moustache, nonplussed an instant. Then he smiled triumphantly. "Naturally. You left him for me. An Englishman's moral code, for others, runs quite straight. Even now he'll be taking proceedings towards a divorce. I told him you had come to me."

Adorée looked into his eyes horror-struck. "You told him such a wicked lie!" She looked frantically around. "I feel I could kill you; you are not fit to live—I—" "You cad!" The words came thickly in English from the lips of Dick Richards as he flung a suitcase down and rushed into the room. "So it was a lie—well, you shall eat your words! Take that." The blow fell unerringly upon Andre D'Avignon's chin. He staggered backwards, sent a tiny escritoire spinning on its castors and fell, striking his head against the table. The gaze of husband and wife met for one electrified second; then each looked with the same swift apprehension at the motionless figure. Dick Richards stood as if dazed into dumbness and immobility, looking at the prostrate form, while Adorée bent swiftly over the fallen man, then wrung her hands with a gesture of despair. Adorée's kisses would never be for D'Avignon! D'Avignon was dead! At last her tumultuous thoughts found outlet. "Darling," she said, "this is terrible. Dick! Dick! You never meant to kill!" He looked at her, a sombre light in his eyes. "I was mad," he said hoarsely; "mad for the love of you!" "You must go—you can get out this way." She indicated another door, and, as he desisted, added, "Not because you love me. No! It ees because I love you. Leave this to me; I will explain this accident!" He interrupted her brusquely. "What species of cur do you take me for. I'm going to call a doctor and give myself up!" "Non! Oh, non!" The words rang out in anguish, but he thrust her restraining hand aside and in an instant had gone. When the gendarmes came, they found Adorée standing motionless by the window. "I did it," was all she said.

THUS Adorée, who had formerly held love to be an emotion excited by herself, but scarcely experienced in her being, determined to save her husband. With intuition she had decided that matters would go ill with him, an Englishman. D'Avignon was a Frenchman and

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Call of the Mountains

Continued from page 22

climbed before, at least there was no cairn, so we built one and left a record of our climb in a tin box in a small pile of stones we built close to the cairn.

In all, we were on four of the points of Castle Mountain, but not the most easterly one which is like a mammoth stone pipe, separate from the mountain proper, and will prove a most difficult climb. We concluded the sixth point from the east is second in height and not at all difficult to climb once you were up the cliffs already mentioned.

patches of green undulating alplands. It was as if a sea of mountains had been tossed into a myriad of motionless waves, with here and there rainbows of color, greens and greys predominating, scattered amongst their hollows, and across their crests. Then deep down in the wooded valleys the flashing foam crested mountain streams were like tangled, silver threads, spangled and glowing, the whole a living picture, one of the gems from the art gallery of the Master Painter.



Around the Camp Fire

Mountain Sheep

WHEN we were about half way down we saw a large flock of mountain sheep and lambs feeding. We estimated that there would be at least seventy. Some of them were above the cliffs and when they heard us they scampered down and joined the others near the lake.

We reached our car at 6.50 p.m. and as soon as we had supper we motored back to Calgary.

On this climb fortunately we did not come across any burnt timber. It is appalling the amount of damage forest fires have done in our mountain areas, and most of it is caused by human carelessness. Alpine Club members as a rule are very careful regarding fire risks. That has been drilled into them. Everyone that goes into the mountains, and smokers in particular, for they are the greatest sinners, should watch every item of fire, matches, cigarettes, cigars, campfires, and be absolutely sure neither yourself nor any member of your party is guilty of carelessness regarding fire.

Views from the Top

CONTRARY to what many think, the best views are not necessarily from the higher peaks. The view from the top of Robson, which is the highest mountain in the Canadian Rockies, is somewhat disappointing. I have stood upon the top of mountains where the splendor of the outlook flashed upon one like a revelation. Not so with Robson. His brother mountains clustering around him seemed dwarfed by his super-loftiness, for remember Robson is 2,000 feet above any of the surrounding peaks. One of the best views I ever had was from the top of Barbican, a mountain some 10,300 feet high or so. The day was ideal, being unusually free from haze or smoke, and with just a breath of air blowing. I cannot say how far we were able to see, but we were satisfied with the powerful glasses we had, far in excess of a hundred miles in every direction. All around us outstanding massive snow-clad peaks stood out prominently, with jagged, greyish minor mountains, cliffs, pinnacles and buttresses between; while criss-crossed in masterly profusion were deep, dark canyons, gentle valleys, and wider

Another glorious view I have seen was from the top of Assiniboine, 11,870 feet high, and the highest mountain in Canada south of the C.P.R.

The Study of Glaciers

THERE is a wrong conception in the minds of many, namely that holidaying in the mountains chiefly consists of mountain climbing. Even the annual outings of the Alpine Club, where over 150 are usually present for two weeks, consists of much more than climbing. There are scenic walks, exploration trips, two-day hikes, picnics, evenings round the campfires, fishing, botanizing, glissading, etc. Frequently our camps are in the vicinity of large snowfields and glaciers, and truly, the study of glaciers is most interesting. Remembering that ice is a hard and brittle solid, it comes as a surprise to find that it can flow like a plastic body under the pull of gravity. This, of course, is easily proved by placing a row of stakes in the ice and marking the rocks on the side, and although the flow of most of our mountain glaciers is only a few inches a day, yet some of the great Alaskan and Greenland glaciers move from a few feet to more than seventy per day.

One of the splendid features of the big out-of-doors is the friendships that are formed on the trail, around the campfire, or on any of the numerous outings. Those of us who have had experience in camping know that once away from the veneer of civilization, and particularly if exposed to hardship or danger, friendships spring into being as naturally as those formed in the days of our childhood.

The finest picnics I have enjoyed have been Alpine ones, and had space permitted, I would have appreciated telling of two memorable picnics, one on the slope of Mount Towers, and the other in Sunburst Valley, on the shores of a charming lake. Oh, the charm of those silent, sun-lit spaces where the thunder of the avalanche, the roar of the waterfall, the soothing song of the happy brooklet or the age-long whispering of the trees are the natural voices that give utterance.

The Avalanche Visitor

NATURALLY I have heard a goodly number of avalanches and seen quite a few. The grandest avalanche

sight I have ever seen was the night before we climbed Mount Robson. Six of us were quietly resting after supper at our timber line camp about 3,000 feet up the mountain. Our little camp was on what might be called a curved shoulder of Robson connected with the mountain by a high, steep ridge or arete. Between us and the mountain proper there was a steep, forked gully and the main fork twisted at right angles in front of our tent, forming an immense gulch which reaches over 4,000 feet up the mountain, known as the great couloir. Down this couloir a considerable volume of water thundered. This stream was fed by melting snow so was a roaring torrent in the late afternoon, owing to the effect of the sun, but a mere trickle during the early morning hours. About on the same level as our camp there was a spot in this main ravine less steep, a sort of pocket of ice and snow, quite large, fan-shaped and formed by the debris of avalanches, and under which the stream had worn a channel.

As we sat facing this great gully, we heard the tremendous roar of an avalanche, and looking up saw it come thundering down the watercourse. It had about 3,500 feet at least to descend before it would arrive at our level. What a spectacular mystifying sight it was! Enormous masses of rock, ice and snow were bounding towards us like an immense white snake, mad with fear, twisting and coiling in frenzy to escape some dreadful foe. In places there were sheer drops of hundreds of feet and one could see this gigantic conglomerate pile, herded by the rocky walls of the canyon, take the plunge and later the mighty roar came to our ears. Downward it kept coming, losing steadily in volume as parts became powdered and were carried in the stream until it reached the wide field of ice through which a channel had been worn. We saw it enter, but as a river loses itself in the boundless ocean, it was swallowed up, lost forever! We watched the lower end of the fan-shaped ice mass, but in vain. The mighty avalanche had played its part, spent its force and was no more.

The Joy of Victory

MANY times I have been asked what is the impelling force that brings you back to the mountains to face danger and strenuous work exposed to the elements? A common answer is that the marvellous views are the chief compensating factors. Not so in my case. It is true the views frequently baffle description, and fully compensate for all the danger and toil, but I have to go deeper for I truly love the mountains. To me they seem to issue a challenge to pit my puny frame against their walls and buttresses. They seem to whisper, "You can't climb me! I know you can't!" While my inner self makes reply by saying, "Yes I can, and I'll show you that I can," and after long, weary hours come the reward, rich and full, the satisfaction of accomplishment, the glory of achievement, the joy of victory.

The Dirty Dozen

"I heard—"
"They say—"
"Everybody says—"
"Have you heard—?"
"Did you hear—?"
"Isn't it awful—?"
"People say—"
"Did you ever—?"
"Somebody said—"
"Would you think—?"
"Don't say I told you—"
"Oh, I think it is perfectly terrible!"
—The Lookout.

King Hal's Complaint

I hope you haven't heard this "howler!" A schoolboy writing a composition on Henry VIII comments: "At this time Henry walked with difficulty, having an abcess on his knee." Sounds like the old boy, doesn't it?—Boston Herald.

Not a Mushy Job

Fortunately, the locomotive engineer has no one in his cab but the fireman, therefore doesn't try to drive with one hand.—Dallas Morning News.

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In Sympathy Outdoors and In

Continued from page 20

ruffles, to employ them with restraint in the room that a man occupies.

I SAW just recently a wall paper that appealed to me very strongly for use in a good sized room with rather dignified furniture. Its ground was a warm grey, with a soft, lustrous finish. A rather rambling vine-pattern made its not-too-tangled way over it; one felt a certain suggestion of space and restfulness conveyed by the airy openness of the pattern. The vine was a very soft leaf green, with a blue flower. These same colors were picked up by the long, looped-back side-curtains of broad-striped artificial silk drapery cloth, over glass curtains of sheer white voile; the same fabric made covers for the two-tone walnut beds. A charming tone of light violet sateen is used to cover a low arm-chair and a stool with upholstered seat made just the right height and width to be placed before the arm-chair and transform it into a chaise-longue; when not required for the reinvigorating siesta, this stool assumes more active duty before the dressing table. The violet slip covers, by the way, were given very narrow pipings of the blue in the wall paper and striped goods, and this blue, in a deeper tone, reappeared in the rug. Where the floor is not of hardwood, it might be painted this same soft dark blue and one or two small rugs employed, or it might be painted grey, a trifle deeper than the wall background, and brightened with blue rugs. White trim is usually very good with grey walls, or the woodwork may be painted just in the same tone grey.

Whilst rose is ever a favorite bedroom color, some people like to manage a pink color scheme and yet keep away from the much-used rosy hues. Salmon-pink, not too deep, can be very successfully employed and would seem to fit in with the other color schemes in the house

under discussion. There are very nice little bedroom papers that are practically plain in effect—almost invisibly striped or checked or broken with a small damask pattern in self-tone. The furniture might be quite plain or ornamented with a delicate spray of flowers. Crisp white organdy curtains made with a single ruffle down both sides and across the bottom, might be caught back with a band of salmon pink and ruffled covers for the table tops could be given narrow bindings of the pink. For the bed spread I would suggest one of the pretty old-fashioned striped spreads in the salmon and white. The floor might be painted grey, with one or two simple hooked or braided rugs in grey, black, pink and leaf-green; if it is of hardwood, a warm taupe rug would be attractive. A little wicker bedroom chair painted grey or taupe should be cushioned in a chintz of rather small quaint pattern and the same chintz might be used to cover or make an inside panel for the warm comforter for the bed. If side curtains are required they, too, might be of the chintz.

A very quiet and charming scheme for a bedroom employs chiefly a warm ivory, a very soft green and the merest touch of tangerine color to add interest. The very inexpensive satin-striped paper might be used, or a paper with an ivory ground showing a graceful green vine design. Voile curtains with deep hem-stitched hem would be creamy in tone rather than dead white, and side curtains and valance of green taffeta or less expensive mercerized material would be very attractive. For the bed, a well-fitted spread might be made of the voile or a coarser scrim, under which one might put a slip of the tangerine sateen. The furniture would be soft brown in finish—walnut, in all likelihood. The floor, if painted, would be green with small rugs of black chenille or perhaps a light weight striped rug would be used.

The First Chime of Bells

By M. H. Gordon

AS FAR back as 1872, British Columbia boasted a chime of bells. These first bells in the Western Colony were in the Holy Trinity Church, New Westminster. They were the gift of the Baroness Burdette Coutts, of London, England.

In her desire to do something for the people of this new land, and having already endowed the Bishopric, she sent out the chime of bells to Bishop Hills to be placed in the Cathedral of his Diocese. The generous lady had, in England, given a chime of bells to St. Stephens Church, Westminster, which was not far from the famous Abbey. These bells were cast with the inscription: "St. Stephens Cathedral, Westminster." From practically the same inscription were made the chimes for the distant colony of the Pacific Coast.

At this time were two distinct colonies—Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia. The Bishop bore the title of "The Bishop of British Columbia," though he had charge of both colonies. The Diocese of Columbia, as it was known, was formed in November, 1859, by an endowment of twenty-five thousand pounds from the Baroness Burdette-Coutts. The Bishop's Cathedral was in Victoria.

Through the bestowal of the bells a strange situation arose between the two colonies. The people of Victoria naturally declared the Cathedral was the dominating word and that the bells should be placed there. The people of the mainland and New Westminster naturally contended that Westminster was the place for the bells. Neither contestant could claim a "St. Stephens" church. As Omar Khayyam, Bishop Hills "heard much argument about it and about."

Finally he decided that the bells should go to New Westminster. Therefore they were sent to the church of Holy Trinity to be placed there, with the understanding that when the city should be sufficiently large to justify the erection of a cathedral, to be called "St. Stephens," the bells should be transferred to it.

The Chime consisted of eight bells;

the largest weighing 2,700 pounds, was four feet, three inches in diameter and two feet high. The engraving on the bells read: "Presented to the Cathedral Church of St. Stephens, New Westminster, by Amelia Burdette-Coutts, A.D. 1861." Each bell had, as well, cast upon it a name, such as: "Joy," "Peace," "Hope," "Wisdom."

Holy Trinity Church had been dedicated in December, 1861, by Bishop Hills. After the arrival of the bells, a wooden tower was built and they were placed there. In 1865 the church was burned and only the tower saved. The second church was erected on the same site and the bells stayed in the old tower. And they rang out the Old and they rang in the New Year in the primitive Western capital. In joy their chimes rang forth:

"Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight."

In sorrow their sombre notes were heard,

"Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells,
What a world of solemn thought
Their monody compels."

The bells were chimed on the day of Lord Dufferin's visit to the city, when the tune, "Home, Sweet Home" was played. In the early seventies the tower was condemned, so after that the bells were chimed by ropes attached to their clappers. Finally all were removed. The bells could not be rung. They hung like dead things. The whole chime had to be stored to await the construction of a suitable stone tower. Just when the necessary funds had been raised, the great fire in New Westminster, in 1898, destroyed Holy Trinity for the second time and with it perished the bells.

The shapeless mass that represented this beautiful and tuneful gift was disposed of to the junkman and the first chime in British Columbia became but a memory. Only one bell was saved, and it is still pealed.

A Successful Westerner

Continued from page 11

worthy province within the great Dominion which we love no less because we love Alberta so greatly—the province which our hands have made to bring forth food for Canada and the world."

Mr. Brownlee is a big man. It is quite true that the impulse of the average Easterner, and some Westerners, is to criticise some of his ideas with regard to provincial legislation. But, even if they cannot feel, as do his loyal adherents in Alberta, that he is a great Canadian, and the right man in the right place, they must admit that he is a tremendous force in the North-West, and a big, sincere man.

Had Mr. Brownlee remained in the East, who knows what he might have accomplished there? But, having found his sphere of service in the West, he serves it as he loves it. And each step of the way has been taken, not in a spirit of personal ambition, but in conscientious work accomplished in a spirit of service.

Perhaps the East lost a great Easterner-in-the-making when John Edward Brownlee, B.A., Barrister, &c., and salesman-extraordinary, answered the call: "Young man—go West!" But "go West" he did, and Easterners may feel disgruntled, or relieved that he did so, as their political affiliations may decide for them. They may feel that the West's gain was Ontario's loss, or they may feel convinced (in contemplating the aforesaid "radical legislation" of Alberta, and the legislative power of the U.F.A.), that Fate bestowed a boon upon the East when she turned the steps of an ill-advised young man to the West. But, if they be fair in their judgment, they must admit that, Easterner or Westerner, Mr. Brownlee would have been, according to his sincere convictions, a sincere and loyal Canadian citizen. For, to close this little sketch of the Eastern craft who sailed West, with another verse of the little poem with which I opened:

*"Like the winds of the sea are the ways
of Fate,
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the will of the soul which decides
its goal—
And not the calm or the strife."*

Today!

By V. Grace Wheeler

*I say each morn, when I arise,
"Today I know some glad surprise
Is hidden on Life's path for me."
And I greet each hour expectantly.
"So let the sky be blue or grey—
The past is gone—and here's today!"*

*Today may bring me some new friend
To go with me until life's end—
Today may bring me some new song
To help me drive dull care along—
One fleeting hour, today, may hold
That I will treasure more than gold.*

*But if some heartache, sorrow, care,
Be waiting for me anywhere—
To take the sunshine for a while;
To bring me tears, and dim my smile,
May I have strength to bravely say:
"I've learned a lesson from today."*

*Today is a sweet mystery,
A wide untrammelled path for me,
To try my feet—to learn to live,
To sacrifice in, and forgive;
Or gladden someone's lonely way—
This is my task each new today.*

A Real "Cheerio"

A man was talking to another enthusiastically about a friend.

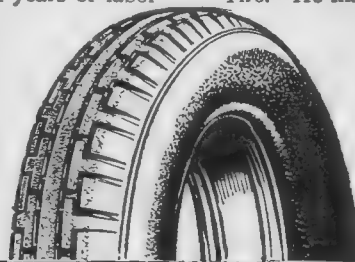
"Smiler is a true optimist," he said. "If he failed in business, he'd thank Providence he had his health; if he failed in health, he'd thank Providence he had his business; and if he failed in both, he'd give a cheery laugh and say, 'Oh, well, what use is the one without the other?'"



TRIUMPH

THE Crusades were the greatest united movement of the Christian World. The TRIUMPH of the First Crusade, which captured the Holy Land and Jerusalem in 1099, A.D., was the most picturesque Triumph of History. Picture in your mind the Crusaders when, from the hills nearby, they first set their longing eyes upon the Sacred City of Jerusalem. No TRIUMPH ever recorded appealed in its day with such dramatic interest to every member of the Christian Universe as did the rescue of the Holy City from the Infidels. It was the dream of centuries realized, the dream of the Christian World, the Triumph of faith and zeal through struggle and hardship, the TRIUMPH of an Ideal.

THERE are TRIUMPHS of zeal and confidence in an ideal even in these days. It was a TRIUMPH won by science through years of labor and experiment, to create a tire that gives such comfort, reliability and service as the "Gutta Percha" Tire. Many years have chemists and engineers studied and experimented in laboratories at great expense, to find the rubber compounds and balanced construction needed to make an ideal automobile tire. Triumph at last! The satisfaction that comes to a benefactor of mankind is the rightful reward of those who have contributed to the Triumph of a practical ideal—the "Gutta Percha" Balloon Tire.



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Tired
Feet**



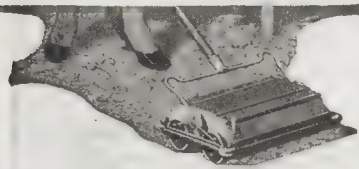
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LINIMENT**



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WITH her dinner guests almost at her door the hostess runs her Bissell Sweeper over the floors to pick up the last fleck of dirt or litter. It runs so easily—requires so little effort that she can use it without disarranging a fold in her pretty evening frock or a tress of her perfectly coiled head.

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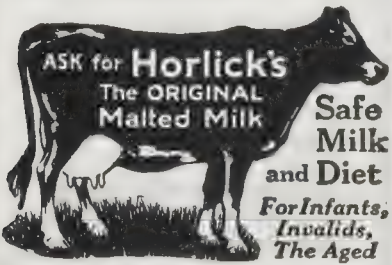
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The Bald Eagle

Written and Illustrated by Dan McGowan

IT is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that in mentally reviewing the countries of the world one frequently, almost subconsciously, associates each land with a bird, a beast or a plant. Mention of Canada begets vision of Beaver and Maple, constituting to numbers of foreign people our entire Fauna and Flora. Australia's kangaroo is to many persons the only known mammal on that great island continent. England's native bull dog has long supplanted the foreign lion in this our geographic stocktaking. That Scotland is given over to thistle growing, Wales to leek culture and Ireland to the cultivation of shamrock might reasonably be inferred from our process of thought. In like manner is Switzerland visualized as a place where agile chamois leap gracefully from crag to crag and where woolly stemmed edelweiss clothes the mountain slopes. The bears of Russia and wolves of Siberia, conjure for us visions of desolate snowy wastes and give entirely erroneous impressions of the climate of that great Asiatic region. The storks of Holland, the big dogs of Newfoundland, the white elephants of Siam, the mythical dragons of China, the hares of Belgium and even the sacred beetles of Egypt are other well known examples of our habit of linking natural history and geography of the globe.

Thus it is that the Bald Eagle is so frequently considered an exclusive possession of the United States and there is tendency to overlook the fact that this bird is common to North America at large and that it is at home in the wilds of Western Canada.

The Bald Eagle or White-headed Eagle is a bird of handsome appearance, has superb power of flight and for keen vision may hardly be surpassed. An adult bird measures three feet in length and has a wing spread of seven feet. The body plumage is similar to that of the Golden Eagle, being of a dark brown shade. The head and tail are white, this, together with the unfeathered yellow legs, serving to distinguish the type from that of its sole American relative, the Golden Eagle. The thighs are remarkably thick, strong and muscular; the talons are sharp and of formidable appearance. There is an entire absence of webbing between the outer and middle toes. The soles of the feet are rough and warty the better to hold the prey. The bill is yellow in color and decidedly hooked in form. The male bird is generally about three inches shorter than the female and has head and tail plumage that is of a duller white than that of his consort. Further, he lacks the courage and boldness that is displayed by his mate, this being characteristic of almost all male birds of prey.

To the Bald Eagle Nature has given wings that are perhaps more powerful than those of any feathered creature. The bare measurements alone are impressive in conveying an idea of the aerial equipment of this peerless aviator. The wing is almost three feet in length and has a breadth of two feet. The larger primaries, as the great pinion feathers are called, are twenty inches in length. The quills of these feathers are stout and strong, being upwards of one inch in circumference where they enter the skin. The habits of the bird in mid-air are such that at times the wings must be submitted to a tremendous strain. This is only too evident to anyone who has observed the bird checking abruptly a headlong swoop from cloudland towards earth.

In common with other birds of this order, Bald Eagles are believed to mate permanently. Distributed over a greater part of this continent, they are everywhere noted as being early in nesting. In Florida eggs have been taken from

an eagle's nest in January. By the middle of March the birds are nesting and incubating eggs in the southern parts of the Dominion. The nest, usually placed on a tall tree standing close to lake or river, is composed of sticks, sods and earthy rubbish and lined with grass, rushes and moss. It is seldom that more than two eggs are laid and but one brood is raised in a season. The eggs are about equal in size to those of the common goose. A noteworthy circumstance is that one of the eggs in each nest is quite markedly larger than the other. It is often stated that the twin eaglets are almost always of opposite sex. Whether this is even remotely connected with the variation in size of the eggs has not yet been determined. The eggs are of a



A Bald Headed Eagle

bluish-white color, the shell is strong and decidedly granular. Incubation occupies a period of about thirty days, both birds taking part in this important duty.

At hatching, the young of the Bald Eagle are covered with down of sooty grey color. During the first year they are clad in plumage of so dark a shade that it is then customary to hear them spoken of as "Black Eagles." At this stage in their growth the bill is also black. The eyes undergo several remarkable changes in color; at first they are a pronounced blue, changing in year-old birds to hazel brown and finally to a bright straw color. In the second year the plumage is more or less mottled with grey. The white head and tail are not acquired until the bird is three years old and full development comes in the fourth year. The great age attained by Eagles has for long been noted. Even in captivity these birds of the snowy head and tail have been known to live for over half a century.

THE popular conception of the Eagle is that of a dominant species of bird, superior in manner and behavior to all other feathered creatures. A close study of the habits of the Bald Eagle reveals the true character of this great fowl of the air; a knowledge of its physical structure shows that it is not a true eagle but a buzzard. Despite its large size and extremely powerful physique, it is not nearly so bold, so impetuous, or so greatly daring as the smallest hawk or falcon. Indeed, the diminutive Kingbird, no larger than a common Sparrow, has no hesitation in attacking this so-called King of Birds and more extraordinary still, invariably emerges victorious from what seems an

absurdly unequal contest. A pair of nesting Kingbirds can make life so miserable for the Bald Eagle that a change of locality is usually preferred to the persecution of these small birds of belligerent habit.

The Bald Eagle has been accused of piracy in the high heavens. Living more or less upon fish and not being a skilled fisher, the bird is occasionally obliged to resort to what, from man's viewpoint, might be called a questionable or unethical method of obtaining fish food. Perched upon a tall tree the hungry eagle surveys a long stretch of lake or river. Ere long he is gladdened by seeing that expert fishing bird, the Osprey, now hovering on high, now dropping into the water from which it presently emerges with a struggling fish grasped securely in its talons. This is the Eagle's opportunity. At once he proceeds to hold-up the honest fisher and deprive the fisher's brood of a meal. The Osprey, being the smaller bird and burdened withal, is severely handicapped in flight. Conscious of the approach of the pirate, its whole energies are at once centered in one method of eluding its pursuer, that of mounting higher in air and if possible remaining above the loathed robber. Displaying the most graceful and sublime aerial evolutions the two birds ascend in great sweeping spirals. The unencumbered Eagle most frequently succeeds in obtaining the upper position and at once has the advantage. With a scream that sounds like an imprecation the fisher regretfully relinquishes his prize. The pirate bird, poising for a brief instant as if to calculate distance and estimate speed drops like a plummet and snatching the falling fish ere it reaches the lake bears the booty away to the eyrie. Such a feat as this demands extraordinary power of wing and extremely fine judgment. It is one of the most daring performances imaginable and never fails to excite the wonder and profound admiration of anyone who may be fortunate enough to witness this spectacular drama of the upper air.

At certain seasons of the year large numbers of salmon come to the end of life in the rivers of British Columbia. Their bodies, stranded on sand bars and gravel beds form an excellent food to the Bald Eagle, and thus the birds are probably more abundant in the Pacific Coast province than in other parts of Canada. During winter this eagle resorts to the sea coasts and there contrives to live upon such small fish as may be left in shallow pools when the tide has ebbed.

When fish are scarce the Bald Eagle does not disdain carrion. Game birds are, as a rule, too adroit to be caught by the white-crowned marauder. Often he swoops down on and carries off a wounded mallard and will frequently be seen pursuing, amidst reeds and rushes, such water fowl as are temporarily deprived of aerial flight by the seasonal moulting of feathers. Small rodents are fair game to the eagle but, being alert and elusive, they are hard to capture. Instances of a Bald Eagle carrying away domestic poultry are rare. The big birds are too shy to venture near the dwellings of mankind.

Seeing one of these magnificent Bald Eagles in the air compels one to admiration for a veritable master of flight. To the human mind his habits may seem piratical, his ways ignoble and mean. But he has a duty to perform and a place to fill in the Universe. And Nature who guides and directs him in all his ways is infinitely wiser than any of the sons of men.

Do not threaten unless you can carry out the threat. The old dog that shows his teeth gets either a laugh or a kick.



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The Blind Trumpeter

By Annie Miltimore Pendleton

THE tiny band marched up and down the whole length of the hot, dusty street, but no one threw it any *pice*, and therefore, the band did not give of its music. It halted in the shade of a *pipal* tree close beside the little Hindu temple with the four life-like images of fat priests squatting around its dome.

Durga, he of the big drum with the rounded base, passed around the little clay pipe. Partly by virtue of his age, but more because he was blind, the pipe went first of all to Kalu. Then from old Kalu it passed to Bhole whose slender fingers, even in rest, were continually twanging at his big-bowled, long-handled guitar. From Bhole to Misra, the little clay pipe travelled, and Misra puffed at it with the same energy that he gave to puffing his shrill fife.

Then Durga took up the pipe again, and while he was dreamily puffing away at it, Kalu announced softly, "There is little Shanti at the well."

The other three looked in the direction of the well. A lithe, supple figure in rippling full red skirt and gay cotton shawl was busily letting the well bucket down hand over hand, her many bracelets and glass bangles gleaming brightly in the sunshine.

"Father," asked Durga, "how canst thou, who art eyeless, tell that the maid at the well is Shanti? The well is full three hundred feet away."

"Son," answered Kalu, who was not really much older than Durga, "there be no maid in all Gwalior whose anklets make just such music as Shanti's."

"Ho, ho, Father! Thy eyes may be short, but thy ears are long. Thou speakest as a lover."

"The harvest is ready," said Misra, "but where is the reaper? Shanti is over ripe to be without a husband in this country where the girls marry young."

"Why dost thou not present thyself for a husband?" queried Bhole, strumming a lively love tune on his guitar.

"I would, but that Hari Singh is so stingy with his money. He would give me the girl without a doubt, but he would give her precious little dowry. And I would have some of the money as well as the girl. Let Kalu have her."

There was a loud laugh at the idea of Shanti ever becoming the bride of Kalu, to which the blind trumpeter paid no heed.

"There is one way to get money from Hari Singh," said Kalu seriously, "and that is to appeal to his vanity."

"We can do that, easily enough," said Misra. "Hari Singh thinks of nothing so much as his honor and glory. Five days hence, the Son of the Great King comes to receive respects and tributes of the people of this land. There will be a great procession. You have already seen the preparations under way. Booths and tents are being set up under which the nobility may sit at ease and watch the procession as it goes by. The line of march is from the Station to the Great Gate."

"Thou speakest wisdom," interrupted Bhole, "but I would know what thou wouldst say further, and I will say it for thee to show that I know. Hari Singh's house is the last house before the corner where the way turns into the Great Gate. It would be much to Hari Singh's glory if our splendid band should be stationed in front of Hari Singh's house, and should sing the merits and honors of this Son of the Great King, as he passeth by."

"If the plan is well handled," said Kalu, "Hari Singh will fall for it as eagerly as a monkey snatches for a banana."

"Let us go and talk with Hari Singh," suggested Misra, "and what shall befall, shall befall."

Each man picked up his instrument, and Misra leading Kalu, filed past the well, and hailed at the door of the house of Hari Singh. After some hesitation they were admitted by the prosperous looking person of Hari Singh, himself.

Durga, Bhole and Misra bent and touched the feet of their host. He bade them be seated. Hari Singh, the host, brought forth from a beautifully carved,

pointed top, round brass box, a little tray containing pan and betel nut, wrapped in leaves. They chewed and spat, and spat and chewed, and at last Misra casually announced the cause of their visit.

Hari Singh's small eyes glistened. To have the band play in front of his house when the Son of the Great King should go by. That would be an honor, indeed, and all the neighbors would know what a great man was in their midst, and what a respectful man, for is it not respectful, indeed, that a poor man like Hari Singh, should give from his few, so few, rupees to hire musicians to play for this wonderful Son? But he was poor, very poor. All the city knew how poor Hari Singh was. And so, remembering that he was poor, what was the very least price they would accept for their services?

Misra signalled to Bhole and Durga. They signalled back by the raising of eyebrows and shrugging of shoulders. They knew their man, and were prepared to bargain sharp and hard.

"Two hundred rupees, no more, no less," said Misra.

"Two hundred rupees!" Hari Singh uncrossed his legs, stretched them out in front of him, and indicated that he wished to take his mid-day nap, and did not wish to be disturbed, thereby signifying that as far as he was concerned, the transaction would not be carried through.

Misra came down fifty rupees. No response.

Another fifty rupees were thrown off. Hari Singh wearily turned his face to the wall.

Still another fifty rupees were cast aside.

Hari Singh snored a sonorous heavy snore.

"Well," said Misra, more by way of being funny than because he meant it, "suppose you give us fifty rupees, and let the one or the other of us have Shanti for a wife?"

Hari Singh sat up wide awake. This was business. Had not his wife been nagging him these many weeks past to get Shanti married? His daughter was over old to be so long unmarried, but all incipient suitors had wanted too big a dowry. And he was a poor man. But if these musicians would take fifty rupees, and his daughter, he would not only have a musicale to his credit, but he would have gotten off very easily and cheaply in regard to a dowry.

He haggled after a reduction of the last fifty rupees, but Misra, never in the world, thinking that Hari Singh really would give up his daughter to one of them, held firm, and hinted that the longer Hari Singh waited, the more rupees would be added to the original fifty. Hari Singh gave in.

"I will give you the fifty rupees, and my daughter," he agreed, "but you must play for me as you have never played before, and more, my daughter shall, herself, choose which one of you she will take for a husband. I will not direct her choice at all. He said this to pique Misra, for he knew Misra was a confirmed thief of female hearts. But Misra was as cool as though he had been bargaining with the fruit man on the corner for a watermelon.

"Hari Singh," said Misra, "we be four men who have heard the words of one man, and we think that if thou dost not keep thy word, thou mayst not eat wheaten cakes thrice after thy word is broken. But bring in the bride, and let us gaze upon her beauty to see whether or not our livers turn to water at sight of her. Mayhap, we shall not any of us desire her for a bride, not even Kalu."

The others laughed, but Kalu grunted. "What have I to do with a bride?" he said. "I have gone beyond the days of my beauty, and furthermore I am blind. Let such as Misra take a bride."

"That is exactly what it comes into my mind to do," thought Misra. "Shanti is young, and graceful as an elephant, and it would please me when I came home from the day's doings to have a soft-voiced wife greet me and light my pipe for me, and sing to me while I rest."

Continued on page 45



The Busy Mother prefers "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Kitchen Utensils

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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Early Rising

IT IS perhaps a characteristic of many men who have made their mark in the world that they were early risers. To Wellington, for instance, is attributed the saying: "When one begins to turn in bed, it is time to get up."

Other ideas on this perhaps unpopular topic are as follows:

"The early morning has gold in its mouth."—Franklin.

"Few ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever became distinguished, who were not in the habit of early rising."—Dr. John Todd.

"Next to temperance, a quiet conscience, a cheerful mind and active habits, I place early rising as a means of health and happiness."—Flint.

"He that from childhood has made rising sometimes familiar to him will not waste the best part of his life in drowsiness."—Locke.

Chesterfield had definite ideas concerning the number of hours needed for sleep, and said: "Six, or at most, seven hours' sleep is, for a constancy, as much as you or anybody else can want; more is only laziness and dozing, and is, I am persuaded, both unwholesome and stupefying."

Southey praised the early morning hours by writing: "Whoever has tasted the breath of morning knows that the most invigorating and most delightful hours of the day are commonly spent in bed; though it is the evident intention of Nature that we should enjoy and profit by them."

Antoninus argues as follows: "When you find an unwillingness to rise early in the morning, endeavor to rouse your faculties, and act up to your kind, and consider that you have to do the business of a man; and that action is both beneficial and the end of your being."

Perhaps one of the strongest arguments is put by Doddridge, who says that "The difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to ten additional years to a man's life."

The same idea is expressed by Colton, who wrote: "Early rising not only gives us more life in the same number of our years, but adds likewise to their number; and not only enables us to enjoy more of existence in the same measure of time, but increases also the measure."

If it be true that a young man can improve his health and gain the equivalent of ten years more of life by the practice of early rising, the effort might be well worth while. Many men plead that they have not the time to study subjects of which they really stand in need. How many worth while subjects might be mastered over a period of ten years?

"If you do not rise early," says Chatham, with emphasis, "you can make progress in nothing."

In poetry, the matter is strikingly put by Thomson, the author of the lines that follow:

*Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise,
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul?
Wilder'd and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves; when ev'ry muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?*

The Bible, as might be expected, has something to say on early rising. Of David, for instance, it is written: "Awake up, my glory; awake, psalter and harp; I myself will awake early."

In 2 Kings, 6:15, is written: "And when the servant of the Man of God was risen early," and with this as a basis an account is given of one, Mr. Romaine, who, for the last fifty years of his life regularly rose at five, breakfasted at six, dined at one, supped at eight, and retired at nine.

Choosing Your Life Work

ARTICLE No. 6.—The work of the photographer is chosen as the subject for discussion this month. Photography is an important occupation and may be thought of under two general headings—studio photography, and commercial photo-

graphy. The first is concerned with portrait work, and the second with general development.

In Gowin and Wheatley's "Occupations" the following paragraphs occur:

"If you are seriously interested in photography as a career, get a plate machine such as the professionals use. Read their instruction book with care, visit some photographer to see how he does his work, and then fit up a dark room. Begin to take pictures and try to do better each time. Subscribe to a good photographic magazine, and read some books on photography.

"Does this business interest you as a life career? If so, choose some successful photographer and learn the business with him. You will find several kinds of work to do. First, there is the purely business side. A studio must be rented, supplies purchased, advertising placed, and displays made. While this may seem little like photographic work, to neglect it means failure. Photographers in whom the artistic sense is highly developed are apt to neglect these things, and thus fall far short of the financial rewards they otherwise deserve.

"When the photographer is ready for business, the picture must be taken. Here is an activity requiring skill in dealing with people, as well as photographic knowledge. The operator has need of the salesman's ability when it comes to finding out what is desired, or to stimulating a new demand.

"It requires a high degree of tact to get natural poses; people must be cleverly entertained and made to forget, as far as possible, that they are having their pictures taken. It also requires a high degree of art to pose them so that their strong and attractive qualities will be brought out clearly.

"In addition to studio work, the photographer may take pictures of machinery for manufacturers, of houses for real estate agents, of parades or other special occurrences for newspapers, and the like. Such work is known as commercial photography, and in the large cities, especially, it affords employment for many workmen.

"Some of these artists are outdoors much of the time (as the operator of the motion picture camera); others work indoors (as the maker of stereopticon slides or copier of photographs in an engraving house)."

Positive and Negative Qualities

A LIST of twenty positive and twenty negative qualities is given below. A few minutes might be spent to good advantage by checking the qualities in either column that seem to affect you personally. If the check marks occur in the right hand column, improve the situation by trying to cultivate the qualities listed in the left column:

optimism	pessimism
tact	indiscretion
courtesy	discourtesy
initiative	inaction
sincerity	insincerity
purpose	irresolution
knowledge	ignorance
work	laziness
thrift	extravagance
religion	atheism
loyalty	disloyalty
hope	despair
trust	suspicion
activity	indolence
health	sickness
perseverance	hesitation
patience	impatience
unselfishness	selfishness
enthusiasm	indifference
temperance	intemperance

J. S. Knox says that "In the beginning, personality is simply a matter of choice and thinking. If a man thinks pessimistic thoughts, nothing in the world can keep him from being a pessimist; and the world is not very kind to pessimists. If he never permits pessimism to enter his mind, but always thinks optimistic thoughts, no fate can make him anything but an optimist. 'Courage is the chief attribute of manliness,' says Webster, while fear and other negative qualities paralyze usefulness."

The Young Man and His Bible

ARTICLE No. 7.—The Miracles. Concerning miracles, Dr. Charles Gore has written: "We observed that miracles rightly conceived, or as they are presented to us in the New Testament, are not arbitrary violations of the world order, but rather divine acts done for the restoration of an order which sin had too grossly violated."

In System Bible Study, to which earlier reference has been made, a miracle is described as an event or effect brought about by an extraordinary interposition of Divine Power. The miracles recorded in the Bible may be roughly divided into four classes, namely, those of the Old Testament, those performed by Christ, those wrought by the Holy Ghost, and those wrought by the apostles and other disciples. Upwards of thirty miracles performed by Christ are recorded in the Gospels.

An interesting and instructive class study of the miracles wrought by Christ may be undertaken by way of classifying them under certain distinctive headings. A careful study of the Gospels will show, for instance, that the miracles therein related may be arranged under the following headings:

Four miracles of raising the dead.
Seven miracles of casting out devils.
Eighteen miracles of healing.
Six miracles of supply.
Two miracles of judgment.
Five miracles of deliverance.

Seven other miracles will also be found which were not wrought directly by Christ but which were furnished to attest His divinity.

Opportunities

TO EVERY man God has given a place, a work and a destiny. Happiness and success depend on finding your place and your work. There is some one thing which you can do. You can do it better than anything else. You can do it better than anybody else can do it. If you don't do it, it will remain undone for all time and eternity. Let no man deceive you. You are not a cipher in the divine thought. You are in the world and there is some special work in the world for you to do. Success and happiness depend on finding your place in the plan of God. It is your business to find your place. "Man is man and master of his destiny." Man is the victim of circumstances, but man in the biggest circumstance in the realm of the circumstantial. God has a man for every emergency and an emergency for every man.—Rev. Dr. J. L. Gordon, former editor of the Young Man and His Problem.

Enemies of Thrift

DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN says that among the sworn enemies of thrift may be named going into debt, borrowing money, keeping no itemized account of daily expenditures, and buying on the instalment plan. The great English preacher, Spurgeon, said that debt, dirt and the devil made up the trinity of evil. The temptations to go into debt are increasing rapidly. On every hand in the cities one may read such advertisements as We Trust You, Your Credit is Good with Us, and with these statements come offers of merchandise "on easy payments." But, as the Irishman remarked after an experience with the instalment purchase: "Onaisy payments they sure are." Dr. Marden remarks that as a matter of fact the easy payments take all the ease and comfort out of life—they are easy only for the man who receives them.

It is sometimes said flippantly that "poverty is no disgrace, but it's mighty uncomfortable." And yet poverty is often a real disgrace. People born to poverty may rise above it. People who have poverty thrust upon them may overcome it. In this great land of abundance and opportunity poverty is in most cases a disgrace and a reproach.

"But let it be remembered," continues Dr. Marden in his book, Pushing to the Front, "that thrift is not parsimony, not miserliness. It often means very liberal spending. It is a perpetual protest against putting the emphasis on the wrong thing."

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Made in Canada



From Halifax to Vancouver

WHEREVER you go in Canada you find Westclox in use and highly respected for their good works. Whether it is Big Ben at \$6.00 or America at \$2.00 or anything between, you know that the trade mark Westclox stands for a clock you can trust.

It means something to put your present and perhaps your future in the hands of a clock. Thousands of men trust their jobs to Westclox

every night, and wake punctually in the morning.

A clock has to prove its ability to run on time and to ring on time before it is allowed to wear the trade mark Westclox on its dial.

The reputation of the trade mark and the success of the factory at Peterborough can only be assured by honest Westclox. So every piece of material, every part, every operation, every clock, must be right.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

Westclox Big Ben

7 inches tall. Runs 32 hours. Steady and repeat alarm. \$4.50. Luminous, \$6.00.

Westclox Baby Ben

3 1/4 inches tall. Steady and repeat alarm. \$4.50. Luminous, \$6.00.

Westclox America

6 1/4 inches tall. 4-inch dial. Nickeled case. Runs 32 hours. Top bell alarm, \$2.00.

Westclox Sleep-Meter

5 inches tall. Nickeled case. 4-inch dial. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, \$3.00.

Westclox Jack o' Lantern

5 inches tall. Luminous dial and hands. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, \$4.00.

Westclox Pocket Ben

A nickel-plated watch. Stem wind and set. Neat hands and dial. Dependable, \$2.00.

Westclox Glo-Ben

Nickel-plated watch. Stem wind and set. Black face, luminous dial and hands, \$3.00.



Reputation

The reputation of this Corporation as a Trustee, Executor, Financial Agent, &c., is based on strict adherence to principles and practices which long and wide experience in estate manage-

ment has proved best for the protection of dependent heirs and the conservation of property left for their support.

WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS. ASK FOR OUR BOOKLET ON WILLS.

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TORONTO OTTAWA WINNIPEG SASKATOON VANCOUVER

Ordinary Life Paid up in 19 years!

This policy called for premiums payable during the policyholder's whole life time, but because of the profits earned by The Great-West Life, less than 19 premiums were required.

Policy 31434
Amt. \$3000
Prem. \$93.30
Issued 1906
Age 39

This fully paid-up policy will continue to participate in profits every five years.



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THE Great-West
ASSURANCE **Life** COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

In Your Own Interest Your Cream Shipments should be tagged to us

In patronizing our establishment you are rendering helpful service to every milk producer in Western Canada, and building up an industry that is fast giving the farmer independence in marketing his own products.

A life-long experience in dealing with every phase of the dairying business assures you of prompt and intelligent service.

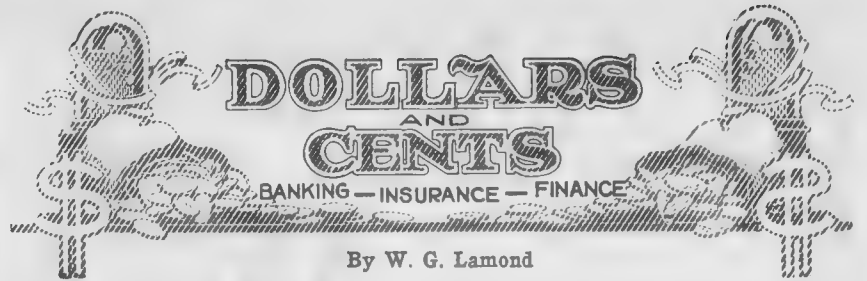
Manitoba Co-operative Dairies Limited
844 SHERBROOK ST. WINNIPEG, MAN.

BECAUSE we are the only genuine Farmers' Co-operative Creamery carrying on business in Winnipeg. We were the founders of this system of marketing in Winnipeg that has proved such a boon to the farmers of the West.

A Market Survey

It has been the pleasure of the Western Home Monthly to supply a large number of firms with a recently published Western Canadian Market Survey. If you have not received a copy, drop us a line. It tells a wonderful story.

Advertising Department,
Western Home Monthly Winnipeg



By W. G. Lamond

Quarterly Review

STATISTICS showing that the value of our foreign trade for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1926, had a value of two and one-quarter billion dollars, and balance sheets showing that the earnings of the Canadian National Railways have been more satisfactory, constitute tangible evidence of the substantial improvement which has been taking place in business conditions. The readiness with which this year's quota of settlers under the Empire Settlement Act has been filled, even before the opening of navigation, indicates the fact that a new feeling of confidence is not only permeating the country but spreading outside our borders and creating new interests and enthusiasm for Canada.

January building awards were the largest on record since 1913 with the exception of January, 1920, when the price level was abnormally high. With the publication of the March figures it became evident that this volume of construction was being maintained, and that the volume for the first quarter of 1926 is the largest since 1913 with the exception of 1920. In March the volume of buildings, as reflected by construction contracts awarded, amounted to \$19,777,300, an increase of 48 per cent. over last year. This increase is accounted for chiefly by an 180 per cent. rise in the value of business construction. When the fact is considered that the index number of the cost of building materials is now the lowest at any time since 1920, when this index was started, and that the number of building permits issued is large, it would seem probable that this extensive building programme will be maintained for some months to come.

The principal manufacturing establishments in Ontario and Quebec, the industrial centre of Canada, are now operating near or at capacity and orders on the books would indicate full capacity until midsummer. Pig iron production for the three months ending March was 159,641 tons or 31 per cent. in excess of that for the same period in 1925, while steel produced amounted to 180,458 tons or 5.5 per cent. over last year. Newsprint production for the quarter amounted to 429,444 tons as against 363,866 tons last year, comparing favorably with the United States output of 415,558 tons during the same period.

Improved business conditions are reflected in the record of commercial failures. For the first quarter of the year 593 failures were recorded, with liabilities of \$7,566,336 as against 669 failures and liabilities of \$10,683,676 during the same period in 1926. A marked improvement took place throughout the country with the exception of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, where both the number of failures and liabilities involved were somewhat higher. Car loadings continue to increase, the total to April 10th amounting to 766,669 cars, an increase of 40,280 over 1925, of which merchandise L.C.L. and miscellaneous freight have accounted for 22,502 cars. This is indicative of a better feeling in the wholesale and retail trade. Notwithstanding the embargo, except by permit, on grain was greater than in the spring of 1924 after the largest Canadian crop.

Canada's foreign trade for the fiscal year ending March 31st amounted to two and a quarter billion dollars, and although not the largest on record the balance of exports over imports amounting to \$402,595,000, is the highest yet established.

Agriculture

With 1926 one-third completed and material business progress recorded during that period—with the budget more or less complacently accepted by the majority, business attention turns to the great basic development of the

country for the next six months—the progress of crop growth.

Fundamental conditions affecting the farmer have altered completely in the four year period just completed. Thanks to better agricultural prices the farmer is no longer seriously in debt. He is today one of the most important buyers of automobiles. A leading finance corporation reports outstanding arrears in West smaller than in any spring for at least six years. He is also improving his depleted supply of farm equipment and machinery, and making preparations to press into service a larger acreage than ever. Two thousand tractors are reported to have been sold in the Calgary district alone this spring. Investment bankers are beginning to count the farmer an extremely live prospect for bonds; the wide distribution of payments by the wheat pools provides ready money for spring seed and operations. Help is plentiful, and there is reason to expect a larger acreage sown to grain this year than last. As a result of these factors, and with last year's success in mind, the farmers of Western Canada are attacking this year's operations with greater enthusiasm and optimism than for some years.

Dominion Board of Trade

Plans are now practically completed for the formation of a Dominion Board of Trade, which will be organized on much the same basis as the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. The project of a federation of local boards of trade and chambers of commerce in Canada has been discussed at various times for many years, but the few larger boards upon which the financial obligation would have devolved have not been enthusiastic about the scheme.

The present plans are an outcome of the Economic Conference held at Winnipeg some months ago, and the Vancouver Board of Trade appears to have taken the initiative in promoting the new organization. Details have been worked out by a committee representative of some of the larger boards, and arrangements are being made for a meeting in the autumn of this year, when the organization will be officially launched.

It is proposed to revive the charter of the old Dominion Board of Trade, which was incorporated in 1873 but which ceased to function after a few years. The old name also will be continued, but some amendments to the charter will be necessary. Whereas Montreal was the headquarters of the former organization, the new Dominion Board of Trade will have its offices at Ottawa. The voting membership will be restricted to boards of trade and chambers of commerce in Canada, and each of these organizations will have only one vote, no matter how large its membership may be. Individuals and firms belonging to local boards of trade or chambers of commerce may become members of the Dominion Board of Trade, but will not have a vote. The executive committee will comprise the president, four vice-presidents, the treasurer, and eight ordinary members. For organization purposes, the Dominion will be divided into four geographical sections: the Maritime Division; the Central Division, consisting of Ontario and Quebec; the Prairie Division, and the Pacific Coast Division. The voting members from each division present at the annual meetings will elect one vice-president and two other members of the executive committee. In this way there can be no cause for fear that the larger boards, such as those of Montreal or Toronto, may dominate the new organization. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States has served as a model for the new Canadian organization in several respects.



This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

A CLIENT interviewed the writer recently to discuss the following question. She had sold some horses to another party and as security for the balance of the purchase price had taken an ordinary promissory note. Payment was not made on due date and she desired to know what her rights were under the note. Upon being asked why she had not taken a lien note she replied that she was under the impression that if the horses died a lien note was no good. This answer has prompted us to take up the question of the effect of lien notes, or as they are more technically known, "conditional sales notes."

In an ordinary sale as soon as the purchaser and seller have agreed upon the bargain and both parties have done all that they have agreed to do, the article sold becomes the property of the purchaser. If the purchaser does not pay, the seller is left to an action in the courts to recover the unpaid balance. In a conditional sale, however, the property, i.e. the right of ownership remains vested in the seller until the purchase price has been fully paid. What the purchaser gets is the possession of the article subject to certain conditions, the nonfulfilment of which may entitle the seller to recover possession of the article. In this way the seller retains every right to which he was entitled as owner with the bare exception of the right of possession.

A well drawn lien note should contain amongst others the following conditions: The promise to pay a particular sum must be definite and fixed, and the date of maturity should be settled; if interest is to be charged, care should be exercised to see that the rate of interest is described to be the same as well after as before maturity. If, for instance, the interest is stated to be 8 per cent. until "fully paid," this only gives the right to charge interest at this rate up to due date of payment; thereafter interest can only be charged at the legal rate of 5 per cent. Courts have held that when a lien note was signed it was the intention of the purchaser to pay on due date, and that if he is to be held liable for interest after due date he can only be compelled to pay, not at the old rate but at the legal rate.

Provision should be made for the insurance of the article in favor of the seller and all insurance policies should be issued in his name. If the article is destroyed the loss falls upon the purchaser, and he is bound to pay the balance even if the loss may have occurred without any negligence or wrong doing on his part. Moreover, all charges in connection with the recovery of the balance, such as bailiffs' fees, solicitor and client's costs, and collection charges should be made payable by the purchaser.

Care should also be taken that if the seller deems the note to be insecure he should have the right to declare the note or any renewal due and payable at any time before maturity, and to immediately take and hold possession of the property until all money has been fully paid. The right to resume possession and to sell the property either by public or private sale and to apply the proceeds less all expenses of taking possession, repairing and selling the same should be borne also by the purchaser. If the seller resumes possession he thus declares the contract at an end and the purchaser is under no further liability unless the lien note contains a clause that he is liable for any deficiency after the article had been repossessed and sold. If the seller does not resell but simply retains possession himself he cannot hold the purchaser liable for any further sums.

A lien note should be signed at the time when the bargain is completed. It is of no effect if it is executed after consummation of the deal. It has often happened that when the seller has omitted to take a lien note and later desires to obtain security he then has the purchaser execute a lien note in his favor. This note, however, would not avail against any other creditor of the purchaser. The only method in which security can be taken in a transaction of this kind is by way of chattel mortgage. In Saskatchewan and Alberta elaborate provisions are laid down for the registration of lien notes, but in Manitoba no such provision exists. Before purchasing goods or chattels, especially farm implements, we would advise that a search be made at the proper office to ascertain if the goods are subject to a prior lien. In this way future trouble can be cheaply avoided.

Answers to Enquiries

Calgary, Alta.

Q.—One of the wholesalers was threatening to sue me for their account amounting to \$143.00. I paid \$100.00 on account and the next day they served me with a writ for the full amount. Can they do this, and will I have to pay the legal costs?—Grocer.

A.—If the company has sued you for the full account they are not entitled to any costs over the amount to which they would be entitled if they had sued you for \$43.00. They can, however, sue you for any account once it is overdue. You should file a defence claiming the payment and reduction of the costs accordingly.

Weyburn, Sask.

Q.—My sister died a short time ago leaving two small children. All her estate consists of is her clothing and personal effects, and an insurance policy for \$500.00. She made a will leaving all the property to the children and making me her executor. As the estate is so small, and I am anxious to save expense, is it necessary for me to take the estate to the court to get it wound up?—T.M.

A.—It is not absolutely necessary for an executor to obtain probate of a will through the court. However, there are two things to keep in mind, the first is, that all property of a deceased person is first liable for his debts, and, secondly, that an executor must be very careful in appropriating any part of the estate to the use of a minor. We would advise you to advertise in the local papers two or three times asking for claims against the estate to be filed with you. As to using moneys of the estate for the children, if you use any of the moneys without the sanction of the court it is quite possible that when the children become of age they will be able to claim from you again the amount which you have paid to them with interest thereon. We would advise you to obtain a judge's approval to use any of the estate funds for education or advancement of the children.

Emerson, Man.

Q.—There was a chattel mortgage on my car and I was not able to keep up payments. The mortgagee sold the car and got enough money to pay the mortgage but now he is claiming from me \$28 as solicitor's costs for attending to the matter. Can he do this?—E.H.

A.—In the usual form of mortgage you agree that the mortgagee may sell the car after default and charge you with all expenses of seizing the car and

Continued on page 80



Do Agricultural Colleges improve Farming?

HECTOR COWIE thinks they do. He believes that Nature follows certain fixed laws, and that a study of these laws will show how to use Nature to the best advantage. The books he reads and the advice he heeds are the opinions of Agricultural College graduates.

When his son, George, is twenty, Hector Cowie is going to send him to Agricultural College. He is going to give George the advantage of scientific training.

Hector Cowie is just an average farmer, but a North American Life Child's Endowment, taken out when George was a baby, will provide the necessary funds. Mr. Cowie has never felt the strain of saving, and he has been guaranteed that even if he died, his plans for George would be carried out. He left nothing to chance—he made sure.

What are your plans for that boy of yours? Whatever they are, Education is the first consideration. You can, like Hector Cowie, make sure that your plans will be fulfilled. Our booklet, "Child's Endowment," explains how

Please send me your Booklet—
"Child's Endowment."

Name

Address

51

Agents in every Important Centre in Canada

North
American Life
Assurance
Company

"Solid as
the Continent"

HEAD OFFICE
TORONTO, CANADA

Come Let Us Read a While

By W. H. M. Librarian

PERHAPS some of you remember how much I enjoyed "William" by E. H. Young. I pointed out that as far as I knew it was the only novel of modern times that showed the beauty of the paternal relationship, the heroic qualities of the soul of a father.

I have just finished reading an equally enjoyable novel dealing with this relationship, called "Sorrell and Son," by Warwick Deeping (Cassell and Company, Ltd.) Here also we have a picture touching the sublime, of a father's gift of understanding and self abnegation. But whereas William had three daughters, Sorrell has but one son.

And for this son, Sorrell, Ex-Captain, M.C., takes a job in a third-rate hotel where he cleans boots, carries luggage, does, in fact, all the hard and menial tasks of a porter. But he does these jobs in such a way that never does the son, a lad of eleven, see in his father any other personality but Captain Sorrell, M.C., a very perfect English gentleman. I am not going to intrude upon your joys by fore-shadowing the story. All I have to say is this—since reading "Sorrell and Son" I have decided to get a copy for myself (this is a library book on my desk) and I shall add it to my precious personal library of some two thousand volumes. A year hence I shall put it in the hands of my own son, that he may learn from Sorrell's son something of the meaning of life, the nobility of work, the joy of achievement.

How happy and proud Mr. Deeping (he is a medical man) must feel to know that he has given the world such an ennobling story. From Montreux, Dr. Warwick Deeping wrote to my husband as follows:

"I like to think of it as a book for men and I have had so many letters from men in all stations of life, that I feel Sorrell means to them what he means to me."

I take exception to this letter. "Sorrell and Son" is not a book for men. It is a book for men and women, husbands and wives, sons and daughters. It is for that huge section of humanity which is struggling hard to live in accordance with the dicta of all that is finest in twentieth century idealism.

Beastliness

I HAD decided to make no reference whatsoever to Shane Leslie's "The Cantab", deeming it an insult to my readers to even draw their attention to this filthy book. But today the press contains two pieces of startling news. In one paper is a "confession of sin" by this Catholic writer and his withdrawal of the book. In the other, the Parliamentary Report is the information that the Home Secretary has been inundated with requests for the prosecution of Shane Leslie for his indecent novel. I am glad of this. I await the results with intense interest. We censor plays and films and then we permit adolescent boys and girls to creep away to the secrecy of their own rooms and blight their souls by reading such a story as Shane Leslie has had the affrontery to give us. I felt the desire to affix him for calling his beastly wallowings "The Cantab." How dare he turn to the University of Cambridge with its honourable history and its beautiful Colleges and its contributions to scholarship for a title to a story which, reduced to a sentence, is nought but a picture of a young man's gross sensualism. Before this even reaches the offices of The Western Home Monthly, I expect a storm of criticism will have burst. Will Arnold Bennet keep silent, remembering his "Pretty Lady" or will he champion Shane Leslie. Can it be within a hope that he will have the courage to condemn?

Through London Town

ABOUT six months ago, I think it is, since I told you of the pleasure I had received from "The Heart of London". The author, H. V. Morton, has now given us a companion volume, "The Spell of London", (Methuen and Company, Ltd.)

The magic of the first book is still upon us as we read "The Spell of London." Or rather this weaves a magic of its own. I think I enjoyed this volume even more than the first because there are several

perfect vignettes of people, and I love reading character sketches written by one whose deep sympathies enable him to put himself in the other person's place. Even if the other person is a London Bobby struggling with an Oriental's way of saying Hammersmith, or only a little Cockney cat transformed by night into a tiger with burning bright eyes and a heart as courageous as its jungle ancestor!

A delightful book this to have by the bedside reading lamp or in one's pocket—when a London 'bus ride bores and we wish to forget we are in London. Then we turn to H. V. Morton and fall beneath the spell of the London he knows, loves and interprets so artistically.

Aeons of Mystery

THIS is the title I have given to "The Flurried Years," by Violet Hunt. (London, Hurst and Blackett) When this book was published, a few weeks ago, the Press, dailies and weeklies gave long notices because, so one and all said, Violet Hunt had written of poignant passages in her life that few women would have dared comment upon at all. Being but human, I, like thousands of others, borrowed this hefty volume. I do not know if approaching senility is affecting my brain, or the glory of English Daffodils in Hyde Park has gone to my head—anyway I simply could not follow this story of Violet's! She seems to wish us to know that she thought she was Hueffer's wife (he was Editor of the English Review); that Henry James had disliked her thinking this; that she became "passionate" because Henry pointed out she would have been wiser not to hop across to the continent with Hueffer, and she wrote him a letter to prove her innocence. Innocent of what? She knew Hueffer was not free to marry her; she knew he had children to support, that he was always in money difficulties, loved no one long, and suffered from frayed cuffs and writer's cramp. Then there are most mysterious references to the law. Either Hueffer is in prison because he has no money, or her mother is threatened with

an asylum for spending hers; or Violet Hunt is selling something so that she can have a holiday. When Joseph Leopold, as she calls Ford Madox Hueffer, is not in England, brilliantly editing the "English Review" he is in Germany trying to prove himself a German. Here again the vagueness is exasperating. Is he in Germany for a divorce? for money? for what? Then she's being hounded by the law, here again I know no reason.

It is not true to say I have not read this book. I have tried. But the staccato style, the inuendos, the taking for granted that all that concerns the author is known to us, has produced a book that is annoying and of little value except for the glimpses of Henry James and Conrad which Violet Hunt has given us. One thing I cannot understand, or rather, I should say, one of the many things I cannot understand, is this. I am under the impression that Ford Madox Hueffer who took so much trouble to call himself a German, now calls himself Ford Madox Ford, and has worn the King's Uniform in the Great War. If these two are one and the same, then Hueffer the Editor of the "English Review" is not dead, for he has lately written "No More Parades" hailed in America as the greatest novel of the year. But how, if he be not dead, could any woman have so given him away, as Violet Hunt has done in "The Flurried Years." One would have thought that the memory of those intimate years would have held her silent about something of no interest to anyone but to the two who enacted the strange story. But nowadays women coin fortunes (or try to) by running off with another woman's husband and then writing a play about it. And acting in it too! In a few years how sorry Violet Hunt will be that she permitted her flurried years to hurry her into indiscreet print.

As for "No More Parades" by Ford Madox Ford, it is without exception the most horrible example of bad style, bad taste, and distorted vision that has ever come my way. Ford Madox Ford may have worn the King's uniform but he has

precious little understanding of British psychology if he thinks a Commissioned Officer spent his life in the trenches pondering upon the infidelities of his wife and how he can best get even with her.

On the Roof of the World

HAVE any of you as yet read "My Life as an Explorer" by Sven, Hedin (McLelland and Stewart) the well-known Swedish traveller who adopted exploring as his profession at the age of twenty-one and who has been continuously at it for forty years since?

It is a large and handsome volume, a condensation of all his previous books. It embraces travels in the comparatively near east and in that further East which, although mostly inhabited, is practically unknown in the European, Khorasan, Turkestan and on to High Tibet.

It is full of adventure, of incident, of hardship and peril—almost anyone of its five hundred stirring pages would have given material for a book of adventure. Lonely wastes and ice-bound plains; sinister forests and precipitous mountains, Russians, Turcomans, Chinese and Tibetans—all figure in these thrilling exploits.

As an ordinary reader, interested in most things, but not specially trained in works of exploration, I would suggest several improvements. It may be presumptuous, but I feel certain that other readers will feel the same. I like the author's drawings—nearly two hundred of them scattered throughout the book. I like the little insert maps which gave me a temporary grip of the situation. But I would have been grateful if Dr. Hedin had not taken it for granted that "The Roof of the World" and its neighbourhood was as well-known to us as to him. I would have liked a larger map now and then, marked with exciting little red dots right from the Persian Gulf to Lhasa, showing exactly all his wanderings in relation to the world we, stay-at-homes, do know something about. I would have liked Dr. Hedin to have stated categorically at the end of each adventure, what actual addition to science he had made. I would have liked him to explain what gain there was in travelling hundreds of miles in inimical country, losing on the journey men and mules, dogs and dromedaries—country which was apparently well enough known to have its regular post, and where, almost invariably, he found brother Swedes, where least expected.

I would have been more content with less detail and more general survey of his travels. There are hundreds of places with K's and L's in them which in time exhausted my capacity to appreciate the difference. I would have preferred his great treks to have been clearly indicated by a division of his book into parts—and with the dates more clearly indicated.

And lastly, but that perhaps is more than one can expect from an explorer, I would have liked some humour, of which the book is painfully devoid. I know this is a fault in most books of exploration. Perhaps it is the hardships of the journey which dry it all up. But surely when the hardships are over, it is not too much to ask that in the quietness and comfort of home, when the records come to be written, that some of the unavoidable humorous incidents should be remembered. Perhaps Dr. Hedin's sympathies are so Teutonic that he has no room for humour. That is his misfortune.

The book is an indubitable record of hardships met and ends accomplished.

Circumstantial

A jackknife lost in the bushes, a search and an insinuation of theft had precipitated a noisy quarrel among the boys of Mutton Hollow school. The teacher was investigating the affair.

"Budd," she began, "did you lose your knife?"

Budd nodded.

"And you accused Tom Withers of taking it?"

"Ain't a-sayin' nobody took nothing," explained Budd gruffly. "All I say is that I'd have found the knife if Tom hadn't of helped me hunt fer it."



Joanne d'Arc or "Day Dreams"

Hemp Growing

SEVERAL hundred acres of hemp will be planted this spring and great things are expected of this new and interesting crop and industry.

The Manitoba Cordage Company has brought in a large shipment of the finest seed procurable and will shortly distribute the same.

The company advance the seed to the grower and deduct the cost of same from the crop payments.

Incidentally, it is well to know that all hemp seed is not fibre seed, and it is advisable that no hemp seed be planted for fibre purposes unless endorsed by one of the Agricultural Colleges or an authority on the subject.

It is hoped and expected that the farmers growing hemp will be able to boast of the finest and most successful farms in the country owing to the smothering qualities of the hemp plant and its profitable return.

The company has made contracts with a considerable number of farmers to grow hemp, guaranteeing to pay from \$12 to \$15 per ton for the hemp straw delivered at their nearest breaking mill, which in all cases will be situated near the crop.

In the United States the farms near the hemp mills put one quarter of their land into hemp each year and by means of a four-year rotation do away with summerfallowing, which automatically increases the cultivable acreage by 50 per cent and the net profit on the year's operations by more than 50 per cent on account of the overhead not advancing in proportion to the extra acreage.

In Manitoba the hemp growers will be even more fortunate as with the twine mill in the province catering to the Western market, the company hopes to keep the price of hemp much steadier than can be expected of wheat or other grains.

The four year rotation of hemp, wheat, oats or barley, and sweet clover (not forgetting the busy bee and its honey) is strongly recommended and the authorities at the Agricultural College predict that it will prove of very great benefit, eliminating in most cases the weed and summerfallowing evils.

The crop grown on the hemp land the following year will be particularly good, thanks to the fertilization of the ground brought about by the decomposition of the long tap root of the hemp plant and the dew retting process by which the dews and rains on the hemp straw during the three weeks it lies flat on the ground most of September, gives back to the land a large proportion of the nutrient consumed during growth.

While hemp will grow 12 feet to 16 feet high, the ideal height aimed at is 7 feet to 9 feet, with the thickness of a lead pencil. It is easy to see that with a crop growing so luxuriantly, provided the weeds are kept down to give the hemp a start, the weeds do not get a chance of growing, let alone thriving, and in the fall the hemp stubble and the wheat stubble, both grown under similar conditions, will show a striking contrast.

Much of the hemp grown in 1921 reached as high as five tons per acre and even larger yields have been grown, although three tons is a safer average to figure on.

Special implements for the harvesting of hemp, loaned by the company, simplify the operation and reduce to a minimum the amount of manual labor necessary.

A new rotation and smother crop of this kind is of great value in itself, as before mentioned, but when it brings, as in Manitoba, more employment and a new industry that has many millions of dollars worth of imported fibre, twine and cordage products to aim at, it is easily seen that an interesting situation of great possibilities opens up in this western country.

The more we can grow and make our own requirements and progress towards an export stage in the same, the more stable and prosperous will our cities and citizens be, and a new industry of this kind is bound to bring along many other industries in its train.

The fact, too, that the local market for other products of the hemp grower and his neighbors is enlarged by the extra employment provided, is also of importance.

40-40-20*

The Permanently White Paint



How many *white* houses are *white*?

More homes are painted white than any other color. But how many houses, white houses, *are* white?

Mighty few.

White is the most difficult color to get—and the most difficult to keep. Yet there is no color so becoming, so sure to be enduringly pleasing.

When a white paint goes gray it isn't the painter's fault and it isn't the weather's fault. It is the paint's fault.

If you want a white house you must get a truly white paint. If you want a white house that will keep on being white over a period of years you must get a white paint that will stay white.

40-40-20* is that kind of paint. It is brilliantly white when first applied and stays brilliantly white for years. It covers well; it brushes out easily and smoothly; it leaves an excellent surface for repainting. And incidentally, it is not expensive.

40-40-20* is the Registered Trade Mark of The New Jersey Zinc Company and paint

bearing this trade mark is made from its specified products according to its specially developed formula. This paint is prepared by six authorized Canadian Manufacturers. The genuine carries "40-40-20*" on the label.

The whole story of 40-40-20* is told in an attractive booklet "When White is White." Send to us or to any of the authorized manufacturers listed below for your copy. Read it. Then insist on getting genuine 40-40-20*.

*Registered Canadian Patent Office.

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C-25" Bumper

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WEED bumpers avoid hooking onto other cars because they are of the proper length and shape. These bumpers improve the appearance of your car, too. They have a beautiful finish, either nickel or black, whichever you prefer.

They are easy to install—no drilling is necessary. Ask your dealer for WEEDS.

WEED BUMPERS



Weed "Security" Bumper

and for protection from
skidding accidents use

WEED CHAINS

Put them on when tires and roads are wet—when ever it starts to rain. WEED chains prevent side and forward slip—they keep your car under control—they prevent accidents.

WEED chains are made in several styles to give satisfactory service on all types of pneumatic and solid tires for all road conditions.

Ask for WEED chains. You can identify them by their red connecting hooks, white galvanized side chains and brass plated cross chains with the name WEED stamped on every hook.

**Dominion Chain Company
Limited**

Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

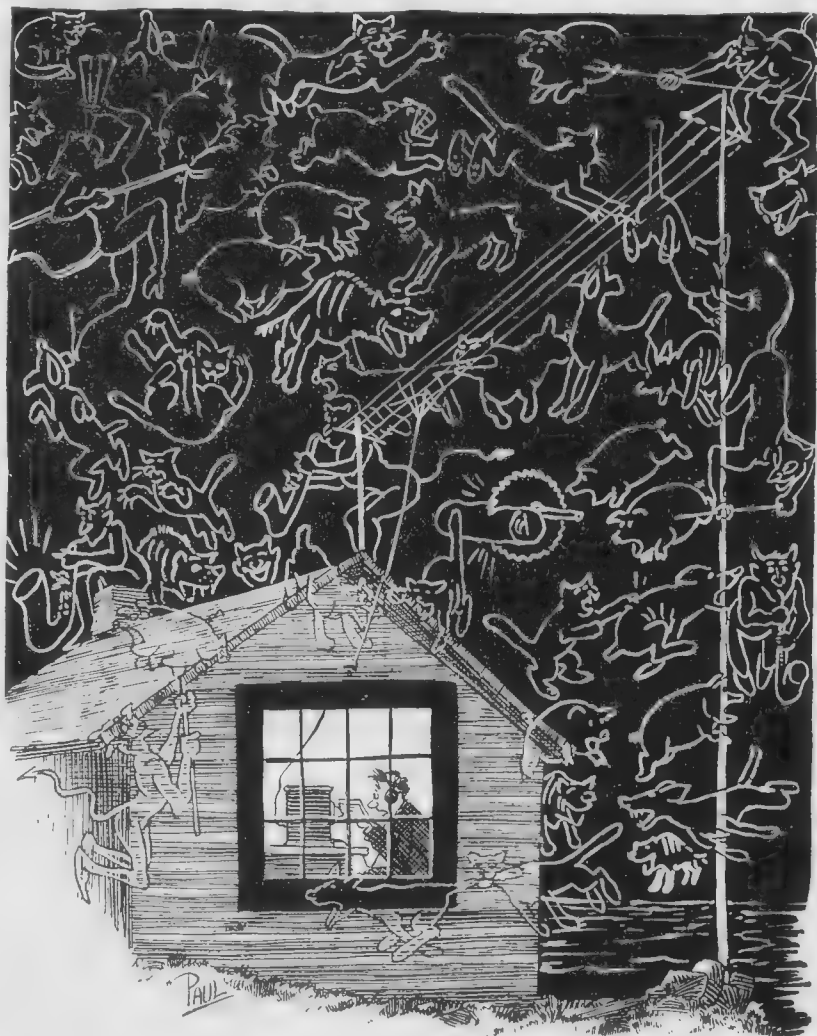


RECEPTION for the past month has been somewhat better than it was during the preceding month, but at that it has been nothing to write home about. Nevertheless, there was sufficient good broadcasting to listen to, provided one was not overly anxious to reach out very far. One fact has been proven abundantly, at all events, by conditions as they have existed almost throughout the entire winter, and it is that the average owner of a receiving set is—or should be—thankful, indeed, for the existence of that greatly maligned institution, the local.

Incidentally, one hears the sentiment freely expressed today, "I'm not worrying my head about how far I can get.

The air situation at the present time in both Canada and the United States is far from being satisfactory and, of course, sun spots, northern lights, storms, sputtering arc lights and things like that occasionally conspire to interfere with broadcast reception. The principal disturbance that we have to contend with is, however, the fellow next door with his home-made set improperly constructed and improperly manipulated so that it becomes more of a transmitter than a receiver.

Talking about interference, by the way, fans resident in the cities are not the only ones suffering from bloopers. We read the other day of a letter received by an American broadcast station from



Listening in during that "silent" hour

(Courtesy Radio News)

All I want is some good music, and our own stations are giving us as good as the average station anywhere else, and better than many." Well, it has had to come to it. After all, if it were not for the local stations, there are thousands of listeners who would be far better off with gramophones than radio receivers. As it is, these same thousands are enjoying privileges that nothing else but a radio receiver could give them, and they owe it mainly to the local station.

THOSE of our readers who had the misery of listening-in to the international tests which took place in the early part of this year will appreciate the fact that the artist who drew the illustration appearing on this page was not guilty of very much exaggeration. That so-called "silent hour" every evening was one of the biggest jokes that we have ever run across outside of the comic supplement, and ten o'clock, standard time, meant the commencement of the most atrocious conglomeration of sounds that the human ear has ever listened to. Every blooper in every neighborhood was out to make even more disturbance in the ether than usual—and he succeeded. The amount of man-made static during the period of silence was so shocking that it is doubtful if a station one hundred miles distant could ever come through let alone one six or seven thousand miles away.

a listener-in living in Chesterfield Inlet, which is a place you might care to visit occasionally if you happened to be domiciled at the North Pole. He reports: "Just when you were sending your message to W. A. Douglas of this place radiation from a neighbor's set cut us off." Here was a case meriting righteous indignation but the writer, a bishop, by the way, was quite calm about it. This shows us that bloopers will bloop irrespective of latitude or longitude.

Reception at Chesterfield Inlet last winter, by the way, was better, we are told, than during the previous one but the location of the aerial had been changed and that probably made a difference to the results on top of the world. We are informed that during October he had 15 receptions, in November 25 and in December 22. The stations heard were as follows: KDKA, 28 times; WGY, 17 times; CNRW, 13 times; KYW, 12 times; WBZ, 9 times; WLBI and WLW, 8 times; WSMB, 7 times; WGR, 6 times; WLS, WTAM and WOO, 5 times. Two stations in Montreal were heard only once each—CFCF and CHYC—also CNRO and many other stations once or twice. Bishop Turquetil concludes his letter with the remark: "It seems we are not so far from civilization and our friends now since we hear them as if they are close to us."



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THE Manitoba Telephone System station at Winnipeg has commenced a systematic study of receiving conditions throughout the province of Manitoba. Observers in the employ of the Manitoba Telephone System have been appointed at strategic points in the Province and they report daily on receiving conditions from all points of the compass, noting interference, if any. The reports are telephoned in each morning to CKY, where a summary is made and broadcast at noon. A number of observers have also undertaken to keep a check on receiving conditions in the city of Winnipeg and these observers also telephone in their daily reports. It is hoped that much will be learned regarding radio phenomena as a result of this survey. CKY is the first station in Canada to undertake work of this kind on such a large scale.

MANY fans who listen in regularly to the broadcasting of the bridge games wonder why the announcers always say "eight spot" when they do not put the word "spot" after any other figure. Odd as it may seem, this proves how badly some radio sets reproduce sound.

The first night the bridge games were broadcast, the phone at Station WEAJ was kept busy asking whether the announcer had said "eight" or "ace" in various plays. To those who were in the studio, it had not occurred that there could be the slightest confusion of these two totally different sounds.

But the sound of "S"—known as a sibilant—contains a maximum of "harmonics" or a mixture of the original tone and many other tones formed of two, three, four or more times the original number of vibrations. Faulty transformers, faulty speakers and faulty design tend to suppress these higher frequencies, or harmonics, and pass only the broad general sound of the "a" and eliminate the "s" sound entirely.

If you say "a" and "eight," you will realize how much alike they are. They become almost the same by radio. Therefore faulty sets and speakers make it impossible for the average listener to distinguish between them and it became necessary to add the word "spot" to "eight."

TWICE recently we have come across a bad source of interference which may be more common than most fans imagine. The first time, we were listening to a concert when there came a loud roaring with the unmistakable sixty-cycle note of the lighting current. It was so loud as almost to drown out local concerts. We phoned several neighbors to see if we could trace it but no one else was being annoyed. That meant that the annoyance must be in or very near our own building.

In hunting around, one of us accidentally knocked against one of the electric lights. Instantly the light went out and the roaring stopped.

A little theorizing showed what had happened. The filament of the electric light had broken but the ends were sufficiently near together to permit the electric current to jump across. That meant that there was a tiny but very efficient arc light inside the electric light bulb. When we knocked the bulb, the ends separated and the current was stopped.

The second instance was exactly the same but we remembered the first and simply turned the main light switch, leaving the room in darkness for a minute or two. Then when we turned the switch on again, one of the lights failed to light. That was the disturber. During the brief darkness, the filament had cooled and separated so far that the current would not jump the break when we turned the lights on again.

The Blind Trumpeter

Continued from page 37

Hari Singh, though not of high caste, was neither of low caste, and therefore his daughter did not come under the class of those Indian ladies who live behind the curtains, and may not be seen by men other than their own relatives.

Hari Singh called to his daughter to enter the room where the men were talking. She came, shyly, and stood modestly before them, peeping out at them between two fingers that held the cotton shawl pulled close over her face. One saucy bright eye peeped out at the men.

Bhole gently played a serenade. Misra alternately accompanied him on the fife, or hummed, or sang snatches of the refrain.

Presently Shanti took up a tray on which were cardamon seeds, cloves and lichia. She passed the tray to each in turn, but for Kalu, she gently picked with her own hand several of the best of the seeds and placed them in the blind man's hand.

"Oh, ho," said Kalu, "the skin of thy hand is as soft as the velvety ear of a new born pup."

"Kalu makes sweet talk to her already," whispered Misra to Bhole. "What chance does he stand?" Aloud he said to Hari Singh, "Keep thy fifty rupees, and spend it on a wedding feast. The girl alone is our price."

Here was luck. Hari Singh touched Misra's foot with his folded hands, Shanti fled giggling to the women's court.

THE whole city was making ready for the coming of the Son of the Great King. Just as Misra had said, booths and tents were being erected in which those of the populace who could, were to sit and watch the procession, and those who could not, might crowd along the spaces between the booths, and on the corners. It was a much looked-forward-to event.

The elephants of the State were being painted and decorated; their silver and gold and scarlet trappings were cleaned and brushed and aired; the silver and gold and brass ornaments were polished till the very sun, itself, could scarcely be brighter. The municipality took to city housecleaning till those who had lived in dirt and filth and squalor feared

for their lives, because they were so clean. Banners and pennants were strung across the roads criss-cross, and long, long strips of paper flowers. There was much shouting and giving of loud orders, and vehement cursings of foolish people who got in wise people's way, and a great tumult of noises and commotion of traffic.

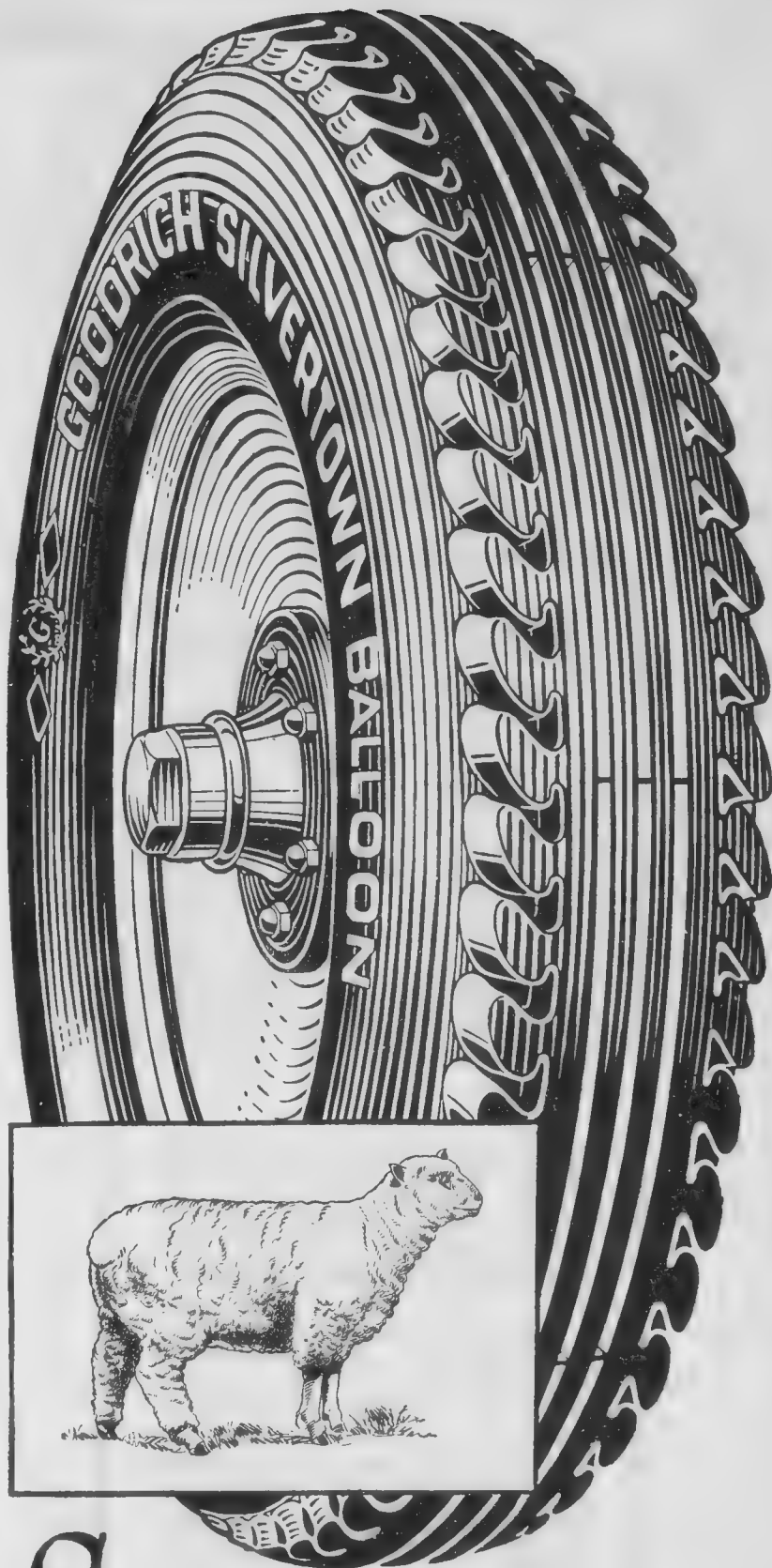
The practicing of the little band was not upset by all this confusion. Daily, night and morning, it foregathered under the pipal tree by the temple to go through its meagre repertoire. Kalu's trumpet was almost as long as Kalu, himself, and it was very heavy. Even the wind of a very strong man might be easily and quickly clean foreshent.

Small wonder, then, that Kalu's breath so often gave out, and that he was given to fits of coughing. But he loved his old trumpet, and he would not stop practicing, even when the others begged him to leave off and rest. Bravely he kept up, though the heaving in his chest was painful to behold. He labored for his breath as an ox labors that has too long pulled a heavy load up a far too steep hill. Even when the others had gone to the city on pursuits of business and recreation, Kalu would sit blowing away at his battered old trumpet.

His one desire was that he might play well enough to draw the notice of the Son of the Great King. What mattered it to him, that his trumpet, no matter how he blew, sounded forth but one long monotonous wail on one long unvarying key? Did he not know that it was the very monotony of this note that complemented the music of the other instruments, as surging and resurging through the melody, it lent a weird enchantment to the tune? Verily, the music of the others was not music at all, unless the trumpeter did his part.

Day by day Kalu grew weaker. On the morning of the great day, the day of the procession, his partners held a whispered consultation with each other. A blind man in a crowd is hard to take care of. Why the feet of the first big elephant might crush the blind man underfoot. Without a doubt, the blind man, hearing the roars of welcome,

Continued on page 40



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**CORN
FLAKES**



Imitations cannot bring you such wonder-flavor—such crisp, crunchy flakes. The genuine corn flakes have the signature of the originator on the package.

HOME DOCTOR

Do Your Feet Ever Complain?

By Emma Gary Wallace

ONE does not need to sit very long in a window past which many people pass, or in some public place like a railway station, to discover that an amazing percentage of people go by in a heavy-footed and even painful manner, as though walking were not an easy process.

Here and there we see someone with a springy, buoyant step who swings along as though motion was a pleasure. The difference between the two groups of people is clearly marked.

The first number have aching, burning, or even painful feet, while the second express in every motion, freedom from foot troubles of all kinds.

A person who may be ill otherwise, will often be able to move about with a good deal of freedom, if there is no trouble with the pedal extremities, while one who has fallen arches, callouses, corns or tenderness, can neither move about freely nor feel well.

More often than not, foot troubles are the result of improperly fitted shoes and lack of adequate care of our faithful servants, our feet. Most of our shoes are so made as to impede and often to prevent free ventilation.

The modern fashion of cut-out styles and designs has much to recommend it. Nevertheless it is an excellent plan to have several pairs of shoes which are used on alternate days, in order to relieve the pressure on certain areas, and to give a measure of freedom. Then the shoes which are "resting," have an opportunity to dry and air, especially if they are placed in a draught.

Very often, the person who is buying shoes is over-persuaded to take that which is recommended as fashionable, without due consideration for the proper fit and the requirements of the individual. Some people simply cannot wear a low heel with comfort, while others would be in nothing short of torture on a high, slender heel.

It is not very many years ago since we only went to the dentist when our teeth ached or began to be unsightly. Now we know the wisdom of consulting him every six months at least. Moreover, we appreciate the sound common sense of a yearly health examination, and better yet, one twice yearly.

Perhaps when we get a little more civilized, we will have our feet examined also, and that, too, by a specialist as capable of giving an opinion on the condition of our feet, as the dentist concerning our teeth, or the oculist as to the condition of our eyes.

It means more to our physical well-being than we always understand, to have the foot supple and free from blemishes of any kind, and to be properly fitted with shoes which will give the foot, and, if necessary, the ankle, the support which will make for the very best results.

An elderly woman who has done housework for a living all her life, attributes her ability to do this with comparative ease to her daily care of her feet. Every morning her feet are sponged and rubbed with witch-hazel or some other soothing solution. She never wears the same foot covering, either as to stockings or shoes the latter half of the day that she does the first half, for she finds a change extremely restful. The change only takes a few minutes, and is greatly missed if for any reason she fails to do this.

Then at night, her feet are thoroughly bathed and at least five minutes attention given to further care. A great toe nail with a ridge upon it is the result of an injury, is freed from all dead cuticle under the nail. Then a little absorbent cotton with vaseline on it, is

tucked under the edge. Another nail with a tendency to an ingrowing formation, is also treated in much the same way. If there is a reddened place on heel or ball of foot, it is protected for a day or two with a piece of adhesive. Then well-fitting shoes are insisted upon. This woman's foot is as trim and young as that of many a person a third her age, and she moves about without the least evidence of discomfort.

Backache, lame leg muscles, headache, and cases of irritable nerves all come from tortured feet. The shoe should be snug enough not to rub, but roomy enough to give reasonable play to the toes. A glance at the old shoe or one which has been worn some time, will often show that the shoe has really been too narrow, especially at the ball, for the leather upper bulges slightly, because the foot has pressed it out in this manner.

Where there is any discomfort or pain in the feet, we may be certain that there is trouble which ought to be looked after without delay, but many times we are deceived by feeling no such signals of distress in the feet themselves. It may be the knees, or the hips, or the spine which protests because of impingement upon some nerve.

To buy arch supporters may help the trouble and it may not. It all depends upon whether the supporters purchased remedy your individual trouble or not. The chances are much stronger against their doing so, than of their exactly filling the bill. The best way is to get a prescription from a foot specialist, just as you would lenses for your glasses. Then there will be less likelihood of disappointment.

Not long since, a man who had been laid off from his regular work, presumably because he had rheumatism, found that his trouble was due to broken arches. The strapping of his ankles for a time as a means of support, and the fitting of a specially built, arch supporting shoe, soon remedied the trouble and he was off and at work again, much relieved not to be the victim of a dreaded disease.

On the other hand, a woman suffering intensely with her heels which became so sore that she could scarcely step on them, went to a foot man who fitted her to a very simple shoe, telling her that doubtless she had a slightly dropped arch in the first place, but that she had over-corrected it, causing part of her trouble. The other part was due to a condition in her system, for which he recommended her to take half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda three times a day, the same to be dissolved in a third of a glass of water and seasoned with five or six drops of spirits of wintergreen. Within a short time, she was much relieved, and thankful not to be obliged to make experiments in the dark.

Well-fitted hosiery is important. It is not comfortable to walk on a darn which can be felt, and a nail in the bottom of the shoe, or a wrinkle in the sole or lining which leaves a red mark, calls for removal without delay, or a calloused spot will be the beginning of nerve pressure, pain, and trouble of some kind.

The woman who wore out a pair of shoes which didn't fit her, showed a poor sense of economy, in that she paid out many times the price of the shoes, to have her feet put back into good condition afterwards, and she had a lot of suffering in the bargain.

Many times an occasional visit to a good chiropodist will prove an excellent investment. As soon as your feet begin to protest—listen to them. If you do not, you and they will be sorry.



Health and Sunshine

By Barbara Brooks

EACH year brings us added knowledge of the reasons why certain things are necessary to good health. Theories today are based on scientific findings rather than hearsay. Doctors say: "Give your children whole cereals, milk and vegetables because without them such and such a thing will happen." They know that the lack of any one essential food may cause a specific condition which can be diagnosed and treated by some means other than medicine.

The part that sunlight plays in the health of a child is appreciated today as never before. It often happens that we are slow in recognizing our most obvious blessings. We all know the response of seeds, bulbs and trees to the warmth of spring and understand that their growth and beauty are dependent upon the rays of the sun. Yet it has taken a long time for doctors to realize that the same thing applies to child life.

Who has not seen both animals and children bask and play in the sunshine? Instinct has led them to a place in the

sun and they have unconsciously absorbed its health-giving quality. Today people use the sun's rays with the certain knowledge that they aid health.

It has been demonstrated by "sunlight specialists" that sunlight has the property of preventing or curing rickets and promoting general bodily development as well as aiding the cure of some other diseases, especially tuberculosis. One of the state health bulletins says that it is important that every infant and growing child should receive his share of sunshine. Beginning in the spring months, a mother can begin to give her child the sunshine treatment by exposing the baby's hands and face (the eyes being protected) to direct sunlight for fifteen minutes a day. After a few days expose the arms, then legs and finally the whole body.

The length of time of the exposure beginning with ten or fifteen minutes is added to by five minutes every second or third day until by the middle of June the entire body is exposed to direct sunlight from one-half to one hour twice a day.

Why Teeth are Irregular

IT IS a common superstition that the first teeth are unimportant. What does it matter if they decay? Nature is ready with another set. Why take the trouble to have little cavities filled? Better let them go; have them extracted, and wait for the second set to appear. No idea could be further from the truth or more fraught with danger. All the time that the first teeth are performing their duties, the jaw of the boy or girl is growing. If two or three of the "milk teeth" decay and are lost,

what happens? Nature closes up the space, and the second teeth, coming through and finding less space than they need, are crowded together or pushed out or in irregularly. Moreover, the child almost certainly develops the habit of chewing more on one side of the mouth than on the other. That means the improper development of the side so favored, which paves the way for pyorrhea and all of the other troubles to which the mouths of modern men and women are heir.

An Heroic Experiment

IT IS necessary to store the water for the supply of large towns in reservoirs; and by taking care that no water that enters a reservoir shall leave it in less than three weeks the danger of the water's carrying typhoid is made insignificant. The test that Doctor Houston occurred as a result of persons eating drank water, after storing it for three weeks, that he had infected with typhoid fever. He suffered no ill effect.

Shellfish, too, are likely to carry typhoid. Sewage that drains into the sea from towns near by has often infected oyster beds. Several deaths have

occurred as a result of persons eating infected oysters. The writer had once to investigate the oyster beds of the east of England, in order to make sure that they had suffered no infection. In some cases it was necessary to close the beds and to recompense the proprietors.

The last war afforded an example of the use of bacteriology in treating wounds. Wounds are frequently caused by shrapnel or shell that have come into contact with earth, and that, being dirty, have conveyed bacteria. Wounds are therefore a source of fever.

Things Worth Knowing

The yolk of an egg mixed to a paste with salt, and applied to the bite of a snake or insect, will draw the poison.

If any one of the family steps on a rusty nail, put a shovel of red coals in an old pan, sprinkle a handful of brown sugar on them, hold the foot in the smoke, and it will draw out the pain and the poison.

For an ingrowing toe-nail, or sore toe of any kind, split a raisin, take out the seeds and bind on the toe; it acts like magic.

For chilblains, rub together equal parts of lard and gunpowder; this will not only cure them but frostbites as well.

Try touching up a corn with turpentine, they will generally yield; if not, drop pearl buttons into a little strong lemon juice; this will eat up the buttons, leaving a paste—apply to corns when going to bed.

A splinter can be extracted without pain in this way: Nearly fill a wide-mouthed bottle with hot water, place the injured part over the mouth and press tightly. The suction will draw the flesh down and in a minute or so the splinter will come out.

If feet become calloused and sore on soles, place a bit of sticking plaster on each callous; the soreness will gradually diminish.

For sleeplessness—try eating raw onions for supper.

A good liniment for rheumatism is made as follows: 5 cents worth of spirits

of turpentine, 5 cents worth of spirits of wine, 5 cents worth of spirits of camphor, 2 eggs, and enough vinegar to fill a one-quart bottle.

If the children get earache, roast a small onion, take out the centre when cooked, place in the ear and tie a flannel cloth around the head.

For nose bleeding try moving the jaw rapidly, as by chewing gum.

If you have a bilious headache, drink a strong cup of coffee with a teaspoonful of lemon in it.

D.C.M.

It was not the intention of the weaver, about whom Tit-Bits tells, to pose as a hero. He joined the army at the outbreak of the war. From "somewhere in France" he wrote home that among other things he had had a D.C.M.

When he came home on a short furlough, to his surprise the mayor, councillors and town band met him at the station and conveyed him to the town hall for a banquet.

Speechless, he went through everything.

During the course of his speech the mayor said how proud they all were of him, and that he fully deserved the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Then a light appeared in the "hero's" eyes.

"Distinguished Conduct Medal!" he said. "What they gave me was a District Court Martial for pinchin' a chicken!"



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The College Girl in Business

"COLLEGE education may be considered as an important stepping-stone to the responsibilities of an important job, for after the girl leaves college there is a stairway yet to climb," said Mrs. Florence Robnett, vocational head in the college employment bureau of Chicago.

I went to hear her because we have many readers among college girls and the general problems are similar everywhere. University women are starting employment bureaus for students in several colleges. Mrs. Robnett emphasized the two important points for a girl in business to consider—her vocation and holding the job.

Fifty years ago there were few professions open to women—music, teaching, painting, nursing and a few sales positions were about all the lines of work a woman could hope to consider for a living.

Today there are forty-seven different kinds of work open to women.

There are many avenues of social service—in fact social service is divided into seventy-one sub-heads—besides the many phases of religious work there are other important divisions, such as statistical work, physics, electrical work, campaign lines of work and institutional positions.

The filing executive is a good profession.

Salesmanship is a coming activity for women to sell from the service angle.

For this the frank, sincere open type of woman is desired by business firms.

There are different manufacturing lines, also a woman may develop her own line. Trained workers are most in demand, for high grade salesmanship demands a knowledge of advertising, chemistry and other technical study.

"What profession has the greatest demand for applicants at present?" a girl from the audience asked.

"Home Economics," replied Mrs. Robnett. "Under this comes the social service divisions."

"What is the attitude of the business man toward the business woman?" queried another.

"Generally speaking, kindly, except to the woman accountant."

The bonds saleswoman and the woman banker are positions offered to women well known in the city.

Then the speaker stressed ten habits necessary to success.

First—health. Regular hours is a question of the girl's future.

Second—disposition. The most brilliant girl she ever placed lost her position twice because she could not control her temper. Her employer and those in the office lost their respect for her when she was not master of her temper. It is a question of judgment. The girl cannot hold her position.

Third—personality. This is most important. It is composed of a series of habits. The average position is based on personality. The question of clothes enters into this. Neat, plain, well selected business costume in place of tea dance frills.

Punctuality, reliability, adjustability, mental alertness and tact were each emphasized.

The dreams ahead are what make life—faith, hope and love. With these qualities of character and training there is no limit to where a young woman may go in any line of work. During her lecture Mrs. Robnett referred continually to the value of stenography in a college girl's preparation, stating that the stenographic opening is the wedge to ninety-nine out of every hundred good positions for college girls. She said their training was false effort without a few months training in stenography.

IF HE is difficult for you to decide the type of work you want to do, one solution is through the stenographic field,

where a well trained college woman will soon find her vocation.

The speaker cited as illustrative a certain department store employs a thousand and college women at from sixteen to twenty-six dollars a week, whereas if these college women had entered with a knowledge of stenography they would be occupying much better positions at higher salaries.

The speaker warned against academic snobbishness. Do not feel above your co-worker even if she has never gone beyond the eighth grade. You may learn from her. She has experience and information you need. Academic snobbishness is a common complaint.

These are the points I gleaned from the lecture for our readers, and I came away feeling that Canada has bigger and more promising openings for college graduates than any other place on the continent. A woman in a pioneer country of such vast resources and possibilities has a finer chance for creative progress. The stimulative tonic of the atmosphere, the diversity of natural wealth, the inspirational sympathetic interest of the people, themselves all are incentives to encourage young women who have vision, determination and strength to achieve. And that reminds me of a request this last winter to speak on "Problems of the Canadian Girl." I objected to the subject and consented to speak on "Opportunities of the Girl in Canada."

A June Bride

"SHE always comes into my room with a smile," said her mother when I complimented her a few years ago on the loveliness of her daughter. She was so distinctly my ideal of beautiful girlhood. Yesterday I read the announcement of her engagement—the engagement of Margaret Sinclair. I think of the lovely homemaker-to-be—for she is the type of girl who is fitted for woman's highest calling. During her early girlhood her personality sweetened the atmosphere about her. She had talent and generously did she share with others that talent. When others refused to play for the Sunday service at this little summer resort, Margaret willingly played as if it were her pleasure—as if they were conferring an honor on her to ask her.

Dignified, gentle, gifted, attractive, with tint of complexion and shade of hair from Nature's most coveted store, Margaret is the ideal type of Canadian girlhood. Many times I have had her in mind when I have written this page. Her talents were tuned with spirituality. And now she is soon to be a bride—a June bride.

There are some of our readers who are to be June brides. Enchantment is in the name of June. During this month Nature makes her richest promises.

It is such a wonderful privilege to a girl to prepare for a home of her own. Such thrills of joy as visions of love and companionship fascinate one's picture of her future life. The home of a man's dreams is a haven of rest from the storms of business and professional life. There are accomplishments that one need not attend college to learn, and yet are more valuable and more essential to a girl's education. They are the practical ideas and harmony of disposition that most men seek in their life partner.

The girl who will make the best wife will make an intelligent choice of a husband.

We always wish the newly married couple a life of happiness—but we know that true happiness does not mean a life always filled with sunshine—we realize that there must be some clouds, some showers, else where would be the rainbow of the soul?

Gems From the Fragrant Minute

FOR some time I have intended to quote from our Western Home Monthly Librarian's second little book of The Fragrant Minute. Every page is a gem. Both little books I keep on a table in our

living room because nearly every one who comes in picks one up, reads where he happens to open the book, turns the pages to read more and then enthusiastically asks: "Where may I buy these?" There is a tonic for every heart thirst, a word of cheer, a touch of comfort, encouragement, a bit of love in every line. For example:

"For those grown old—

"I pray you be not angry, hard or cold—
—with those grown old.

"Two things there be that torture me (how shall such pain in rhyming lines be told?); the sound of children crying bitterly; and words, like spears, hurled at the un-armed old.

"They are so tired; no longer are they girt with youth's brave armour warding off life's blows. They are defenceless; very swiftly hurt; one sharp word hurled, and lo! the heart's blood flows. They are so very tired; one never knows when they may slip into the arms of Death, and sob, like children lost and found again; and with their hurt, tear-laden breath, tell Death, the friend, how they've escaped from pain.

"Oh sin, indeed, to make the Old weary of life; they who have had their share of misery and strife. Oh, wrap your tenderness about them like a shawl to comfort them and keep them from the cold. And let your love build up so high a wall—the spears of life find not the un-armed old."

The Blind Trumpeter

Continued from page 45

would rush forward, or be pushed forward, and no one knew what might happen in a crowd. It was most likely that if anything should happen, they, the caretakers, would be held blameworthy. Since Kalu was too sick to play well, they decided to leave him behind.

But Kalu's quick ears heard their departure. He snatched up his trumpet, and tried to follow, but so much bustle and hustle made the ways uncertain to his shuffling feet. He heard a child's shrill voice—one that he recognized.

"Ai-hai," Does Bhan, the son of Neki go forth to the procession.

The child answered him: "Ay, I go. Why should I not go?"

"Thou shouldst go," declared Kalu. "It is to do honor to the Great King. And honor will come to thee, too, if thou wilt, but lead me thence at the end of my walking stick. I would be where the others are who play with me. Thou knowest them. Lead me to them, and I will repay thee."

"Thou must hurry, then, Father," returned the child, taking the other end of Kalu's walking stick.

They pushed and prodded their way through the hurrying throng. Kalu's trumpet nudged this person and that one in the ribs, but the crowd was a good-natured crowd, and who could be angry with a blind man?

At last, Kalu's knowing feet sensed the nearness of Hari Singh's house. He knew the other musicians could not be far off.

"Son," he commanded the child, "leave me here. I can do for myself now."

The procession was already coming. The Indian bagpipes were shrilling, and the tom-toms booming. Kalu heard his partners tuning up, and he sent forth a loud blast from his trumpet to let them know that he was not left behind.

"Oh, ho, Kalu, is that you?" asked Misra. He and the other two men moved over to Kalu. "We be four now," he said. "It is well." The procession comes.

And Kalu repeated, "It is well."

The procession was gorgeous with the glory of the East—elephants and camels and oxen and Arabian horses, caparisoned in gold and silver and scarlet; languorous wavings of huge fans of peacock feathers—the symbol of royalty; runners carrying top-heavy golden umbrellas; colorful crowds swaying like a tired elephant; curtains most exquisitely embroidered, and ladies not to be seen, peeping from behind the curtains; heavy scent of attar of roses and jasmine; wreaths and garlands of marigolds and roses; rumbling throaty cheers, and long live the Son of the Great King!

The following is a beautiful thought for the month of June:

"Gentle Tongues.

"All gardeners do gently speak," thus said a friend to me this week. A telling phrase, a golden phrase, a very perfect bit of praise. For in those words there is good truth. They must be gentle-tongued, forsooth. They learn simplicity's rich worth from digging deep in Mother Earth.

"When planting seeds each happy Spring, their words with hopefulness must sing. The first green shoot—oh! sweet surprise; they talk to it with loving eyes. Gentle of tongue must gardeners be! They speak, like mothers, crooningly. For fragile flowers would soon be dead if any bitter words were said!

"And coaxing words must gardeners say to help perennials on their way. To wake again, these flowers would fear, unless kind, gentle words they hear. If gentle-tongued be one you know, if all his words do sweetly flow, you may surmise he loves the soil, and in a garden oft does toil."

And thus sings on Wilhelmina Stitch every day in the London Daily Graphic. Once in a while she gathers these songs together in little books entitled "The Fragrant Minute for Every day." Please, Wilhelmina, will you let me know when your next book is published?



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The Care of the Child

By Ruth Valerie

MANY of the minor and some of the fatal accidents that happen to little children could have been avoided with a little forethought on the part of the mother or guardian.

Unfortunately it is often the carelessness of others that she has to guard against, and it is usually the unexpected that happens.

Most mothers are so very busy that even quite tiny children have to be occasionally left alone or in the care of an older child, and the best thing to do is to teach the child the common dangers and show him how to avoid them.

Many people are apt to underrate a child's intelligence and consider tots of two and three years of age are too young to understand, but the instinct of self-preservation is very strong; it only needs to be guided, and the child will avoid things that are likely to hurt him.

There is always the danger on a farm of the little one being kicked or trampled by the horses and cattle. Two little children have recently been killed that way, one in the barn and the other in the field.

One mother makes a point of telling her child of two years every day that he must never go into the barn alone, or behind a horse. She carefully explains that the horse does not want to hurt him but it gets nervous and frightened and kicks out in self-defence. The child thoroughly understands and never attempts to go to the barn alone, and pulls away if taken by other children.

Another frequent cause of deaths among young children is drinking poison or eating pills found around the house. Of course every mother puts such things carefully away under lock and key, but here again one has to guard against the carelessness of others.

One beautiful little girl of three, an only child, was poisoned by putting water in a tin of lye and drinking it, in a neighbor's house where her mother was visiting. Another boy of four years while playing with other children in a neighbor's barn, displaced some rat poison that had been put on the rafters, and thinking it was candy, ate some, dying shortly afterwards.

One could cite case after case. Every little child should be taught the danger of eating or drinking anything found without first showing mother. If the lesson is told several times illustrating it with vivid little stories the child will soon understand.

They should also be made to understand the danger of eating berries found in the woods, as many of them are poisonous.

Matches and playing with fire seems to hold a fascination for every child. If repeated warnings are of no avail, it is better to allow the child to burn his fingers with a match or administer a severe punishment, rather than to run the risk of having the house burnt up.

One wise mother not only makes a point of telling her little children the danger, citing cases of what has happened if the children disobeyed, but she teaches the ones over six what to do in case of accidents. She makes it into a game, or so interesting that the children never forget. All the simple little remedies, what to do for a burn, scald or bruise, how to extinguish a fire, how to go to the telephone for help, how to bind a wound, and how to keep cool in an emergency if they happen to be alone, are taught. It is a great safeguard, and will always stand them in good stead.

There is always great anxiety for the mother who lives near water, but it is remarkable how quickly the child will learn to keep away, if repeatedly told by mother the danger of falling in. It can be explained that when he is older and able to swim like the older ones he will be able to have fun with them, but while he is small he must never go near it alone, because if he fell in he could never get out, and then mother could not find him. Then he can be taken quite close and shown how sometimes the bank crumbles when he stands too close and he might tumble in too. He will soon understand. It will not only be a safeguard to him but to other children as well. It need not make him timid or nervous but will develop a spirit of caution that may be the means of preventing a fatal accident.

There is one danger that confronts the city mother even more than the country one, and that is allowing children to accept car rides from strangers. It is sometimes hard to refuse a ride home from school, especially when a long walk lies ahead, but every child should be warned of the danger. It should be firmly impressed on the child's mind that although most people are kind and good, there are a few that are mentally and morally unsound. And because it is impossible to always know where there is any danger, they must never under any circumstances accept rides from strangers.

It doesn't matter what the other children do, they should be taught to set the good example. It is far better to be sure than sorry.

As the child grows older it can be explained to them why they should not accept presents or drinks of any kind from people they do not know, or be "dared" into doing things they know are wrong.

Children who are taught in their own homes the dangers and temptations, of the world become naturally strong and self-reliant. It does not necessarily make them nervous or spoil their faith in humanity, but gives them a clear, sane outlook on life; courage to resist temptation; and a sympathy for those who, not having had the same loving guidance in their home life, may have gone astray.

Rewards and Punishments

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

WHICH is the greater force in the right development of the human race, the fear of punishment or the hope of reward? This question has frequently been debated on, but to my notion there is no doubt but that reward is the only thing to be considered in dealing with children, at any rate, and, if with children, it will be equally true of life in general, the child and the home or school being merely a working model of the adult individual in the world.

Notice a home where such admonitions as these are the rule: "Don't do that,

or I'll slap you"; "wait till your father gets home, and he'll attend to you"; "I'm going to whip you, you're the worst child I ever saw."

And the same thing in schools. One time a class of 'teen age boys went into fits of unholy laughter when their teacher snapped out, "I believe every boy in this room was born to be hanged." What a suggestion to youth at such a bravado age!

In such a home or school the atmosphere is charged with hostility. The children are naughty for naughtiness is the only topic, the only suggestion

made, psychologically speaking, so only naughtiness is thought of, and naughty things are done.

Goodness is not mentioned, but merely a lack of badness, and that is not necessarily goodness. Such a home or school, where punishments are over-emphasized, I consider, plainly speaking, a training ground for criminals. Evil suggestions, a feeling of guiltiness engendered, a swaggering bravado over being so bad—they are all there, all the elements—"the skids are greased," and the rest comes easy.

But in the home or school where the mother or teacher ignores, refuses to see, or anticipates the evil and suggests and implants positive good thoughts a different spirit prevails. The "morale" of an army is all-important and the spirit of a home or school must be a positive, overwhelming force for good, not a negation. The dreadful, corroding influence of natural degeneracy must be opposed by an active, forceful goodness. "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good."

"Let us all get our work done nicely—and then we will have time for a story."

"Let me tell you how pussy has a wonderful little heart and nerves and can

feel pain so—we wouldn't pull her tail because it would hurt just like when we get our hair pulled, or worse."

When father gets home and I tell him how you've helped mother how pleased he'll be—maybe take us for a ride in the car." What good will prevail where right lines of thought and action are suggested, right acts commended and negative badness ignored. In the case of a cruel stepmother, her defence nearly always is that the child merited the punishment because it was so bad. Investigation discloses that the child was as "bad" as the stepmother said, nearly always. Why? The hostile hatred of the woman brought out any possible evil in the child. Its plastic mind is conformed to the image of her fiendish hatred—suggestion has made it just what she wishes it to appear.

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—what pleasant lines of thought these words suggest! But put it negatively yet meaning the same, "Not death, slavery, and the chance to be miserable." The latter brings morbid thoughts to an adult mind even. The plastic mind of a child should, like the wax of a gramophone record, have nothing but beautiful things recorded if we expect it to reproduce beauty in its life and acts.

The Finishing Touch

By Margaret Bryden Chapman

AN art student stood before a picture on which he had been working for months. Supposedly it was finished yet as he stood back and viewed it first from one angle and then another he did not feel that inner glow of satisfaction which comes from a consciousness of having accomplished. Every detail had been correctly delineated but the whole picture failed to give an impression of reality. It was merely a collection of correctly portrayed details lacking in the attributes of appeal which designate pictures from "daubs."

Passing between the easels, glancing at a canvas here and there, the master came to the dissatisfied student who petulantly exclaimed: "I must be a failure. My picture does not live."

Without a word the master took the brush from the palette and with a few deft strokes achieved in a moment or two what the student had striven for in vain. He had thought he had everything in the picture but there was a finishing touch which he had overlooked. From the canvas was now reflected the appeal which natural beauty had first made to the soul of the artist-student.

Interior decorators with true artistry depend to a great extent on the finishing touch for their effects. Sometimes without exactly knowing why, a small object is placed here, a bit of color is introduced over there. Since the advent of the art of interior decorating, artistry of conception in home making is superseding the idea of a home as being but a place for the accumulation of beautiful and costly objects. To people with money to buy, the interior decorator sells beautiful rooms which in their very arrangement have that appeal of beauty and harmony to be found in every good picture. And as mere possession is being relegated to a back

place in comparison with charm and effect of arrangement, homes are taking on the attributes of good pictures, with a similar beneficial influence on humanity.

The true finishing touch need not be expensive. Those who are unable, either for financial or other reasons to secure an appropriate finishing artistry, may safely call on Nature for the desired effect. Flowers and plants have a wonderfully transforming influence on any surroundings, which, no matter how humble, may become a veritable picture as the result of careful arrangement and placing. In lowly places Nature's touch rests as a benediction. Many of the world's most famous pictures have lowly themes as their setting.

When giving a dinner party, have you ever looked critically at your table before putting on the flowers. The appointments may be perfect in every way. Gleaming silver reflects the sparkle of cut glass, attractive against the dead white of immaculate linen. But there is a coldness and severity in the dinner table picture until you add the flowers or whatever your natural decorations are to be. With the flowers in their place, the artistry of Nature's coloring suffuses a glow over the barrenness of silver, glass and napery, blending them into a pleasing unity with subtle power to charm.

Recently, while driving along a hard white country road, with weathered fence-poles and wires dividing the great stretches of white snow-covered land on either hand, I thought that the beautifully blended colors of a western sunset, glowing through a dark green fringe of pine and spruce trees must be Nature's finishing touch to a prairie picture.

The West Wind

By A. M. Stephen

O come where the West Wind lingers
With hand that is loth to part,
And the music flows when its fingers
Press light on the wildwood's heart!

From the drum of the rocky ledges,
Stretched stark o'er the dim ravine,
In the pipes of the whispering sedges,
It calls with a joyance keen.

A flute-song, low and tender,
It wanders by the streams
Where the alders, tall and slender,
Sway softly, wrapt in dreams.

A winnowing wing of the coolness,
In glades where the white desire
Of trilliums holds the fullness
Of Spring's primordial fire.

It knows when the dryad's laughter
In the deep, green gladness rings.
It knows and it follows after,
Where the dark-branched cypress
swings.

O sweet, where the dog-wood gleaming,
Shines bright as a woodland prayer,
It's voice, thro' hushed aisles streaming,
Stirs life in the gloaming there.

And the plumes of the elder glisten,
Bent low by their pearls of dew;
While the choirs of morning listen
To the love-note, strange and new!

O come where the West Wind carries
In the land of the sunset fire!
You will know that the song it carries
Is born of a world's desire.



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Musical Notes

A Glimpse Into the Musical Past

Written Particularly for Boys and Girls Who Are Studying Music and Anxious to Become Better Versed in This Great Art

"THANK goodness the holidays have come at last," sighed Fay, who always posed as the hard-worked girl of the family, while in reality she was quite the laziest one.

"You should sigh for holidays, my sweet one," murmured Ella, rather sarcastically, for she really had worked very hard, and consequently felt a little bit piqued with Fay.

"What have you done?" questioned Fay. "You were last in French and last in arithmetic."

"Ah," said Ella, "you have left out my lovely music, and you have forgotten that Miss Campbell said I was better than anyone else at it. I can play something from all the famous composers of the past down to modern times."

"And so say all of us," cried Bob's voice from the neighboring garden, where he had been quietly enjoying a rest in the midst of the top branches of the apple tree, from where he had overheard the girls' conversation. "I should say you had practiced, Ella," he said, between the bites of the largest apple he could find. "Why, my auntie Rose, who came down here for a holiday simply had to go home, for she said the first sound she heard in the morning were Bach's 'Inventions,' and the last thing at night, Mozart's 'Sonatas.' I heard her say to mother, 'What a life; how do you endure it?' The strange part to me," said Bob, "is that she's very used to noise, for when she is at home she lives next door to a girl's school, and what could be worse than that?"

"You're just the rudest boy I know," Bob," said Ella disgustedly. "Just imagine, comparing my music to noise."

"Oh, well, never mind," said Bob, condescendingly (by this time he had come down from the tree and was sitting on the grass near the two girls). "You really are a good sort, Ella, so I will tell you of some great fun that is happening tonight. The Browns have asked us all down to their holiday concert, and they say it will be quite unique."

"I should say so," said Fay. "Their concerts usually are, but oh, how deadly dull."

"Well, you are wrong this time, Miss Clever," replied Bob, "for we are to hear all about Ella's composer men."

When the evening arrived there was one buzz of excitement, much to the delight of Ken and Dorothy, who had been pushing in at the last minute.

They became wildly enthusiastic when they saw what they thought was a Punch and Judy show, but Bob, who was nothing, if not up-to-date, said it was a moving picture arrangement, and he, for once was right, for at that minute a queer old gentleman, dressed in knee breeches, velvet coat, and the loveliest white wig, with a lace ruffle around his neck, came forward and fixed up a large white sheet, upon which he said he would show them some fine pictures and explain them as he went along.

Bach

"In the first picture," said the queer old gentleman, "you will see little John Sebastian Bach in the midst of his native surroundings at Eisenach, which is a tiny German village, where this wonderful man was born in 1685. You might wonder why I have chosen Bach to appear first on the picture? Well, I will tell you. The reason is that I am going to talk to you about the development of instrumental music, and this great Bach was the first man to think seriously about this subject, for all those who lived before him were concerned mostly with 'singing music.' Bach was a great performer on the clavichord, a peculiar little old-fashioned piano, and, would you believe it, he would steal down when everyone was asleep to copy music for it."

"Hush," said Ella, "there he is," and sure enough, this small man appeared on the picture, sitting alone in the low room with its musical surroundings. The dreamy-faced little fellow began to play, and how envious Ella felt when she saw how his fingers seemed to glide over the keys, every note and every ornament being there.

"Listen," whispered Bob, "this is Bach playing, indeed."

"Bach," continued the old man, "really set up the foundation for your piano work of today, for he wrote the Preludes, Inventions and Fugues, to say nothing of the dance tunes which he called Suites. They consisted of the 'Allemande,' 'The Courante,' sometimes Gavotte, and nearly always a merry tune at the end called a 'Gigue.' Bach's two sons, Philip Emanuel and John Christopher, both became great composers, and carried their father's work further, so you see there is quite a lot to thank old Father Bach and his family for, isn't there?"

Haydn

"The next step in instrumental music," continued the old man, "will take you many years forward right down to the time of Joseph Haydn. He was born in 1732 at Rohran, a small village in Austria, and he later spent a lot of time in Vienna. I will show you a picture of the famous old church called St. Stephen's, where young Haydn used to sing when quite a little fellow. This very musical boy simply adored the clavier sonatas of Philip Emanuel Bach (John's son), but, being such a clever boy, it was natural that he should begin to compose some himself, and that is why you have so many lovely Haydn sonatas to play now. I feel sure you all play them beautifully."

"Wish he could hear us," said Bob.

"The great point to notice in Haydn's sonatas," went on the little man, "is their wonderful and delightful simplicity. It really makes me feel young again, and I wouldn't like to tell you how old I am," said the old gentleman quietly.

"Let's hope not," thought Fay, who felt herself rather above the concert altogether, so she wasn't feeling very nice about it, as you can see.

Mozart

"Where on earth are we now?" asked Bob, when the picture appeared. "I'm sure the old patriarch has lost himself, but no, I'm wrong, for I can hear his voice again talking about Salzburg. It looks a pretty dull place."

"This," said the old man, "is the birthplace of Mozart, who was born 20 years or so after Haydn. In spite of the difference in age, the two great musicians became great friends and influenced each other in their musical ideas. In the early days, Mozart learned from Haydn, but in the latter days, Haydn learned from Mozart. Mozart was genius from the beginning of his life and wrote most wonderful music when very young. He, with Haydn, made astonishing progress with the clavier sonata, especially in the matter of design, only you must remember they were rather limited by the instruments of their day, which were very small compared to ours. When you are playing Mozart's music, just stop for a few moments and consider its great beauty, its gracefulness, its lovely pearly runs, and its charming ornamental trimmings, such as trills and turns and all those things that young gentlemen do so well. You must always remember that you are playing the music of a most artistic and refined gentleman. Look carefully at the next place, which is that of the picturesque old town of Bonn. I wonder if anyone knows who lived there?"

Continued on page 57

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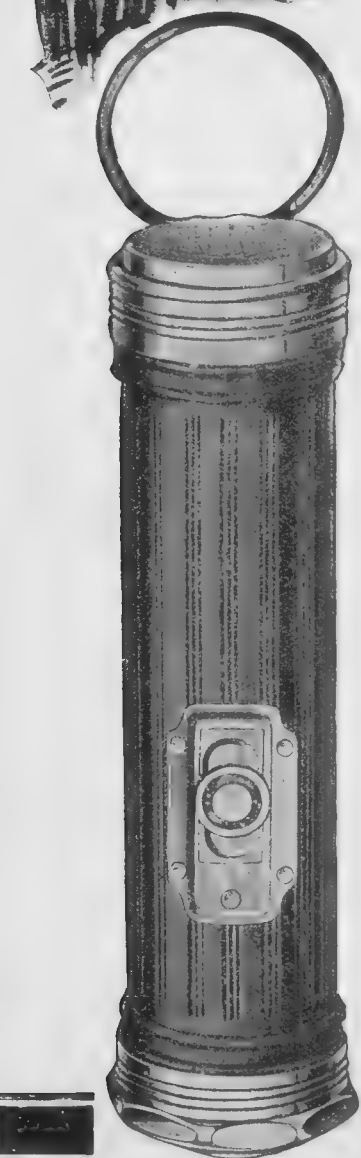
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Cheap Electricity for Southern Saskatchewan

By S.R. Parker, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., and W.P. Brattle,
F.S.S., A.A.L.E.E.

IN THE short space of forty years Saskatchewan has passed through those economic stages which, in the older lands, have taken centuries. Many who are still living have seen her in the primitive; have seen her pass through the pastoral and handicraft stages, and reach her present proud position as the leading agricultural province of Canada, and the granary of the Empire. Today Saskatchewan stands on the threshold of her industrial life. This does not mean that she shall in any way neglect her vast agricultural wealth, but that she shall open up those natural resources with which she is endowed, in order to have a more balanced production. Saskatchewan must travel this stage of her economic life along the road of electrical development.

A study of Table 1 shows that Saskatchewan, with one of the highest rates in Canada, serves a lower percentage of people than any other province; and that with increased consumption is bound to come a decrease in rate, and reveals the effect of a cheap rate upon the population served, provided the facilities are made available.

TABLE 1

Province—	Average net revenue per K.W.H., cts.	Per cent. population served by electricity
Saskatchewan	20	4.43
Alberta	30	2.32
British Columbia	59	1.08
Manitoba	40	1.06
New Brunswick	32	3.58
Nova Scotia	45	4.98
Ontario	60	.72
Prince Edward Is.	26	8.67
Quebec	58	.68
All Canada	49	.83

Table 1 studied in conjunction with Table 2 will show the effect of a large agricultural production compared with other industries upon the consumption of electricity.

TABLE 2

Province—	Agriculture	Other Industries
Saskatchewan	86.8	13.2
Prince Edward Is.	81.0	19.0
Nova Scotia	32.9	67.1
New Brunswick	40.6	59.4
Quebec	36.9	63.1
Ontario	30.7	69.3
Manitoba	60.0	40.0
Alberta	72.5	27.5
British Columbia	17.8	82.2

From these tables it is evident that cheap rates for Saskatchewan will be to a large extent dependent on the development of an abundant supply and the ability to create an industrial load, and on the establishment of a comprehensive scheme of rural electrification.

For the production of cheap electricity and the building up of an industrial load, Nature seems to have gone out of her way in Southern Saskatchewan. Lying close at hand to the most populous centres of Saskatchewan are fifty billion tons of lignite, easy to mine and with a net-work of railroads crossing the fields.

A SUITABLE scheme of rural electrification is a more difficult problem. But it is a problem which is being tackled by many governments, and there is an increasing amount of information available on this subject. No stone should be left unturned towards relieving the farmer and his family from drudgery by making available cheap electricity on the farm.

It may be objected that we can never hope to compete electrically with those

provinces which have hydro-electric power. Because water power at various sites is available, it does not necessarily follow that hydro-power can be developed cheaper than steam-electric, the cost depending entirely on the accessibility of the sites to a reasonable market. Already there is a tendency on the part of the hydro systems to look toward the establishment of steam plants. It is authoritatively stated that within twenty years most of the easily accessible hydro-electric power in Canada will be used up. In some localities this condition is expected will exist within ten years. The production of electricity from steam is yearly becoming more economical, and the steam plants able to compete more easily with hydro power. Saskatchewan having been forced into the use of steam-electric plants on account of not having available hydro-power would become a leader in the economics of steam-electric production. This would be a decided advantage in the future, when the use of hydro-plants was becoming relatively less important.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the electrical industry in Canada is that the supply has never overtaken the demand. The point of saturation seems to be as far off as ever. Enormous sums of money are all the time being invested in electrical plants, and large blocks of electricity thrown on the market. Yet this extra power is absorbed as if by magic. This feature can best be shown by considering the period from 1917 to 1924, a period during which our production in manufactured goods increased but little, and our population remained almost stationary. During these years the consumption of electricity in Canada increased from 4 billion k.w.h. to 9 billion k.w.h. Given a cheap rate, there appears no end to the elasticity of demand for electricity.

The opening up of the Southern Saskatchewan lignite fields, and the erection of a large generating station would place Saskatchewan on the map industrially. It would allow us to absorb an artisan class of immigrant who is not suited to agricultural pursuits. Those of our younger generation who do not take to agriculture (and there are many) would find remunerative employment within the province. At present our young men who are not cut out for farming must leave the province, or flock to towns and cities already grown out of all proportion to the wealth of the agricultural community from which they draw their support. Cheap power on the farms would do away with considerable drudgery and help keep our farming population on the farms. Anything which increases the wealth of the province as a whole, must increase the wealth and importance of the existing towns and cities. Statistics show that this increase in wealth due to the use of electricity in industry is roughly as follows:

The actual production of 1,000 h.p. of electricity employs only a few men, but when utilized in the industries will keep employed 375 men, and result in an annual average payroll in excess of \$500,000.00. Or, in other words, for each 1,000 h.p. of electricity used in the productive processes, a community of over 2,000 can be maintained.

To sum up, Saskatchewan's industrial future is dependent upon an abundant supply of cheap electricity. The lignite fields of Southern Saskatchewan offer the logical source from which to commence the production of cheap power.

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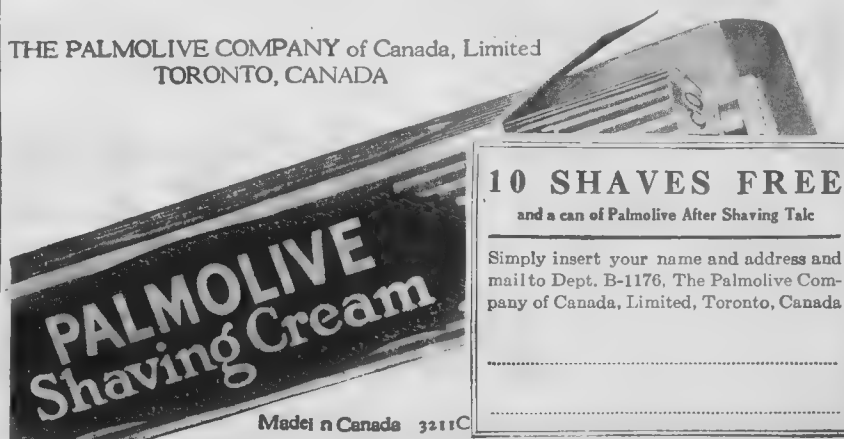
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It Cannot Lie

Continued from page 16

"Yes, an' then the Sunday feller again, an' then someone who said he was the managin' editor of the Daily Scream who said to tell you to go an' see him at once."

"Whatever is wrong?" said the bewildered professor.

"I don't know, sir, but if I was you I'd go an' see him at once. He spoke that way."

"I'll do it," he said. But what could be the matter? Twenty-five minutes later, sitting in the managing editor's office, he was quickly enlightened.

"Professor Ashdown," said the potentate sternly, "are you a faker, or what?"

"I don't—" the trembling professor began.

"Well, anyway, your precious story in the paper this morning has let us in for a libel suit—and you, too, perhaps."

"Me? Me? How?"

"Coming down to cases, did you or did you not know whose pictures you hung all that bunk on?"

"Why certainly, if that is the trouble. They were of two criminals, at present in prison, whose photographs one of your young men got out of the Rogues Gallery."

"You sure of that?"

"Absolutely."

"The young liar!" the managing editor burst out angrily. "Anyway, he's

canned now. You may be interested to hear, Professor Ashdown, that the fool mixed pictures on you. Instead of sending you the pictures of Pittsburg Harry and Fifth Avenue Rosie, he sent you the pictures of Mrs. Beaufort's sister, Mrs. DeWrexford, and her husband, taken on a fishing trip."

The professor gazed at him in acutest dismay.

"Do you mean to say you didn't know them?" the other demanded.

"Not from Adam."

"Well, they cut considerable of a swath, let me say. Mr. DeWrexford is one of our most prominent capitalists, and Mrs. DeWrexford one of the most successful social climbers — oh hell, you've spilled the beans for sure. Every damned copy sold like hot cakes, and the whole town laughing at Mrs. Beaufort and her relations. Why, everybody knows them."

"But I assure you, my dear sir," began the stammering professor, "I can only say—I didn't know. It wasn't my fault. The pictures were submitted to me in good faith and my delineations were based on the fact that they were criminals. Why!" he cried tragically. "It makes my theories out all wrong!"

"Wrong?" shouted the managing editor. "Hell! Wrong nothing! That's the joke—they are so dam' right!"

Firstborn of the Road

Continued from page 24

working days since his frames were laid on March 11th he had learnt the beginnings of a locomotive's life. An affair of red heats and poundings. The finale, under the deadly blue lancet of a cutting torch, frightened him.

They stopped once behind a waiting freight and greased a warm bearing. He revelled in the feel of his solid-end main rods with the floating bush and the soothing stream from the feed pump. He shied at section hands and roared with alarm as he passed No. 2, east-bound, with the foot or two of clearance. Finally he trundled thrillingly over a bridge with the Red River shining through the ties far below.

In the Union Depot personages and camera man had their way with him and there was slaking of hands.

"It's not just a question of riveting," Alkali was telling the agitated Rosalind when No. 2747 returned to the shops feeling limber and virtuous after his successful run of fifteen miles. "They

let the syphons into your crownsheet with a lap weld, electro on top, oxy-acetylene underneath. A pretty job, but painful. Hullo Kid! How do the geegaws work?"

"First rate, thank you," No. 2747 said politely. He was inwardly delighted at being up to date instead of rattling in terror of major operations like poor Rosalind or condemned like the unfortunate Mogul.

"You're lucky, youngster," sighed the flyer. "Life is hard on the inefficient and out of date."

"Who'd want to belong in a system where it wasn't?" rasped Alkali Albert. "Not me, even if I am decrepit. Put that in your smoke box and act accordingly. Kid, you've a goodish few thousand miles of trackage to shove under your pilot. You'll find it awful various but just give the Road the best you've got behind your pistons and thank your designers you're all there."

"Thanks," said No. 2747 humbly. "I will."

Musical Notes

Continued from page 52

"I do," answered Ken's piping voice. "It was Beethoven, and he was born there in 1770."

"Right, my little fellow," said our friend, "and I can assure you that Beethoven stands out as a giant in the instrumental world. You should have heard him improvise."

"That's a new word, Dorothy," said Ken, so loudly that the old man heard him, and kindly explained the idea.

He said: "Beethoven would just sit at the piano, taking some beautiful figure of music, and begin to build others round it, until, finally, you could hear a whole sonata movement, or a wonderful symphony. He seemed like a spider building a web, bit by bit, until the whole was completed. It is in the sonata that you will understand him best at present. Be most careful to listen to his marvellous themes, which we sometimes call sub-

jects. What strength and sweetness they contain, and how cleverly they are joined together, and finally developed. Then there are his slow movements and his characteristic scherzos, which are always so happy that they seem to be filled with merry jokes, which make you laugh even if you don't want to. It is easy to see that instrumental music reached its climax with Beethoven, although we mustn't forget that Bach, Haydn and Mozart all helped to build up this great scheme of classical music. I have still a number of pictures left to the more romantic composers, but I think we will leave those until next time. Good evening, my young friends." And with these words the old gentleman disappeared.

When the lights went up, Dorothy and Ken were busy eating peanuts, and Fay was fast asleep. Needless to say, Ella and Bob had thoroughly enjoyed themselves.



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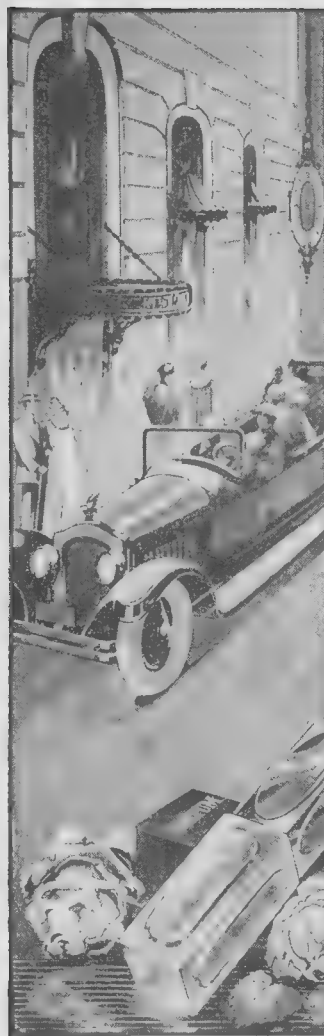
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Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

Federated Women's Institute

The Women's Institutes of Alberta

By Jessie C. MacMillan, Director of Women's Home Bureau Service, Department of Agriculture, Edmonton

M R. J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT has written a story of the Women's Institute movement in England, Wales and Scotland and incidentally gives the story of the first Institute, which we all know was started by Mrs. Hoodless at Stony Creek Ontario, Canada.

It can be truly said of the Alberta Institutes that they are living up to the ideals set out for them so ably at the beginning of the movement. They do not confine themselves to hard and fast rules as to what work they shall take up but their attitude is rather one of watching circumstances and conditions so that they may be ready to help as the necessity arises in their vicinity.

In a broad sense the Institutes are interested in health and child welfare; in education, generally, and in encouraging children to aim to go on to Grade VIII and at the completion of that grade to have parents, teachers and organizations work for the establishment or graduating exercises as an annual ceremony; legislation, more especially as it affects woman and children; agriculture, emphasizing the importance of preserving and planting trees to beautify the home and act as a wind break to protect small fruits, and other garden produce. Household economics has recently been dealt with in connection with fireless cookers and labor saving devices, as well as with the selection of the proper foods for healthy body building, and food values.

Canadianization is one of the things that no loyal organization can afford to ignore and the Institutes work most heartily along different lines, but one of the lines is helping to teach children and adults the meaning and history of Victoria Day, Dominion Day and other national holidays.

Immigration is a vital subject in the Province and is one of the most important of the day. The Institutes are watching with sympathetic interest the work which is being done. They have a representative on the Provincial Advisory Committee on Women's Immigration and, along with other local organizations, they are taking an active part in giving newcomers a kindly practical welcome in the various districts.

In 1923 a provincial supervisor was appointed for the Women's Institute Girls' Clubs. A new plan of work was thought out, and instead of the girls having a convention within four walls, they started with what they called park conventions. The first of these was held at Jasper Park in 1924, at Banff in 1925, and it is planned to take place at Jasper again this year. These park

conventions have been a great success. Girls do not want to sit inside for days together when it is quite feasible to do the work outside. There have been difficulties to meet and special requirements have to be provided for, but all those who have been asked to help have given their services willingly, and the girls have undoubtedly gained by the park conventions. They do their work, which is convention work, in the mornings; in the afternoons they go for drives, hikes or swims. In the evenings they have a camp fire with songs, dialogues, and at Jasper they had a pageant. At Banff they had their evening session without the camp fire but that did not damp the happy spirit of the meeting. In making plans for the convention local events are considered and, if dates can be arranged, the girls are able to see these. Last year they were at Calgary on the day of the jubilee celebration and were able to see the splendid procession which was staged on the day of the opening of the stampede.

Local organizations are interested in building up a healthy, happy community life. Baby clinics, medical inspection of schools, school lunches and seeing that the school building is a healthy one, are some of the things that are worked for. Caring for the cemetery, building community halls and rest rooms occupy the attention of some Institutes; others again are interested in giving concerts, dances or plays for local entertainment, sending flowers to the sick and in many cases helping them in other ways.

Technical education has made rapid strides in many parts of the Province. Local institutes and Girls' Clubs can choose the subject they wish to have a short course in, from the following subjects:

Foods, their values, selection and preparation.

Household administration: Finance, interior decoration, labor saving devices and scientific arrangement of the kitchen, as well as other branches of this subject.

Sewing, dressmaking, tailoring.

Millinery: Stitches used, shape making, making a hat, trimming and flower making.

Basketry and raffia work.

First aid and home nursing.

Prevention of the spread of disease.

Lectures with regard to all phases of community work and interests are constantly being held and, although the work being done by the Institutes of Alberta is highly creditable to them and is of the utmost value in the building up of the best interests of the Province.

SASKATCHEWAN

THE past year has been one of great activity and enthusiasm in the Homemakers' Club organization of the University of Saskatchewan.

Educational work and activities centre largely around the plans laid down by the several standing committees, which work was not, however, originally laid down by standing committees, but is the systematization and co-ordination of work which was being done before standing committees, one by one, were organized. This is not to say, either, that standing committees entirely report the work of the club. Programmes include also what may be of need or interest according to the personnel of the club and the conditions of the community in which the club exists.

Fifteen new clubs have been added to the organization this year with promise of many more in the near future. Thirteen district conventions were held—these entirely organized and managed by the members themselves.

In accordance with the work of the Committee of Child Welfare, pre-school age child clinics have been held in as many places as services could be procured for through the Provincial Department of Health and the Child Welfare Council of Saskatchewan. Many children have been adopted through

members, and neglected and dependent children are cared for wherever there is a club district.

Public lectures and courses in child welfare subjects are a regular part of the activities of the clubs, and many papers from members form part of the monthly programmes.

Conditions of public health are being improved through better knowledge procured through courses in first aid and home nursing, public lectures, tonsil and adenoid clinics, toxin anti-toxin clinics, papers from members on such subjects as sanitation, diet, etc. Activities along this line are seen in work for keeping up and establishing hospitals, securing nursing help, helping and inspiring schools to securing sanitary measures, such as drinking cups, towels, toilet equipment, better heating and ventilation and sanitary conditions of school premises.

Working in unison with the Home Industries Committee, many club and district conventions hold educational exhibits of arts and handicrafts that can be used to beautify furnishings and clothing, and household products of best quality, such as cheese, butter, eggs, dressed poultry, honey, canned goods, cookery. Best of all, many inspiring papers have been prepared by members

on the educational and cultural qualities underlying home industries.

In agriculture the common activities are being cultivated towards bringing about greater perfection. Agricultural fairs are co-operated with; prizes for bird houses to inspire a love for birds in the young people, at the same time doing a service to agriculture, is part of the work being stimulated of the Committee on Agriculture. For the improvement of the conditions of agricultural life, libraries are constantly being established and added to; also club rooms and rest rooms. There has been a regular wave of interest in producing plays, staging debates, music and community singing, concerts and such like.

We are justly proud of our League of Nations Committee. Through it

many able papers have been written on the subject by club members, such as the League of Labor, Health Activities of the League; literature has found its way into many homes in the interests of the young people and each club devoted a five-minute period of each meeting for the keeping up of current interest in the work of the league.

In the interests of home economics, school lunches are looked after, papers given at clubs and food plays presented.

Our members have made it a duty to interest themselves in the newcomers to the country under the British Settlement Scheme. They arrange to meet and welcome them, or, if too distant, see that provision is made for this. Arrangements are made for their comfort on first arrival and the club members call upon them after they are settled.

What the Sunshine Can Do

Solarium to Be Erected on Vancouver Island

WE HAVE read the poem of "the boy with the twisted knee," who, in imagination, played the game of "hide and seek" with "the old, old lady." "The boy," you remember, "who was half-past three."

The poet goes on to describe their game, each sitting in a chair choosing in imagination a hiding-place, while the other guessed "with guesses one, two, three," where he or she was, and the poet finishes with the statement, "The way they played together was beautiful to see."

Perhaps as "poetic license" it might be "beautiful to see," but in reality it is life's greatest tragedy!

Pause a moment and consider. A child of three and a half years, confined to a chair! Picture it. Denied the joy and happiness, the growth and activity of childhood! Childhood forced to play with age—age decrepit and old. Oh! the pathos of the sight!

"The way they played together was pathetic to see."

Today there is no justification for the existence of such a sight. Science tells us that quietly, gently, and—Oh! think of it—painlessly that little twisted knee can be straightened and restored. Yes, "glad tidings of great joy." Science has demonstrated beyond a question that little backs can be straightened, little bones recalcified, and suppurating glands restored—in short, crippled children can be given their divine inheritance. The joy and happiness, the strength, growth, and freedom of childhood, and "the way it is done is indeed beautiful to see!"

"Glory of sea and sky at sunrise" has been the theme of song, story, and canvas for ages, but it has remained for science to give the crowning glory to "sea and sky at sunrise."

Dr. Rollier, of Switzerland, and Sir Henry Gauvain, of England, are the two great exponents of this theme.

When Aurora with her rosy fingers pulls aside the curtains of the dawn, she ushers in the greatest "friend of little children."

You remember we were told in our childhood by our elders to get up early in the morning and get the benefit of the early morning sun. Our parents and grandparents were absolutely right. They did not know why the early morning sun was beneficial, but the reason has been found out since; these rays

from sunrise until 10 o'clock increase the natural powers of the human blood to destroy disease-germs when present in the blood. They increase the amount of iron, iodine, phosphorus, and calcium in the blood, preventing such diseases as tuberculosis, goitre, anaemia, and rickets, and other conditions such as debility associated with malnutrition. They are responsible for those important elements called vitamins in our food. These rays also serve the purpose of brain-food, increasing the mental capacities of the patients. These rays exhilarate and enliven, bracing mind and body, and banishing depression and gloom. Reflected from snow or water, the curative properties are doubled.

Yes, it is the Eastern sun that gives off those wonderful actinic, ultra-violet, or curative rays, and it is these rays shining on the nude bodies of the children that actually rebuild the wasted, crippled or twisted parts. Little crooked backs become straight, stiffened joints supple, wasted muscles firm and round, and these children come into their divine inheritance of the joy and happiness, the strength, growth, and freedom of childhood.

This is what has been done for years in Leys in Switzerland, under Dr. Rollier, and at Alton and Hayling Island, in the south of England, under Sir Henry Gauvain, and this is what is about to be done in the solarium on Canada's Pacific Coast.

A society has been incorporated and the site which has been selected and paid for is on the east coast of Vancouver Island. It has a gentle slope towards the rising sun. Provision will be made for sea-bathing, for education and technical training.

At this point you have the most equable climate in all North America—probably in the world—no extremes of temperature, never a heat prostration, never zero weather, with a maximum of sunshine, so that gradually the children will go the year-round clad only in hats, shorts, and shoes.

The society will be glad to receive names and addresses of any crippled children and it is hoped that the movement will shortly extend, until it draws its material from the whole continent to be healed by the glorious sunshine and fine air of Canada's Pacific Coast on Vancouver Island.

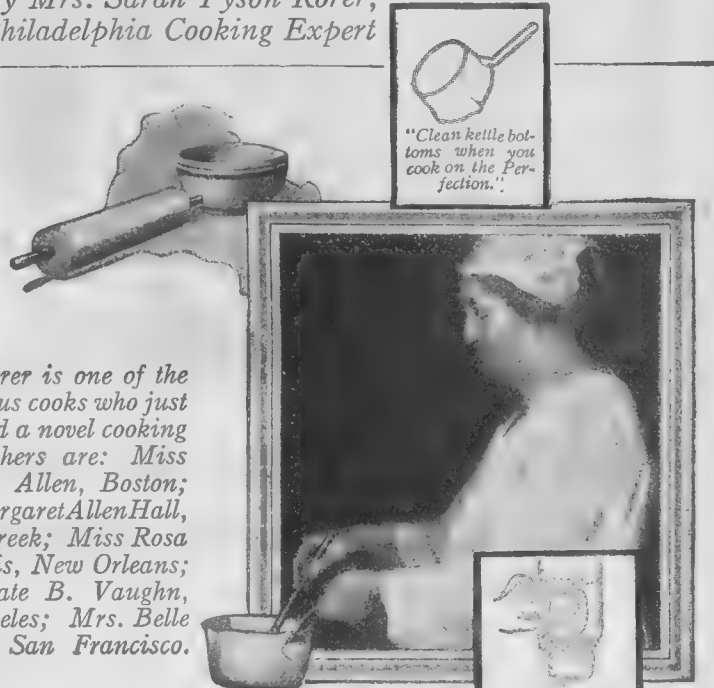
Man

The feathers in a fan
Are not so frail as man;
The green-embossed leaf
Than man is no more brief.
His life is not so loud
As the passing of a cloud;
His death is quieter
Than harebells, when they stir.
The years that have no form
And substance are as warm,
And space has hardly less
Supreme than emptiness.
And yet man being frail
Does on himself prevail,

And with a single thought
Can bring the world to naught,
As being brief he still
Bends to his fleeting will
All time, and makes of it
The shadow of his wit.
Soundless in life and death
Although he vanisheth,
The echo of a song
Makes all the stars agone.
Cold, void, and yet the grim
Darkness is hot with him.
And space is but the span
Of the long love of man.

WHAT 30 YEARS OF COOKING TAUGHT MRS. RORER ABOUT STOVES

By Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer,
Philadelphia Cooking Expert



MRS. RORER

Mrs. Rorer is one of the six famous cooks who just completed a novel cooking test. Others are: Miss Lucy G. Allen, Boston; Miss Margaret Allen Hall, Battle Creek; Miss Rosa Michaelis, New Orleans; Mrs. Kate B. Vaughn, Los Angeles; Mrs. Belle DeGraf, San Francisco.

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Nice Clean Kettles

"Steak began to broil and my molasses cake began to rise almost as soon as I lighted the burners. There was no waiting for the heat to 'come up.' The bottom of every utensil used in the experiment was as clean as a china dish. Those long chimneys certainly are insurance against sooty kettles.

"For boiling beef I used a low flame. I French-fried potatoes with a hot flame, and cooked

Mrs. Rorer's opinion, backed by 30 years of experience, is surely very valuable.

Mrs. Rorer's Cinnamonbuns Recipe in our new cook book.

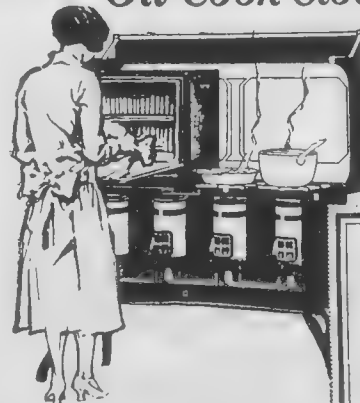
white sauce with a medium flame. All grades of heat, and all flames remained steady.

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Bias Fold Tape May be Used in Many Practical Ways

MOST women who sew with skill are ambitious to make clothes which are a "little different." One of the best ways to supply this originality of detail is with bias tape. The opportunity for color harmony is practically unlimited; the tapes may be applied in many ways and they come in such a variety of colors and materials that it is rarely difficult to find the right one for the work. In using tapes it should be remembered that a harmony or contrast is almost always better than a match, since it is this harmony or contrast which really "trims" the garment.

Care should be given to the selection of tape. For lingerie and on all light or delicate fabrics use lawn tape instead of the more substantial percale which is ideal for linens, chintzes and similar textures.

"Square Cut" Clothes—Many mothers are dressing their children in "square cut" clothes. These are made from simple measurements, avoiding much of the labor of cutting and fitting. "Square cut" garments are good for growing children, as simply letting down the hems makes them serviceable for several years. Effective results, similar to the illustration, may be obtained by following these directions.



Square Cut Clothes for Children

Dress of glass towelling—Measure the length required from shoulder to hem and double the material crosswise. Measure to 2 inches under the arm and cut a crosswise slit 4 inches from the edge. Add a half width of the towelling to each side to give fullness. Cut neck out square following the lines in the towelling. Trim with red and blue squares cut from bias tape applied directly over the squares of the towelling. Bind all around with tape.

Dog blanket—Measure length of dog from middle of chest to tail and width across back. Shape neck. Join down front and apply strip as military collar. Open two slits in the side and make 2 inch belt to fit the dog, fastening with two buttons. Bind slits, belt and all around blanket with tape.

Square cut nightgown—The skirt is two widths of cotton crepe. The yoke is an oblong piece 20 by 11 inches. Cut out square for neck line. Gather skirt to yoke leaving open space inch and a half wide at end of yoke and opening 2 inches deep in side seams. Bind yoke with tape. Trim with three tiny squares of tape in a little design of feather stitching. This pattern needs no variation for ages 6 to 10 except in length of the skirt.

Bound scallops—These are a strong feature of women's and children's gar-

ments. Plain or printed silk or voile scalloped with bias tape in silk make very attractive dresses not at all difficult to do when the tape is all ready to put on. White and light colored voiles and tub silks should be bound with the washable lingerie silk tape which will launder as perfectly as the dress goods. Linens are effective when trimmed with bound scallops in harmonizing or contrasting tapes. For this purpose percale or lawn may be used. Jersey and flannel sports clothes should be bound with silk. Sheer tub materials like organdy, lawn, dimity and the like are best bound with lawn. Have at least one dress this summer with hand bound scallops. You will like it so well you will want others.

Draped skirts—Skirts with soft draperies in sheer materials are much used to give the necessary fullness for present fashions. All the edges of these draperies have to be bound but silk tapes reduce the labor. Georgette, voile and the new rayon materials all make beautiful draped skirts.

Faggotting—This attractive form of needlework is again used liberally in dressmaking. The elaborate patterns of years ago have not been revived to any great extent but a great many faggotted edges are seen on the new clothes. The tape may be folded in the center and applied with the featherstitch, or if a broader border is required two lengths of tape joined in the fold are used. Roman effects using several colors of tape are very effective.

Lingerie—Lingerie finished with tape grows in favor all the time. Crepe de chine and other washable silks are bound and trimmed with lingerie silk tapes. Voile bound with silk tape is as dainty as all silk garments and less expensive. Dimity, cotton crepe and similar fabrics finished with lawn tape applied with machine hemstitching is even less expensive. It is pretty, durable and very quickly made. Silk or voile lingerie is charming when trimmed with hand-made flowers.

Adorée

Continued from page 29

a highly popular one; and the entente cordiale was a trifle strained; so though her devoutest admirers scoffed and said: "ridiculous!" she continued to say: "I did it." If sensation-loving Paris was a little disappointed that a manslaughter charge should have been substituted for a murder one, they were compensated by this dramatic attitude of their own darling Adorée. The populace diverted their attention from the theatre and attended the court. Bright eyes interrogated the Englishman's, but he saw only one face, heard only one voice—Adorée's. "Each to her taste," observed a smart mannequin with a shade of contempt as she diligently sought in her bag of confections for an extra tempting morsel, "but a statue could show as much life." She spoke for the crowd. Phlegmatic calm enveloped the Englishman—it seemed incomprehensible that their Adorée could love him! Nothing could shake Adorée in her statement that she alone was responsible; the accused Englishman as determinedly contradicted her. The thrill of the actress' personal magnetism swept through the court. "I tell you D'Avignon insulted me and I thrust him away. He fell; but I had just told him I could kill him." "No, no," screamed one woman. "It is the miracle of love!" "You would not doubt me!" Adorée's impelling gaze was on the jury, and in her eyes implicit trust. "I tell you that when my husband came that man lay dead at my feet." A murmur, a gasp went through the court. Adorée had never looked more beautiful and she was asking them to—One jurymen coughed to hide his emotion, another took snuff at a critical moment, and a third wiped his tears delicately away. Women in the court wept, but all eyes were drawn to Adorée, her husband's most intently of all. "He but lies for me," she continued; then, with a laugh, added, "Is he not the lover superb?" The crowd echoed her laugh—hysterically. The voice of the people is ever the voice of the gods. It was the voice of the jury. They had laughed with Adorée—wept with her—in her anguish she had drawn all hearts. Could they do less for her than give her freedom? And the Englishman? Well, none could understand it—but Adorée loved him—could they take her lover from her? There had been an altercation—D'Avignon had slipped—it was the logical conclusion. The proceedings terminated with an acquittal!

Three years had flown. Once again poppies in their glory reared their heads before the red-stuccoed house. Once again passers-by were asking: "Who lives there?" and, asking, glimpsed her on the lawn; Adorée looked up from her contemplation of the little being who, in sheer delight of living, chuckled and cooed and kicked his cherubic limbs on the fine, close grass, and laughed into her husband's face. "I laugh that I am happy!" she said, looking thoughtfully at him. "The past has gone with the night. Day always follows, does it not? We have found the true philosophy, Dick. It lies in being just two ordinary, loving, foolish, idolizing parents like—" she trilled a laugh that held no malice—"those Smiths."

And the passers-by whispered again: "Who is she?" Came an answer with a thrill and a story: "Adorée."

When Avens Blow
By Clara Hopper

"When avens blow?"
Spring-tanged Wind, tell the green-tired Day

When avens blow!
In runnels clear the cresses grow,
Fain birds shrill from the budding spray,
"Can Love be faint or far away
When avens blow?"

Too Thin

Mildred had just had her first dip in the ocean.

"How did you like it, dear?" asked her mother as she fastened up the little six-year-old's frock.

Mildred glared angrily at the sparkling sea.

"I didn't like it at all, mother," she replied, coldly. "I sat on a wave, and I went through."

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WC44

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People with energy and "driving power" are those with good health. You cannot possess good health *unless* you enjoy proper sleep.

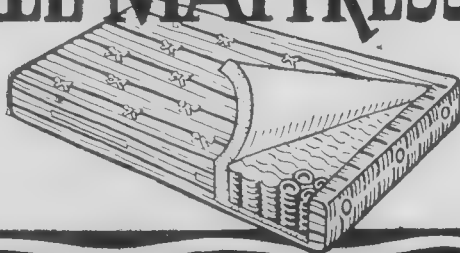
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When Eggs Are Cheap

IN THE spring and early summer, when eggs are most plentiful, they should be served often, but in a variety of ways so that the family will not tire of them, and they should be cooked carefully to be attractive and appetizing. Being composed of so much protein, eggs should not be cooked at a high temperature, or they will be tough and indigestible. We have learned that soft-cooked eggs are more readily digested than raw eggs. If one cooks an egg in boiling water for three or three and one half minutes, and compares it with one cooked just below the boiling temperature for seven or eight minutes, the contrast will be readily seen. The boiled egg will be tough on the outside, while the yolk will be too soft. The "coddled" egg will be tender all the way through. Eggs may be cooked hard by leaving them for a longer time in water below boiling point. Many people like to cook them in the double boiler. Rapidly boiling water is placed in both compartments, the eggs put in the upper part, covered, and the vessel set off the direct heat. Soft-cooked eggs will be done in six, seven or eight minutes. Hard-cooked eggs will require twenty or twenty-five minutes. It will be necessary to bring the water in the lower part of the boiler again to the boiling point every ten minutes. Two cups of water should be allowed for one egg and an additional cup for each extra egg.

Poached eggs may be served in a variety of ways; on buttered toast, sprinkled with salt and pepper or paprika; on potato cakes; on servings of corned beef hash; on mounds of boiled rice; sprinkled with grated cheese; with cheese sauce; with tomato sauce; garnished with such dainty vegetables as asparagus, peas, young string beans, cauliflower, watercress, parsley.

If eggs are poached in water, it should be salted; a little vinegar or lemon juice helps to prevent the breaking up of the white. But other liquids may also be used. Tomato sauce, or a sauce made of the liquid in which asparagus or cauliflower was cooked, with the addition of a little flour, butter, milk or cream, are both good, and would be served with the eggs. Pieces of vegetable might be used as garnish. Soup stock gives a different flavor.

Hard Cooked Eggs

So many things may be done with what we call "hard-boiled" eggs, without being so unimaginative as to merely remove the shells, sprinkle with salt and pepper and eat from the fingers.

They form the basis of a number of good salads. For daisy salad, individual dishes are used. On each is placed a lettuce leaf. The shelled eggs are cut lengthwise in six or eight pieces, the yolks removed, the whites arranged like petals of a flower, radiating from the centre. The yolks are seasoned, mashed and placed in a heap in the middle of each flower. Salad dressing is passed in a separate dish.

Hard-cooked eggs may be sliced thinly, and arranged on a bed of lettuce, with a spoonful of salad dressing on top, then decorated with sprigs of parsley.

Separate the whites and yolks of hard-cooked eggs. Chop the whites with a knife, pile on shredded lettuce, put a spoonful of dressing on top, then over all scatter the yolks rubbed through a sieve or potato ricer, and seasoned.

Hard-cooked eggs may be reheated in several ways to form the main dish for supper or luncheon. They are either cut in two or sliced.

For Japanese Eggs, the sliced eggs are heated in a rich white sauce to which peas, either canned or fresh, have been added.

Piquante Eggs—Reheat the eggs in a sauce made of:

Butter 2 tb.	Flour 2 tb.	Salt, ½ t.
Onion, 1 slice.	Soup stock 1 c.	Pepper ¼ t.
Vinegar, 1 tb.	Chopped pickles, 1 tb. or more	

Curried Eggs—Have ¼ to ½ t. curry powder added to the white sauce in which they are heated.

Scalloped eggs are arranged in alternate layers with white sauce, in a buttered baking dish, sprinkled with buttered crumbs, and placed in the oven till the crumbs are browned.

About twelve years ago a clever person invented an egg slicer which makes it possible to cut eggs in very thin neat slices with one motion. They are made of aluminum with an egg-shaped depression and a set of fine wires which do the cutting.

Baked Eggs

Eggs may be baked in a number of delicious ways.

Eggs a la Parisienne—As a substitute for meat for a hot-weather dinner: Butter individual molds (custard cups, muffin tins, etc.). Sprinkle with finely-chopped ham. Break an egg (or two) in each mold, sprinkle with salt and pepper, set in a pan of hot water and bake till the whites are firm. Turn each on a slice of toast, and pour around them, tomato sauce.

Eggs in Potatoes—Bake large potatoes. Cut in two, scoop out the centre, season with salt, pepper and butter, then replace in the potato shell, leaving a large enough depression in the centre to hold an egg, broken carefully into it. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, return to the oven till the egg is done.

Shirred eggs—Egg shirrers may be bought in pyrex, or earthen oven-ware, and are very useful for serving a great many baked dishes as they come from the oven, without removing the food to another dish. But custard cups answer the purpose quite satisfactorily. A shirrer for each person is buttered, and sprinkled with fine crumbs. Break one or two eggs in each, sprinkle with salt, pepper and crumbs, and a dab of butter if desired, and bake till the white is set and the crumbs browned.

Variety is obtained by adding tomato sauce, grated cheese, rich brown sauce, a tablespoon of cream, creamed peas, creamed mushrooms.

Ox-Eyes—Cut thick slices of stale bread for each person. From the centre of each scoop enough crumbs to leave a hollow large enough to hold an egg. Butter the bread, break an egg into each hollow, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and set in the oven to toast the bread and cook the egg.

Eggs Baked in Tomatoes—Scoop part of the pulp from firm ripe tomatoes, season with salt, pepper, butter, and in each slip carefully, a broken egg. Set on a flat pan in the oven till the egg is cooked. The top may be covered with buttered crumbs, or cheese or chopped cooked meat and crumbs mixed together.

Planked Eggs—The housekeeper who has a wooden plank for cooking is fortunate, for it may be used for so many festive looking meals from very commonplace materials. A shallow granite platter which can be put on the table will answer the purpose. On the plank or platter, arrange the required number of servings of chopped cooked meat mixed with bread crumbs, seasoned and moistened with milk, gravy, or soup stock enough to hold its shape. In the top of each make a depression to hold an egg broken

Continued on page 65



Stuffed or Deviled Eggs

Cook the onion in the butter till yellow, then remove it, and add the flour, salt and pepper, and stir till well blended. Add the soup stock, stirring till well blended, and cook for one or two minutes to be sure the flour is cooked. Add the pickles and vinegar. Vinegar from the pickles is good.

Tomato sauce with cheese and slices of egg, served on crackers or toast, and plain boiled rice seasoned with salt and butter, makes a very satisfactory luncheon dish.

A very attractive supper dish for a hot summer night consists of alternate slices of ripe tomato, and deviled eggs.

Deviled Eggs

Cut the shelled eggs in halves, lengthwise, remove the yolks, taking care to keep the whites unbroken. Mash the yolks, season well and mix with chopped meat (cooked beef, ham, etc.), or salad dressing, or cheese or fish. Return to the hollow in the whites and decorate with tiny sprigs of cress or parsley.

Eggs heated in rich cream sauce may be served on toast, and garnished with asparagus cut in inch pieces, or flowerets or cauliflower.



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The 4 oz. Bottle



Continued from page 62

into it. Around the edge of the plank arrange a border of well-seasoned mashed potato. Between the meat nests, place halves of ripe tomatoes, sticks of asparagus (cooked), cauliflower flowerets, little piles of string beans, potato nests of green peas, tiny new beets in piles, or any other attractive combination of seasonable cooked vegetables. Set in the oven long enough to set the egg-whites, serve at once, putting a little melted butter on any vegetables which require it.

Scrambled Eggs

There are several ways of scrambling eggs. The simplest is the following: Heat a pan, and melt in it a tb. or more of butter. Turn in the required number of unbeaten eggs, with a spatula, begin scraping from the bottom as it sets, seasoning while cooking. Serve as soon as all the egg is set, but being careful to let none of it become hard. The result will be a creamy mass with bits of white through the yellow.



Intriguing shaped and picture decorated pottery may play their part in encouraging children to eat

Number Two—Creamy Scrambled Eggs
To each egg allow two tablespoons of milk, 1 t. butter, salt and pepper to taste. Beat the eggs very slightly with a fork. Add the milk, salt, pepper. Melt the butter in a pan, turn in the egg mixture, and scrape from the bottom of the pan while cooking till creamy.

Method No. 2—Scald the milk in the double boiler, add to the very slightly beaten eggs and seasoning, return to the double boiler, and cook till thick and creamy, stirring constantly. Add the butter and serve on buttered toast.

Eggs Scrambled with Tomatoes—Make a well-seasoned tomato sauce, add the slightly beaten eggs and scramble.

Eggs Scrambled with Corn—To six eggs add a can of corn, salt, pepper, and butter, and scramble.

Omelettes

So many people are afraid to attempt an omelette, but it is really one of the simplest things which one can make.

It is a good plan to keep a heavy aluminum frying pan solely for cooking eggs if possible, but if this cannot be managed, good omelettes can readily be made in a heavy iron pan which is scrupulously clean.

There is a much advertised omelette pan on the market, but it is expensive, must be kept for omelette making only, and many of us have better success with a clean, smooth frying-pan.

In making omelettes, we use 1 tb. of liquid to each egg. That liquid may be milk, water, soup stock, vegetable water, tomato juice, or even fruit juice for those who like a sweet omelette, as some people do for dessert. Milk makes a more nourishing omelette, but water makes it lighter and more tender.

There is a long list of garnishes with which to make it attractive.

Plain Omelette

Heat the pan, and melt in it a tb. of butter, turning the pan so that both the bottom and sides will be greased, in order to prevent the omelette sticking when it rises. Beat the eggs slightly, add the liquid, seasonings, and if wished

such accompaniments as chopped meat, or grated or chopped cheese. Pour into the pan, cover closely to keep in the steam, and cook over a slow heat, that it may brown on the bottom but not scorch. An omelette is done when the egg does not stick to the finger when touching it on top. Some people put it in the oven to cook the top, but covering the pan closely is quite satisfactory, and saves fuel. To remove from the pan, hold the frying pan in the left hand, with a spatula crease the omelette across the middle at right angles to the handle, to form a hinge, and gently loosen the omelette from the pan and fold it over into a half circle. Turn onto a hot platter, and serve at once, before it falls or becomes cool.

Puffy Omelette

For a puffy omelette the whites and yolks of the eggs are beaten separately, the seasonings added to the yolks, and

the whites, stiffly beaten, folded in. Cook as a plain omelette.

For Variations: To plain or puffy omelette add:

Cooked asparagus tips, using the asparagus water as the liquid in the omelette.

Cooked celery, cut in inch pieces, in cream sauce, poured around the omelette.

Oysters put between the two halves when the omelette is folded.

Crisp curls of bacon, put around it, or cut up in it.

Dried beef torn in small pieces.

Flowerets of cooked cauliflower.

Grated or chopped cheese.

Chopped cooked ham.

Cooked green peas.

Slices of ripe tomato, or the tomato cut vertically into sections.

Chopped parsley cooked in it, and sprigs for decoration.

Green pepper chopped or in rings.

Cooked chicken in cream sauce poured around it.

Chopped pimento.

Jelly Omelette

Omit the pepper from the plain omelette, add 1 t. sugar and before folding, spread with any desired jelly.

Other Uses for Eggs

There was a time when we did not consider the dessert a real part of the meal, but something extra, which might well be omitted. Now in careful meal-planning, we consider it an essential part of a well-balanced menu. In hot weather especially it may be depended on to furnish the substantial part of a meal, especially for lunch or supper. If the first course is green vegetables, green or fruit salad, the dessert will provide enough protein in the form of custards, cereal puddings made with eggs and milk, or ice cream made with plenty of eggs, milk and cream.

Caramel Custard

Scalded milk, 2 c.

Eggs, 2.

Salt, 1/4 t.

Sugar, 1/4 c.

Vanilla, 1 t.

Continued on page 66



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VIROL

Better Cookery

Continued from page 65

Scald the milk. Put the sugar in a pan, stir till melted and light brown in color. Add the hot milk gradually. When the sugar is all dissolved, add the vanilla and salt, pour on the slightly beaten eggs, pour into a mold, or into custard cups, set in a pan of hot water in the oven and cook till a silver knife comes out clean when inserted in the middle.

The amount of egg required to thicken a given amount of milk:

For soft custards, for pudding sauce, floating island, etc., 3 to 4 eggs to a quart of milk.

For baked custards, 4 to 6 eggs to a quart of milk. Six eggs will be required if the custard is to be turned out of the mold.

Variations in Custards

The thickening powers of the yolks and whites of eggs are equal, so that one whole egg, two yolks or two whites may be used interchangeably. All yolks will make a yellow custard, all whites a white one.

Chocolate, coffee, vanilla, fruit flavors, spices may be used.

Floating Island

Make a soft custard using the yolks of the eggs and reserving two or three whites. On top put a meringue of the reserved whites. Beat them till stiff, add a little sugar and a few drops of vanilla, and drop by spoonfuls on a pan of hot water. Brown in a slow oven. Remove with a fork or wire egg-beater to the top of the custard.

Custard Pie

Pour custard mixture into a pie shell and bake. A perforated tin pie plate seems to give the best results. If wished the pie crust may be partially cooked before pouring in the custard mixture, as custard requires an oven not too hot.

Egg Nog

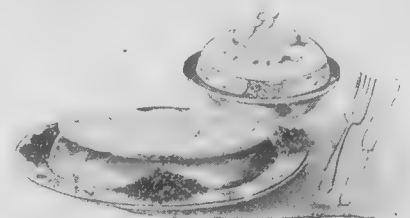
Eggnog is a dessert which the children often like, and need not be reserved only for sick people.

Beat an egg either slightly or thoroughly according to whether the person who is to drink it prefers it frothy or more custard-like. Pour into a glass, fill the glass with ice-cold milk, add a teaspoon of sugar, a little salt and a few drops of vanilla, nutmeg or other flavoring. A long glass sipper or a straw may be used to drink it.

Custard Ice Cream

Milk, 2 c.	Sugar, 1 c.
Flour, 2 tb.	Thin cream, 1 qt.
Egg, 2 or more.	Vanilla, 2 tb.
Salt, 1/2 t.	

Make a soft custard of the milk, eggs, sugar, salt. Add the cream and vanilla and freeze.



Baked Custard

Apple Snow

Egg whites, 2.
Sweetened Apple sauce, 1/2 c.

Soft Custard

Beat the egg whites till stiff, fold in the hot apple sauce, and chill. Serve with custard sauce.

Tapioca Custard

Eggs, 3.	Scalded milk, 1 qt.
Salt.	Pearl tapioca, 2/3 c.
Vanilla, 1 t.	Sugar, 1/2 c.

Soak the tapioca several hours or over-night in cold water. Drain, add to the milk and cook in the double boiler till transparent. Add the sugar, and salt and pour on the beaten eggs. Either return to the double boiler and cook till it coats a spoon or pour into a buttered bake dish and bake half an hour in a slow oven. In the latter case the vanilla would be added before pouring in the bake dish.

Continued on page 67



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Better Cookery

Continued from page 66

Cocoanut Rice Pudding

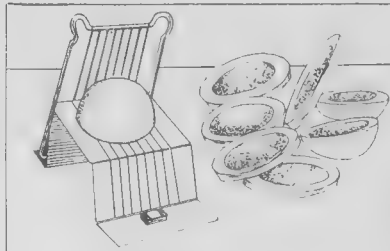
Cooked rice, 1 c. Cocoanut, ¼ c.
Milk, 1 c. Vanilla, ½ t.
Sugar, ¼ c. Salt, ¼ t.
Eggs, 1 or more.

Beat the eggs slightly, add the cooked rice, scalded milk, sugar, salt, cocoanut and vanilla. Bake in a moderate oven.

Prune Whip

Whites 4 eggs. Lemon juice, ½ tb.
Sugar, 1/3 c. Prunes, ¼ lb.

Soak the prunes in enough water to cover, over night. Stew in the same water till soft. Rub through a sieve. Add the sugar and lemon juice. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, put in a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve with custard sauce.



An inexpensive egg cutter

Cheese Souffle

Butter, 2 tb. Cayenne, a speck.
Flour, 4 tb. Cheese, grated, ¼ c.
Scalded milk, 1 c. Yolks of eggs, 3.
Salt, ½ t. Whites of eggs, 3.

Melt the butter, add the flour, and gradually the hot milk, the salt, cayenne, cheese. Remove from fire, add the well-beaten egg yolks. Cool and fold in the well-beaten egg-whites. Put in a buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven 20 minutes.

The Proof of the Pudding

By Barbara B. Brooks

A WELL known woman physician has said that the problem of the home-maker is not so much getting the food cooked and onto the table as it is in getting it off the table and into the child. At this time of year especially are children's appetites fickle. Dishes which have been popular all winter lose their charm, and certain vegetables which have been eaten under protest may be rejected entirely. There are several ways to treat these appetite lapses and one is to serve the food in a different form, even if it is the old stand-by of rice pudding, creamed spinach, or omelet.

Even the dishes which are used on the table may play their part in encouraging children to eat. There are pottery bowls which make cereal eating an event, little man-shaped jugs to hold milk, and plates decorated with intriguing pictures of children or animals. There are even pitchers which play a tune when milk is poured from them—but these are expensive and often are broken by over-enthusiastic use.

In one family there is a highly prized yellow crockery mold with the imprint of a bunch of grapes in the bottom. Children in the family will eat any dessert if it is baked in this dish. Many a plain cornstarch pudding and custard have been glorified by this bunch of grapes.

A ring mold costs little and can be used in a variety of ways. It is popular with one group of youngsters for "cod-fish dam." Mold mashed potatoes in the ring, turn them out on a chop plate and fill the centre with creamed codfish. The children love to break the dam and see which one can eat the most of it. The same mold makes attractive such things as creamed spinach, vegetable gelatine salad, boiled rice, and other staples in a child's diet.

Cereals such as rolled oats and bran can be baked into bread and cookies. A cookie sweetened with molasses or honey instead of sugar, and cut in the shape of a heart or an animal, will be as popular and far more wholesome than some kinds of cake. Individual glass baking dishes interest children especially if they can see fruit on the bottom under the bread pudding. Continued on page 68

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Better Cookery

Continued from page 67

The Gingerbread Man

DO YOU ever find a child who does not love the story of the gingerbread man? And even better than the story, children love the gingerbread man himself. Cookies taste much better, and will give many times the enjoyment if some of the dough is fashioned into the hero of this much told tale.

If you do not have a cutter, a pattern can be made from stiff white paper. Lay this on the rolled dough and cut around it with a sharp knife. Use your ingenuity in "dressing" the gingerbread man. Raisins, currants or dots of frosting will do for buttons—shredded bran makes realistically bushy eyebrows—eyes, nose and mouth can be drawn with frosting or melted chocolate.

The original gingerbread man wore a coat made from pink icing, which gave him a very gentlemanly appearance. The modern one is sometimes dressed in cowboy outfit. Shredded bran makes wonderful chaps—sprinkle it on before the cookies are baked, and press it into the dough with a rolling pin. Paint a belt and gun with melted chocolate. A gay bandana can be produced with colored frosting.

A simple recipe for Gingerbread Men is as follows:

Shortening, 1 c. Salt, 1 t.
Brown Sugar, 1 c. Ginger, 1 tb.
Eggs, 2 Cinnamon, 1 tb.
Molasses, 2 c. Flour, 7 c.
Baking Powder, 1 tb.

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add eggs and beat well. Add molasses and flour which has been sifted with salt, baking powder and spices. Add more flour if necessary to make a dough that can be handled. Chill, roll and cut into desired shapes.

Colored Frosting

Conf. Sugar, 2 c. Vanilla, ½ t.
Hot Milk, 2½ tb. Coloring

Add hot milk to sugar, flavor and color to desired shade. More liquid may be necessary to make frosting of a consistency to spread.

Peanut Butter as a Food

NUTS are a very valuable article of food and greatly surpass most animal and vegetable foods in their nutritive elements. The following table clearly establishes this fact:

	Protein Per ct.	Fat Per ct.	Water Per ct.
Peanuts	18.6	60.4	2.5
Beef steak	18.0	12.3	60.9
White flour	11.0	1.1	12.5
Potatoes	2.1	0.1	78.9
Rice	9.2	3.8	15.0

The tendency of peanut butter to cling to the roof of the mouth may be overcome by the addition of a small portion of milk, water or salad dressing, to be added only as the butter is used, the exact amount to be ascertained by the individual taste.

Peanut butter is valuable for adding the needed calories to the lunch of the under-weight child, and, if the appetite needs coaxing, a thin spread of tart jam adds zest to the nut butter.

Peanut Butter Macaroons

½ cup peanut butter, two-thirds cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1½ cups rolled oats.

Rub peanut butter and sugar together until well mixed; add beaten eggs, then salt, flour and baking powder sifted together; lastly add rolled oats. Drop from spoon and bake on greased pans in moderate oven for about 12 minutes.

Candies

Stuff stoned dates with peanut butter, and roll in powdered sugar.

Butter Fudge

2 cups sugar, ½ cup sweet milk, 2 heaping tablespoons peanut butter. Mix thoroughly; boil exactly five minutes, stirring constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire and stir and beat until thick. Cool on butter platter.

Peanut Butter Molasses Taffy

1 cup molasses, 2 cups sugar, ½ cup peanut butter, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon butter.

Boil until it hardens when a drop is placed in cold water. Stir in teaspoon soda, cool and pull. *Continued on page 69*

There is no food waste in the home that follows this rule of Mrs. Knox

WHENEVER one has a little fruit or vegetables left over they may be made into the most delicious dessert or salad with Knox Sparkling Gelatine, which for universal use is unflavored, uncolored and unsweetened—always pure. Here, for instance, is the way Mrs. Knox's rule works in a delicious luncheon dish—

RICE MOLD WITH FRUIT (Six Servings)

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 tablespoon lemon juice ½ cup sugar
1 cup whipped cream [or evaporated milk] Few grains salt
¼ cup cold water 1 cup cooked rice
½ cup (scalded) pineapple juice or any other fruit juice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup in hot water. Add pineapple juice, sugar and salt to rice. Strain into this the gelatine, and mix thoroughly; cool slightly, and add whipped cream and lemon juice. Turn into mold lined with slices of canned pineapple. Chill, and serve with or without whipped cream. Other fruits may be used in place of pineapple.

One package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes four different desserts or salads, each sufficient for six persons.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

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Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring but not mixed with the gelatine.

Better Cookery

Continued from page 68

Candy Specials

Turkish Delight

Gelatin, 4 tb. Water, 1 3/4 c.
Sugar, 2 c. Acid to taste
Flavoring Color if wished

Soak the gelatin in 1/2 c. of cold water. Dissolve the sugar in 1 c. of water. When it boils, add the gelatin, boil 20 minutes. Add a small lump of citric or tartaric acid (which may be obtained at any drug store for a few cents). Flavor, color if wished, and pour about one inch deep into a mold rinsed with cold water. When quite stiff, cut in cubes, and roll in powdered or granulated sugar. Fine granulated sugar looks best.

The flavoring may be rose with a pink color, oil of cinnamon, lemon, orange, etc. Instead of citric or tartaric acid, the juice of 1 lemon and of 1 orange may be used. No other flavor will be needed, and only 1 1/2 c. of water will be required.

Super Fudge

Sugar, 2 c. Butter, 2 tb.
Corn Syrup, 2 tb. Vanilla, 1 t.
Chocolate, 4 sq. Fondant, 3/4 c.
Milk, 1 1/4 c.

Mix sugar, syrup, chocolate and milk together and cook, stirring until chocolate is melted. Continue cooking until the temperature 236° F. is reached. Remove from fire, add the butter, and let the mixture stand until lukewarm. Add the fondant and vanilla, and beat until creamy.

This fudge is of the consistency of fondant, and is soft and pliable. It can be used for centers of bonbons, for making fudge rolls, etc.

All-Bran Brittle

Brown Sugar, 1 c. Butter, 1/4 c.
Water, 3/4 c. Salt, 1/8 t.
All-Bran, 1 1/2 c.
Granulated Sugar, 2 c.
Light Corn Syrup, 1/2 c.

Put the sugars, corn syrup and water into a sauce pan and cook, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking, without stirring, until the temperature 300° F. is reached.

Remove from fire, add salt and butter; and stir only enough to mix well. Add All-Bran and turn at once on a greased slab or on a greased inverted pan or baking sheet. Smooth out with a spatula. After about a half minute, take hold of the edges of the candy, and lifting it slightly from the slab, pull it as thin as possible. Break into irregular pieces.

Fondant

Sugar, 2 c. Water, 1 c.
Light Corn Syrup, 2 tb.

Mix sugar, syrup and water together, and cook, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Cover the sauce pan for a few minutes, so that the steam will wash down any sugar crystals which form on the sides of the pan. Remove the cover and allow the candy to boil until the temperature 238° F. is reached. (Soft ball).

Pour the fondant on a cold, wet platter and allow it to cool to 120° F. (Lukewarm). Beat until smooth and creamy. Knead with the hands. Put away in a covered jar until you are ready to make the fondant up into fancy shapes.

His Proud Title

It was a very small student who astonished his father, a practitioner of medicine, by propounding the following question:

"Papa, do you know what the Great Napoleon's nickname was?"

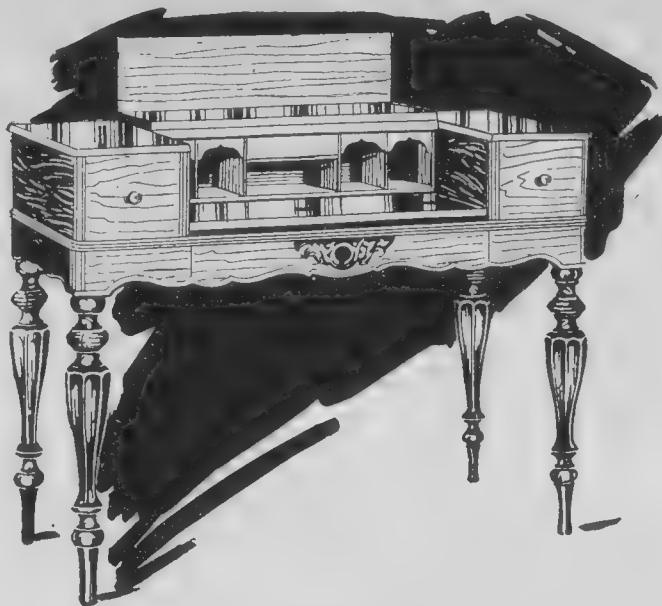
Wishing that his son might have the pleasure of bestowing this information, his father evaded a reply by asking another question:

"What was it, son?"

His state of mind can be imagined when the little fellow proudly responded:

"He was known as the Little Corpuscule."

There are a great many truths which are not seen from the ordinary standpoint. A man has to climb up quite a way before he begins to get a vision of them, and the higher he climbs the clearer he will see.



NO-MAR FURNITURE MAKES YOU ENVIED

The charm of good design executed with finest material and given lifelong protection against the many household accidents such as spilled hot water, medicine, perfumes, and even misplaced hot dishes, found only in NO-MAR Furniture makes the proud possessor the envy of her neighbors.

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that makes Tea
a most delicious
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SUPERIOR
TEA
BLACK, GREEN, MIXED

Fashion Book Notice

Send 20 cents in silver or stamps for our Up-to-date Spring and Summer 1926 Book of Fashions, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns; a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches), all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

Variety at Breakfast makes the whole day different

**Quaker Puffed Wheat stops
morning monotony**

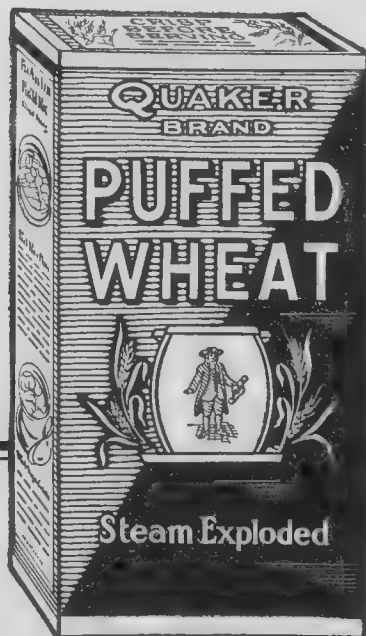
Different from any other cereal;
—delicious as nut meats;
—crisp and crunchy.

Yet just whole wheat with all its
food elements; and all the bran.

It digests quickly.

Puts an edge on appetites dulled
by the "same old breakfast."

Quaker Puffed Rice, steam exploded,
like Puffed Wheat, to make digestion
easy. Keep both in your home.



Quaker Puffed Wheat
—enticingly different

92,000 People studied these facts --



THEN PAID OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS BECAUSE OF WHAT THEY FOUND

Why are so many people buying the Overland Six today . . . what is the reason for its record-breaking sales of over one hundred million dollars in 16 months and what do present owners say about their cars?

Recently we asked thousands of owners what were the particular reasons that made them select an Overland Six in preference to other competing makes.

Out of 1,024 replies received from one city, 863 owners stressed the TREMENDOUS POWER of this car.

"Its wonderful performance sold me," said one owner. "I get a thrill every time I drive it."

"If others knew what I know about the Overland Six, they would certainly purchase no other car of the same class," replied another. "My Overland is a little over one year old, has traveled 20,000 miles and is averaging a little over 22 miles to the gallon."

Such popularity as this is not a chance result. Sheer merit alone has won this high praise for over 100,000 cars.

What men like about this famous six

Men are strong for this car because it gives them up to 60 miles an hour whenever they want it; 5 to 40 miles an hour in 21 seconds; ability to take, *on high*, mountain grades which few cars have ever climbed in high gear.

It will absolutely out-pull and out-perform anything else of its size, or weight, or price-class.

The Overland Six will turn in a forty foot cycle. Rear springs are *underslung* and 52 in. long. 141 square inches of braking surface provide an ample *safety* margin.

It has more inside space; more cubic feet than the average car of this price—due to its extra long wheel base. The result is ample comfort for 5 full-size passengers.

The way it appeals to women

Women care for this remarkable car because of its conspicuous good looks, its long, graceful lines, and the charm of its beautifully blended two-tone color-combination. Its exceptional quality throughout—as indicated by its luxurious velour

upholstery—its richness, its completeness in all things large and small delight them! In style and body lines this Overland Six resembles the creations of famous European coachmakers. The famous Hispano Suiza, the Belgian Minerva, the Italian Fiat and other costly foreign cars frankly influenced its design.

Fine cars on a tremendous production basis

Under ordinary production standards the Overland Six Coach or Sedan could not be sold within \$200 to \$300 of their prices.

It is because of the tremendous purchasing power and production facilities of the great Willys-Overland organization that this quality Six can be sold at such a remarkably low price.

Ride in this car . . . test it in comparison to the value others offer. In fairness to yourself, buy no car until you do. The Overland Six line comprises Touring, Coupe, Coach and De Luxe Sedan.

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO.
LIMITED, Toronto, Canada.

OVERLAND SIX



Paris Sponsors the More Feminine Type of Dress

NOW that the season's styles are established and speculation as to "what will be worn" is at an end, it is interesting to take note of the mode before us. Skirts are still short, with a tendency to uneven hems, and more length at the back in some models.

The circular flare is with us with its graceful undulations. The newest circular effects are cut on the bias.

There are simple little frocks with fitted "basque" waists, joined to straight or circular full skirts.

The bolero has been most gladly received by women with youthful figures. It is sometimes shown only on the front of a dress, and again suggested on the back.

The two-piece tailleur is again with us in such charming versions as to be irresistible. The jackets may be short or in hip or fingertip length, and the skirt straight or finished with circular godets, plaits or panels. Colorful blouses are worn with these suits, and sometimes wide girdles in waist-coat effect.

The ensemble still holds its own and is shown with many new style features.

Evening gowns show more and more fullness, both in tulle and taffeta models.

Matrons will be pleased with the gray evening dresses, embroidered with beads. Heavy brocades and fine laces are used together for evening dresses. Lace flounces edge full skirt portions of chiffon or satin, and the lace is repeated on the blouse or collar.

Peplums are placed at normal waistline or a little lower; they may be gathered or circular.

A new plaited skirt has the plaits stitched to within five inches of the hem, from which point the plaits flare prettily.

One sees dresses of crepe trimmed with braiding, or narrow velvet ribbon.

Very few sleeves are short, but as the season advances and brings warm days, we may see more abbreviated sleeves.

Capes are employed as separate top garments, and also as part of coats and ensembles.

Smart sleeveless jackets are worn with dresses of printed chiffon.

Navy blue is a favorite color, one also sees an abundance of beige and brown and black and white; green and yellow as well, also white and gold combine well.

Very smart is the one side trimming of plaits or tucks, at left or right of a skirt or blouse.

Selvages are now used for trimmings and bindings on sleeves, collars and pockets.

A smart ensemble comprises a plaited skirt of silk in blue and brown tones, attached to a blouse of blue crepe. The blouse is finished with a high band collar, of plaid; the sleeves are long and of plaid, and the cape of crepe is lined with plaid.

A sports dress of rajah silk, is cut in coat style with a "kick" plait at the centre front, and a scalloped hem.

The flat round collar and cuffs are also scalloped.

Prints are very much in vogue this season, and are beautiful and varied in both large and small patterns.

Chiffon taffeta makes a smart afternoon dress. The circular skirt is gathered to a long waist that is cut with an upward trend in front. Yoke extensions of the back meet gathered fulness of the fronts at the shoulders.

A shawl collar, with long tie ends, and close fitting sleeves complete this style.

Wash silk is used for a two-piece dress. The skirt cut with straight lines attached to a body lining is of bright plaid in red, black and gray tones. The jumper of gray has long sleeves finished with narrow band cuffs, and a Peter Pan collar. The closing is in coat style.

Bordered wash silks are used for jumper dresses.



100,000 Mothers have praised these books

You are invited to send for free copies, addressing The Borden Co., Limited, Montreal. "Baby's Welfare," 45 pages, treats of pre-natal preparations, feedings and how to prepare them, sleep, fresh air, bathing, clothing, exercise and common ailments of baby. Contains height and weight and feeding charts and blank forms for baby's biography and progress. The other is Baby's Own Book which will be filled in and kept as a treasured record of his babyhood.

Since 1857 more infants have been successfully raised on Eagle Brand than on all other infant foods combined.

35-26

Borden's EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK



"Oh!-they're Wabasso!"

Her eyes beam happily with enthusiastic appreciation of her friend's gift. She sees the Wabasso trade mark—that symbol of super-excellence which tells her that for wear, fineness of texture, and lasting beauty of appearance, these Sheets and Pillow-slips take precedence over any others she may receive.



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Wabasso Cottons are Canada's best

Made by
THE WABASSO COTTON COMPANY LIMITED
THREE RIVERS, P.Q.

Dainty Dresses for the Daytime

5460. Taffeta, rayon silk, linen or crepe could be used for this model. The sleeve has the popular and comfortable "saddle" shoulder. This design is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54 inch material, together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for revers facing, cuffs and facings on blouse and skirt edges as illustrated. The width of the skirt at the foot with plaits extended is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5475

5472. Crepe in the new sand shade is here combined with taffeta in a darker shade. This style is good also for voile, tub silk or rayon. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size requires 3 yards of 40 inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and jabot. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5457



5458. The two-piece flare skirt is attached to the waist in scalloped outline. It is fitted at the hips, and finished with tuck fullness at the shoulders. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5452. Satin, rayon silk, jersey, gingham or cretonne may be used for this model. It comprises a sleeveless tunic, and knickers in "pantee" style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5477. Crepe de chine, embroidered voile or printed georgette could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5456. This design will look well in cotton crepe, tub silk, linen or gingham. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make the dress as illustrated for a 38 inch size, and of 40 inch material, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on belt and collar. The width of the dress at the lower edge, with plaits extended, will be $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5471



5457. Printed voile, cretonne, tub silk or linen would be attractive for this style. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make this pleasing model for a 38 inch size, as illustrated in the large view will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of figured material 40 inches wide, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain material for facings, collar and belt in sash length. If made with long sleeves as in the small view, $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40 inch figured material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material is required for collar, cuffs, revers and belt. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5475. Rayon silk, jersey, crepe or crepe de chine could be used to make this popular model. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, or short, as in the large view. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size requires 2 yards of 36 inch material if made with short sleeves. If made with long sleeves the dress requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. To trim with bias binding as illustrated will require 5 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



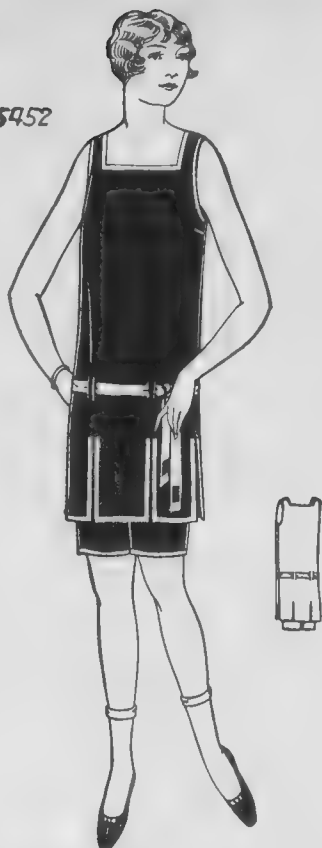
5469

5471. Challie in white with blue and brown dots was used for this model. Collar, cuffs and plastron are of white washable crepe. This design is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of figured material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of plain material 36 inches wide, if made as illustrated in the large view. If made with long sleeves $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of the figured material is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5450



5452



5469. Rep. gingham, chambrey, linen, flannel or jersey may be employed in the making of this design. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4 year size will require 2 yards of 36 inch material, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for pocket, collar and cuff's facing. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5476



5450. This design fits smoothly over the hips, and has plait fullness at the underarm seams. It may be finished with shaped shoulders, or with camisole top and with or without the shadow panel. Nainsook, radium silk, satin, crepe or crepe de chine are materials suitable for this slip. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size if made with shadow panel and shaped shoulders, will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. If made with camisole top and shadow panel $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards are required. If the panel is omitted one yard less material is required. The width of the slip at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5476. This is effective in plain crepe or rayon silk, as well as in the new prints and zephyrs. The style lends itself well to a combination of two materials or colors. For a "party" dress without the long sleeve portions, georgette or chiffon could be used, with twill or lace for the yoke and godets. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material if made with long sleeves. Without the long sleeve portions $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

The Town Wind

The Prize Poem of J. Kilmeny Keith in the Bookman

"Oh the country wind's a sweet wind that lingers among the trees,
It's full of the sound of bird-song and the hum of roving bees,
And the sea-wind is a strong wind with many a tale to tell,
And the dawning-wind will show you where Romance and Beauty dwell,
While the night-wind is a strange wind who has heard the lone stars call,
But my wind is the Town Wind, the friendliest wind of all.

"He's awake before the dawning, or ever the sun is up,
He flies down into the meadows where the golden buttercup
And the silver shawls of the daisies are folded back from the dew,
He steals the gold and the silver and the diamond dewdrops too,
He plunders a trail of bird-song and the scents of the country-side,
And brings them back to the City and scatters them far and wide.

"You'll maybe wake in the morning and your room will be sweet with airs
He stole from the honeysuckle as she slumbered unawares,
And in Temple and Strand and Fleet Street, in offices grim or gay,
You may hear a note of a lark's song that he carolled at dawn that day,
For the Town Wind loves the City, with courage and youth ablaze,
He has clothed her walls with beauty, sown song in her narrow ways.

"He has cried of hope to thousands who battle with fear and pain,
Till the streets of the City are lovely from Chiswick to Mincing Lane,
Oh, the country wind's a gay wind, and the sea-wind's grand and strong,
And the dawn-wind knows the secrets that unto the dawn belong,
And the night-wind is a strange wind with silver shoes to his feet,
But my wind is the Town Wind, who has made the City sweet."



Canada's Most Beautiful Lingerie

THESE deliciously soft, filmy garments are made for the fastidious woman who desires perfect underdress for her gowns and frocks. Each garment is tailored to fit—cut and shaped from patterns just as a gown is cut by the modiste. Watson's Spring Needle Lingerie—the most elastic and durable you can buy.

When buying lingerie always look for the Gold Label which identifies Watson's famous Spring Needle garments—Princess Slips, Pyjamas, Bloomers, Step-ins, etc. Made in a wide range of styles in fine silk and rayon—and in many beautiful shades. All the best dealers carry a complete stock.

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The SUMMER VACATION

—With a thrill at
Every Glance!

PACK your bag, board a train, forget awhile the world of cluttered desks, and household cares! Surrender yourself to the clean, strong spell of the "Canadian National" vacation lands this year. Seashore, mountains, lakes, rivers, cool nights, delightful days, golf, fish, canoe, hike, dance, ride, motor, play tennis. Rough it or live comfortably at luxurious lodges or hotels.

EXCURSIONS

First-Class Round Trip Tickets on Sale May 15
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EASTERN CANADA

The Eastern Canada tour includes an optional route arrangement via all rail or rail and lake. Service and courtesy are offered passengers on the Continental Limited and the National, de luxe trains which operate between Western and Eastern Canada.

LAKE AND RAIL—A cruise on the Great Lakes from Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth to Sault Ste. Marie, Sarnia and Detroit is one of the most enjoyable experiences that can be imagined. The majestic ships of the Northern Navigation Company (the premier vessels on the Upper Lakes) form the water connection of what is known as the Canadian National Lake and Rail Route to the East.

The Canadian Rockies and Pacific Coast

Many a field of romance and adventure is passed on the trip to the Pacific Coast. New trails and wonderful lands to a country abounding in big things are traversed. The Canadian Rockies are seen at their best. Indeed, the Canadian National, where it crosses the Rockies through the Yellowhead Pass, traverses a vast unspoiled Alpine Kingdom, hallowed by history, by Indian legend and by the romance of the pathfinders of the fur trade.

Jasper National Park

You will, of course, stop over at Jasper National Park to play golf, climb, hike, swim, ride, motor or just rest amid the mountain glories of America's largest National Park. Here, Jasper Park Lodge offers accommodation for four hundred guests, and is open from May 22nd to September 30th. Rates as low as \$6.50 per day, American plan (meals included).

ALASKA

The rugged magnificence of the North Pacific Coast grips you soon after leaving Vancouver. Sailing northward through sheltered seas in a luxuriously equipped Canadian National steamship, you are impressed by the increasing majesty of the coast-line, the climax coming when you skirt Alaska's shores and see mighty Taku, the 90-mile glacier. To explore this land of romance is to realize that all the praise you've heard of its flowered valleys and snow-capped crests is pale beside the magnificence of the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

The ten-day boat trip from Vancouver to Skagway and return costs only \$90.00, including meals and berth. Every room an outside room.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 13

evidence of my skill in dissimulation. I will show you what can be done with the passion of Francois Bigot by the woman who has only to crook her finger to bring him to her feet. You think that since I have been discredited in Quebec you have the power to rekindle the cold spark of his flame for you. You are mistaken. I have fought no battle with you for the love of Francois Bigot. His love came to me unsought. I did not want it. I will show you a battle to win his generosity, Madame, that will make you less proud even than you were that night upon the bastion when you returned from Montreal."

The fury of this harangue had driven Madame de Pean to silence.

"Monsieur Bigot will be interested to hear what you have just told me," she said finally.

"Monsieur Bigot will not believe you. Did you know, Madame, that Francois Bigot has asked me to be his wife?"

Madame de Pean frowned angrily.

"You must think me an imbecile to believe such stuff as that after what happened at Beaumanoir."

Heloise took a pace nearer.

"Then, Madame, if you do not believe what I say I must prove it to you."

"And how will you do that, pray?"

"I see that you are difficult," Heloise glanced at the clock. In fifteen minutes, even less if Francois Bigot still desired her, he might be at the door. In the meanwhile, she must keep her visitor within the room, by interest, curiosity or threat. Two courses lay open. Heloise chose the direct one.

"Perhaps when I tell you," she said coolly, "that Francois Bigot is coming here, to my apartments, after your departure, you will at least believe that he shows some interest in my future."

"Here!" exclaimed Madame de Pean. "To this room?"

"Yes, Madame. But you need not hurry. He will not reach here for some moments yet. Unless," she added, "his eagerness forestalls the hour."

"What does this mean?"

"It remains for you to say, Madame de Pean. Is it to be war or peace? Do not hurry to your decision. Do what I have asked you to do, with all secrecy and success, and I will leave New France with Jacques Davol forever. Refuse me and I will give you a battle of woman's wits with the odds on my side. I fight with strong weapons, stronger than yours, for Francois Bigot is one who suffers now the mortifications of balked desires. He is not happy in his failures."

Madame de Pean laughed. "Your mendacity, Mademoiselle, is only exceeded by your impudence. I do not believe you. If Monsieur Bigot were not already weary of your duplicity he would have sought you out long ago."

Heloise turned toward her visitor with a smile.

"Perhaps I should tell you that Monsieur Bigot has not come to me because I did not send for him."

"You think he would wait for that?"

"He has told me so," Heloise finished quietly.

Madame de Pean stared at her.

"That also remains to be proved. When did you send for him?"

"This morning, Madame. Even when you were on your way here." There was a sound down-stairs of a closing door. She was sure of it. She turned to the door and unlocked it. Then gave Madame de Pean the stick with which she would have belabored her. "Perhaps, Madame, we had better discuss this matter further later in the day. It will be necessary for me to

make some few slight changes in my toilet."

She paused, for outside upon the wooden stair were the sound of footsteps. There was a knock upon the door. Heloise opened it a few inches, and from the opening came the voice of the woman carefully schooled.

"It is Monsieur the Intendant," she said.

"Oh. Did you tell him that I was alone?"

"I did, Mademoiselle."

"That is unfortunate. But say nothing, and one moment, if you please." Heloise closed the door, turning to her visitor, who stood in doubt. When put to the test Madame de Pean had no wish to give battle at the moment.

"I must go at once," she said stiffly.

"I prefer not to see Francois Bigot. You have arranged this situation purposely in order to take me at a disadvantage."

"On the contrary. If you are to do me the great service I ask, it would be far from our advantage for you to be seen in this house."

With the reassurance that came of Francois Bigot's visit, the mind of Heloise grasped quickly and clearly at new expedients.

"Look, Madame," she whispered tensely. "You say that I have planned this meeting. That is the truth. You do not believe that Francois Bigot still cares for me. Stay and listen and you will hear how greatly he cares." Heloise moved quickly to a small closet beside the chimney-piece and threw open the door. "Come in here, Madame, if you do not wish to be seen, and listen. I give you permission."

A moment of hesitation and Angélique de Pean entered the closet, and Heloise closed the door upon her, turning the key.

SHE gave a look into the mirror, then went to the door to the hallway, speaking in a whisper. "Silence as to my visitor, you understand?" and then aloud, "You may tell Monsieur the Intendant that I will receive him upstairs."

She wore an air of composure when he entered, though two bright spots of color in her cheeks proclaimed the excitement of her venture. The injury to his arm was quite healed, though at the moment he carried his hand between the buttons of his waistcoat. She gave him a curtsy as he came in, apologized for the place of his reception, adding that as the affair was private they would be better undisturbed. He looked curiously about the small room and a slight smile twisted his lips. Here she was, a petitioner at last and much at his mercy. He had known that some day she would be obliged to send for him, and so he had been able to wait in patience.

He sat down formally and addressed her.

"You cannot complain, Mademoiselle Guéret, at my tardiness in reply to your message," he said suavely.

"No, Monsieur. But you see," and she made an expressive wave of her fingers, "to what condition my fortunes are reduced."

"It is scarcely flattering to my self-esteem," he said with a smile, "to find that it is your poverty and not your will that invites me."

She looked at him gravely.

"What does it matter to you, since success still follows you whatever you do?"

"Success," he muttered contemptuously. "A man may be triumphant but not successful. I have made you suffer. It is what I wished to do for I

thought I might take some joy in your misery. But, curiously, I find that this is not so. You love a man whom I have condemned to death and yet here I find myself, as in the past, ready again to come at your call." He gave a careless laugh and made a shrug. "But let us have no illusions. You sent for me. Why?"

She rose and threw out her arms in a wide gesture. "Merely to thrust myself upon your mercy. I am at the last extremity, in hope, in favor, and in money. In a week or less I must move even from this poor lodging."

He stared at her shrewdly.

"And yet," he said slowly, "you can remember that I, Francois Bigot, offered to make you rich, the empress of a vast domain that I should create for you. Instead," he broke off ironically, "you chose a poor creature with a halter around his neck."

"Don't!" she pleaded.

"Can you wonder that I am bitter? You killed some part of me that had found its growth in my belief in the beauty of your spirit while you led me on and lied to me. Can I forgive you for that?"

"Have pity, Francois," she murmured, her head bent into her hands.

"Pity?" he muttered. "No I can have no pity."

"But the triumph of your vengeance is complete. What more can you ask of destiny than my misery and humiliation?"

"Vengeance! An empty word. To see a brave man die and a woman in tears? Is that triumph? If so, then triumph is mere dust and ashes in the mouth."

He frowned and bent his head. "And yet I come to you, Heloise, to complete the very vengeance that I despise, because it is the settlement of a debt that must be paid. You suffer the pains of Jacques Davol in his prison, but these pains are no greater than those of my outraged self-esteem. I have sent Jacques Davol to the scaffold. We are quits. I do not wish to see you suffer any longer. But if I feel no pity for you it is because I have none for myself. I love you madly, but I have no pity for you. That is strange, is it not? Charity has no part in my passion. You see, I am bitter. You love a man on the brink of the grave. When he is gone I will be waiting for you. You pay a dead man in the real coin of your devotion, but the live man must be content with the counterfeit."

"You are cruel in your bitterness," she gasped.

He took a pace or two across the room.

"You sent for me," he said coldly. "I have come. I have told you why. I want you."

"Is this your answer," she asked faintly.

"What other answer did you expect?"

"No other, perhaps. I have no alternative. Death hangs about me, is a part of me. Respect my tragedy."

"I want you on any terms, at any price."

She repressed a shudder and turned toward him. He did not see the shudder, nor did the woman behind the door. The drama had been played successfully. But there was still another scene to be played. So studying the face of the visitor for the moment, she gave him his cue.

"Am I still so desirable to you?" she asked clearly.

"Before God!" he muttered, you are."

He pressed her hand to his lips and fell to his knees beside her.

She endured his caresses like an unhappy child that seeks in a physical sign of affection a consolation in its misery. She drew away from him at last, and he rose, throwing upon the

table a purse with the fine gesture of a man who can afford to be careless with other people's money.

"I shall be generous," he said. "Perhaps my generosity will condone the roughness of my welcome at Beau-manoir."

"The beggar cannot choose," she said helplessly.

He smiled at her gravely.

"Yes, you may choose. What more will you ask of me?"

"Clemency for the man who is to die, sunlight, the comforts of the church and of food."

"A spy—"

"A brave man. None knows it better than you."

"Very well. What else?"

"A last message from me and from him."

"You torture me."

"I pray you."

"Very well, I agree. Is that all?"

"Yes."

He turned at the door.

"You are to move back to the house in the Place d'Armes," he growled.

"Yes, Monsieur," she said quietly.

"But you will give me time—to forget?"

"I—I will speak of that further." He turned at the door with a sudden, quick suspicion. "Remember that you are helpless to escape, Heloise. No ship leaves Quebec that is not watched. The money that you have accepted is to be the pledge of your sincerity."

"Yes, Francois," she said quietly.

He looked at her bent head for a moment and then went out and down the stair.

SHE stood waiting until the door into the street should shut, and after that, until she saw him from the window go out of sight around a corner. With her eyes closed, she gathered her faculties for the new encounter. So far she had won, and her triumph thrilled her with the possibilities that remained as the result of it. Then she took the key of the closet from the drawer and rescued the furious and half-suffocated Madame de Pean.

Heloise spoke first. "One moment before you upbraid me. Your discomfort can have been no greater than mine."

Madame de Pean gave the girl a look and swept past her to the door. It was locked. "You have lied to me," she said.

Heloise took up the purse that Francois Bigot had left, weighing it in her fingers.

"Give me the key to this door," said Madame de Pean.

"No. Not until you listen to my explanation."

They stood there, glaring at each other oblivious of decorum, two primitive creatures, one in the throes of jealous despair willing to kill and not daring, the other keen, strong, fighting with her back to the wall for the thing that she loved.

It was the girl who won. She saw it in the suddenly relaxed expression of her visitor, who turned away and sank into the chair by the window.

"Of course, you have no sense of the proprieties of such a situation," she said with her air of a great lady, "I shall be obliged to remain. I have no wish to soil my hands further by a personal encounter."

But the magnificent airs of Angelique de Pean made no impression upon Heloise. It was the woman that Heloise was seeking, beneath the laces and furbelows. A weak spirit, masked in beauty. A disappointed, ambitious woman who had fallen a prey to a desire for power.

What was the defence of Heloise against this hatred and fear? Instinctively she found it. She threw herself at the feet of Angelique de Pean.

Continued on page 76



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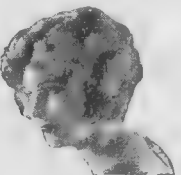
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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 75

Heloise threw her arms around her visitor.

"Oh, thanks, Madame. God will reward you."

Angelique de Pean disengaged herself slowly, awkwardly.

"I will make some inquiries and return here late this afternoon," she said.

"And now, if you please, Mademoiselle, the key to the door."

WITH the presentation of the proof of his guilt at the trial, John Carroll knew that he was doomed. Upon his return to the Citadel he was taken to a dungeon beneath the walls, where, with a gruff word from his jailers, he was abandoned to darkness and his thoughts.

He walked slowly about his narrow prison, trying to become accustomed to the darkness. There was a bundle of straw in one corner, a pitcher of water, and some dry bread. But he had no hunger, no thirst, nor any desire for sleep.

He had played the game and lost. It was a risk that he had taken, braving the consequences of failure and the disgraceful death that must follow, a dishonorable death at the end of a rope. But that mattered nothing either. A few moments of suffering and then oblivion.

He paced the floor slowly, counting the steps from wall to wall. Dishonorable they might call such a death, but John Carroll found nothing to regret in what he had done. He had accomplished the purposes of his visit, and the British colonies were the wiser for the messages that he had sent them. The work that he had begun would live after him. Quebec would fall before the fleets of England that were coming to attack it, and if their officers heeded his advice the strong natural defences that the French relied upon would not avail them to resist the British strategy.

What sort of man was this new General Wolfe, who had been so successful at Louisburg? A sick man, they said, who looked as though he might die at any moment. But a shrewd fellow whose red head might be the secret of the fiery enthusiasm with which his men followed him.

John Carroll was burdened with two regrets. The regret that he could not take part in the attack on Quebec was the regret of the soldier. It was the other regret that weighed him down most heavily—the thought of the love of Heloise Gueret, so briefly enjoyed. If only to deliver her from the power of Francois Bigot, John Carroll would have given the future of his soul for one hour of freedom. He loved her with the steady burning passion of his race and had found in her many of the qualities that matched his own.

The brief glimpse of her at the trial, the look of utter faith and pity that she had given him, had shown him the courage to go through his ordeal with pride and self-respect. And the glance that passed between them renewed their vows of complete fidelity and renunciation. She would have helped him if she could, but what chance had she when the proof against him was so definite? He realized that no help was to be expected now. If there had been an opportunity for her to communicate with him he was sure that she would have done so.

Monsieur Bigot had done his work well. The finding of the burned fragment of one of the letters from Colonel Washington was a mischance only to be explained by the diabolical cunning of the man and the persistence of his success in all things that were necessary

to him; for John Carroll had burned all these letters a month before his arrest after removing them from a hiding-place behind a brick in the chimney. A burned fragment of paper was little enough to hang a man for and yet John Carroll knew that he had earned his punishment. And it was quite obvious that Francois Bigot intended to take no chances as to the security of his prisoner.

There was no possibility of escape from this hole in the rocks where they had sent him. Beyond the iron door were steps and a stone passage, at the end of which was a walled room where two, possibly three, men were constantly on guard. But his arms and legs were, fortunately, not manacled and he continued to move to and fro in the darkness, resolving to keep up his courage and his physical strength until the last moment. With this idea in his mind, when he grew tired he ate and drank, then resumed his pacing of the cell until at last, utterly weary, he found his pallet of straw and fell asleep.

The rasp of the heavy key in the iron door and the shooting of the bolt awoke him, and two soldiers entered, blinding him with the glare of their torches. When the prisoner asked the hour one of them replied that it was eight o'clock, thrusting the bread and water into the corner and growling that this was breakfast. He had slept about twelve hours. He yawned sleepily as he watched them.

One man stood with his musket in his hands while the other attended to his duties. The prisoner had decided last night that he would miss no opportunity that offered escape, for death here in a good fight would be better than that other on the parapet in the early morning starlight. But the venture of a mere brawl without a chance of success did not appeal to him.

When the door closed he ate and drank again, then resumed his pacing of the floor. The air was stale and damp, but through the grating of the door, the only opening, he smelled the air from out-of-doors and caught from time to time the faint odor of tobacco. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he made out the dim shapes of the steps and saw, above, a gray patch against the black. He tried the bars of the door and fumbled at the lock, but rusted as they were, he could not move them.

After a period when the grey square patch above the stair had twice come and gone, a young officer appeared, and with some show of civility informed the prisoner that he was to be removed to another cell, where he was to stay until the hour of execution. Carroll thanked him, unable to express his gratitude and surprise when he was led forth to a cell upon the outer wall of the Citadel with a window through which the morning sunlight streamed upon the stone floor, disclosing a clean, fresh straw bed, a chair, food upon a table, a pot of coffee, and blessing of blessings, a pipe and tobacco.

"To what or whom am I indebted for these favors, Monsieur?" he asked of the lieutenant.

"The orders of Monsieur the Intendant," said the other with a grin. "He bade me say that these comforts are given you at the request of Mademoiselle Heloise Gueret. But I would suggest, Monsieur, the lieutenant went on, "that you do not delude yourself with any vain hopes of freedom, for the orders to my men are to watch you with redoubled vigilance. There will be a guard constantly outside your door, two more outside your window, with orders to shoot you if you make the slightest suspicious movement."

Carroll heard the door crash behind

his guardian. What did it mean? He-loise had succeeded in procuring these outward signs of leniency, but at what cost? How had she prevailed upon Francois Bigot to grant the prisoner these privileges?

John Carroll paced the small cell in a fury of passion, his meal untasted, scorning the sunshine that she had bought for him. Better indeed to have remained hidden deep below the rocky walls in the darkness than to have come forth into the light of such thoughts as the message of Francois Bigot had put into his mind. But fury, no matter how violent, must burn itself out. After a while the prisoner stopped pacing and grew calmer. Bitterness faded, hope came. He ate and drank, at first with a sense of duty and then eagerly with a sense of enjoyment. He smoked, too, one pipe and then another. Then he stood upon the chair and peered out through the bars of his window. There were two men playing cards in the courtyard outside, but as he made no sound their attention was not attracted from their game. A wall, beyond which, through the gate, he saw the roofs of the town, a part of the city wall, and the Gate of Saint Louis. He knew now very well where he was. The wall of the courtyard had crumbled here and there and was not too high for the hand-hold of a desperate man. To the left beyond the wall the hill fell away rapidly to where the walls of the city joined it. And while he looked, a great hawk flew over the fortress toward the distant mountains to the north as though beckoning him upon the way.

But John Carroll's path led in the opposite direction, and the great river lay between. If he could reach the southern shore the friendly woods would cover him. Unwilling to attract the attention of the sentries, he got down from his chair and paced the cell, listening at the door from time to time for sounds of the other guard upon the inside of the prison, but he heard nothing. Perhaps these guards were not as vigilant as their officer had promised.

Of one thing Carroll was certain. He was determined to die like a rat in a trap rather than suffer a criminal's death upon the gallows. He would watch them for a day to find the flaw in the habits or routine of the sentries. A quick spring upon the man who brought his food, a blow with the chair might give him time to cope with the other. Even then he would have to fight his way through the guard-room and across the courtyard, take desperate chances. But his time was growing short; four days and nights only, four days and then—

Again and again he stole to the window and grasped the bars in a futile struggle. If one bar only had been loose in its masonry! One bar of iron, scarcely more than an inch in thickness, between him and freedom. The thought of it became an obsession, like the other thought of the pale face of Heloise in the courtroom.

That night the prisoner slept badly.

THE morning brought with it no new counsel of hope, and it was not until mid-afternoon that the door of his cell was opened. John Carroll had ceased thinking of a visit from Francois Bigot, who now entered, following the two guards, and stood smiling at the prisoner.

"I came to receive your thanks, Monsieur Davol," he said suavely, "for the unusual favors granted by the Governor to a convicted spy."

"What does it matter?" Carroll answered carelessly. "A few hours of sunlight—"

"I had hoped to find you more grateful."

"Can a man about to be hanged be

grateful for anything? What is it you wished to say to me, Monsieur Bigot?"

"Merely to give you my commiseration upon your misfortunes and to bring you a message."

"A message?"

"From Mademoiselle Gueret."

"She has sent me a message by you—?"

"You find that strange? Let us say that I am in a mood to be generous, that Mademoiselle Gueret already mourns you as dead. Both motives are praiseworthy. Why question them?"

"I question nothing," said Carroll savagely. "Give me the message."

"Softly, Monsieur Davol. Under the circumstances such a message is more gracefully written than spoken. I have a note." He took it from his pocket and tapped it lightly with his fingers.

"Give it to me," Carroll said.

"In a moment. I have brought you something else." He made a motion to one of the guards. "Some fresh linen, tobacco, and other small articles to contribute to your comfort. There is a Bible also. Mademoiselle Gueret permitted me to examine the package and tied it with the cord before me. It has not been disturbed. I trust that you will find no weapons—"

"You will have seen well to that," growled Carroll.

"Indeed, Monsieur? Is it not natural that I should protect my sentimental inheritance?"

Carroll sprang for him. "You black scoundrel!"

Bigot stepped aside, and the guards intervened.

"Surely, Monsieur Davol, you cannot believe that all these favors have originated from your courtesies at Beaumanoir."

Carroll drew back, and, folding his arms, turned away.

"I understand you perfectly, Monsieur Bigot. You seek to poison my last moments with the lies of a defeated man. I care nothing for your implications."

"Defeated! You are, of course, not aware that Mademoiselle Gueret has been repudiated at Versailles and in Quebec, that she is without money and friends except perhaps myself."

The prisoner stood staring at the blue sky beyond the window.

"More poisons. I am proof against them. You waste your time, Monsieur. Give me my letter and go."

The Intendant smiled and dropped the note upon the chair by the package.

"I obey. Adieu, my friend. It is the last you will see of me. You die at dawn, and I dislike early rising." At the door he turned. "Is there no message in reply to the note of Mademoiselle Gueret?"

"Yes, Monsieur. You may tell her, if you dare, that every poison has its antidote, every villainy its compensation; that she has my love and faith throughout all time."

"Faith!" Bigot gave a short laugh. "She will not be as constant as I to my purpose. I shall win your lady, Monsieur, if not by one means, by another. Adieu, Monsieur Davol." And the door shut behind him.

John Carroll tore open the note and read:

BELOVED: I do not know whether other eyes may see this letter. In bringing it to you Francois Bigot seeks my forgiveness, and beggars can be no choosers. Your comfort and my longing to let you hear from me are my only excuse for this indignity. I am yours through all eternity. If he break the seal of this letter it will let him know that death will claim me before he does. I send you a Bible. I pray you to read it, the book of Saint Jean, as I have done. It shall be our spiritual marriage and last sacrament. May

Continued on page 78

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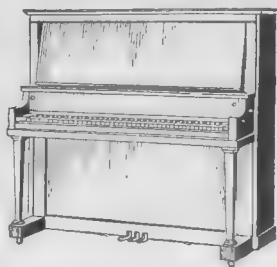
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HELOISE.

This was the answer to the vile boasts of his visitor. Had he read the note? John Carroll turned it over in his fingers, examining the seal. It bore no marks of having been touched. He pressed the paper to his lips and read it again. It seemed to him strangely disjointed. He glanced at the package upon the chair, slowly untying it. There was no hope that anything that might be useful to him would have passed the watchful eyes of Francois Bigot. His own clothing brought from the house of Madame Roget. He put the Bible upon the table while he searched the pockets. Nothing. Monsieur Bigot could afford to be generous with the sealed note.

He climbed to the window and looked out. The rain was still falling and the sentries had gone into the guard-house to continue their game of cards. He could see them through its window. One of them called the attention of the other to him and they laughed. Fools! Apes! If Carroll was any prophet it would not be many weeks before these Frenchmen would be given something to cry about, for the English fleets of Saunders and Holmes would soon be in the St. Lawrence River. Night after night he had lain awake listening for distant sounds of gun-fire, hoping that in the confusion of an attack some opportunity of escape might be presented to him. But there seemed little hope of that now, and at the end of a few days an attack on Quebec would mean nothing to the dull clod of earth that had once been John Carroll.

As he went back to the chair his fingers touched the Bible that Heloise had sent him. He took it up and opened it, turning the pages over idly yet not reading them. Phrases from her note came to him. Saint Jean—their marriage and last sacrament. He sat in his chair, opened the book, and read the phrase: "And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

As his fingers sought the following page, he found that it was sealed tightly to the next one. With quick intuition he glanced toward the door, then moved to the bed, where he would not be visible even from the keyhole. For an inch or more the pages of the Bible were fastened together. He searched the edges with his finger-nail, then the top page. It yielded to his fingers, and he quietly loosened the edges, disclosing a neatly contrived receptacle, containing a file, a small bottle of oil, and a note. Eagerly he read:

BELOVED: Your only chance for escape and mine. I do not need to tell you that you must try. You have three nights to work in. I pray that they may be dark. Friday night after the guard is changed you must escape. At the foot of the hill by the corner of the Rue Saint Ursule a caleche will be in waiting. Its driver will give you a coat and hat and provide you with the countersign for the night. "Outside" on the road to Sillery I will be waiting for you. A boat below the cliffs at Anse-du-Foulon. After that, my trust in God and you!

HELOISE.

JOHN CARROLL went to work that night upon a bar of the window. He chose a spot at the bottom so that his hands would have a longer leverage when the time came to bend it inward. There was the additional advantage that working close to the sill he was not easily observed by the sentry pacing to and fro below the window outside. Though the oil made the grating of metal against metal less easy to hear,

Continued from page 77

there was a dull sound shockingly distinct to the sensitive ears of the prisoner. So he stole his moments when the sentry was at the two ends of his walk, sometimes only able to bring the file once across the face of the bar in the few seconds allotted to him. But toward morning the snores of the guard in the passage gave Carroll a chance to work uninterrupted except by the sentries outside.

Before the light came he obliterated all signs of his work by mixing a paste of mud and putting it into the crevice that he had made, a tiny crevice, scarcely more than a quarter of an inch deep. Then he lay down on his bed to rest, awaiting the daylight in order to be sure that the mud matched the color of the iron. It was slow work, but he had another night and a part of another, for he did not dare risk detection by day. As it grew light outside, he studied the window-sill, removing the few fallen particles of iron and rust, smeared more dust from the bars over the mud, and then went to bed and slept until breakfast-time. Breakfast over, in the presence of his guard, he threw out of the window the remains of his cup of coffee so that any unusual stains upon the window-sill might be explained.

There were already blisters upon his thumbs and forefingers, but he took pains to keep them hidden from the sentry at the door, one of the surly rascals who had guarded him in the dungeon below, Colasse by name.

"Saperlotte!" Carroll heard him growl. "Do they think I am fit for nothing more than to play wet-nurse for a scurvy Englishman! By Saint Anne! The sooner you are dancing upon nothing the better I'll be pleased."

"You are a fighting man, then, Colasse?" asked Carroll.

"I would show you if you tried to escape," the other said boastfully.

At last the man went out and Carroll gave a sigh of relief. His window-bar had escaped the notice of this first inspection, but he climbed on the chair and leaned upon the sill looking out, as he had sometimes done in the morning, and when the back of the sentry in the courtyard was turned, examined the bar that he had filed, satisfied that no one, unless unduly suspicious, could discover the marks of his handiwork.

Most of the day he slept, warily, lightly, listening for visitors; and that night, using the same precautions, he managed to file the soft iron almost through. But his file was getting duller and the labor was more difficult.

Scarcely a quarter of an inch remained, the work of ten minutes perhaps if he could have gone at it steadily, the work of two hours at least under the conditions. But he was satisfied with what had been accomplished, and, filling the crevices with mud and dust, lay and slept until breakfast-time.

His jailer was in a better humor this morning.

"You have a good conscience, Monsieur the spy, to snore the way you do."

"That's one privilege you can't take away from me, Colasse," he said. "I've something the better of you there, Monsieur the fighter. I may snore at night and you may not."

The jailer laughed gruffly. "One more night, Monsieur the spy, and you will sleep eternally." He began to walk about the room. At the window he paused. The prisoner had risen and stood with one hand grasping the chair back. Had the fellow gone to examine the window-sill closely, the chair would have crashed down upon his unguarded

head. And then a change of clothing, a venture of disguise in broad daylight, a desperate chance impossible of success. But the jailer turned aside, took up the dishes, unlocked the door, and went out. He did not know how close he had been to death.

That night, his heart beating with high hopes of success, Carroll began working at the window-bar again. It was still stormy outside, with rain falling at intervals. He had still four hours before the change of the guard, but so much now depended upon the labor of these last moments that his fears were magnified at every mishap. For half an hour or more after dark the sentries outside talked and laughed just beneath his window, telling the silly stories of their loves.

The bell of the chateau boomed the hour of ten before all was quiet again. Only two hours remained to complete his work at the window. He went at it feverishly, trusting to the darkness, but the file seemed to grow duller with every stroke, the iron more resistant. Once, when Carroll delayed too long, the sentry in the courtyard, taking a shorter turn than usual, saw the bulk of his figure at the window.

"What are you doing there?" he asked suspiciously.

"In six hours I am to die," Carroll replied coolly. "Can you not leave me for an hour in peace along with the stars? May the devil seize you for preventing the devotions of a dying man," he finished.

The fellow turned away to the other end of his walk. The bar was almost cut. It seemed as though a wrench would pull it loose, but Carroll feared the sounds of the breaking metal. So he got down from the chair and waited, listening. There was no sound from the corridor, and in a while the footsteps of the man outside resumed their steady pacing. With only half an hour before the time for the changing of the guard, he went back to his work, cutting it at a new angle.

With the change of the guard his friend Colasse would be on duty in the corridor. The shooting of the bolts and the turning of the key in the rusty lock had on one occasion given the prisoner warning, so that he could run to his bed and feign sleep. He trusted to this warning tonight, and was standing on his chair at the window, the bar holding by a shred, when without warning Colasse entered. It was a terrible moment for John Carroll, requiring all his coolness and self-command. The lantern in the hands of his jailer painted his face with ugly shadows.

"What are you doing?"

"I cannot sleep. Could you, with a rope around your neck?"

"Come away from the window," Colasse said, raising his lantern. "Go to your bed."

Slowly Carroll got down from his chair while the man took a pace toward the window, his lantern raised. Even from where Carroll stood he could see the lantern light catch a bright gleam from the gash in the iron bar. Colasse saw it at the same moment and halted, falling back toward the door and reaching for the pistol in his belt. As Carroll leaped upon him the hand holding the file darted toward the man's throat. There was a cry. The lantern was dashed to the ground. Another blow in the darkness. Silence except for a call from the sentry outside. Carroll took the pistol from Colasse, and leaped from the chair to the window-sill. A quick, sturdy pull with his feet against the sides of the window and the bar yielded enough for him to squeeze through.

There was no one in sight. The sentry on guard in response to the alarm had run inside. But as Carroll's feet reached the flagging of the courtyard the other guard, musket in hand, came stumbling from the sentry-house fifty yards away. It was very dark so that the shot he fired pattered harmlessly against the stone wall of the prison. Carroll resisted the temptation to shoot at the fellow and made for the wall, scrambling over and falling in a heap upon the other side before the man could reach him.

Beyond the wall he heard the cries of men and the rush of feet. By the aid of eyes made owl-like by long imprisonment in the darkness he made his way down to rocks, leaping and running when he could. Unless one of the guard were venturesome enough to follow him down the dangerous way he had chosen, he had at least ten minutes the advantage of his pursuers. A thin rain was falling and no one was abroad. Breathing heavily from his exertions, he ran swiftly down a narrow alley into the Rue Saint Louis.

Confused for a moment, he halted, then ran by mistake to the left, hunting for the promised caleche. There was no vehicle there nor any person on the streets. So he turned back in the very direction from which his pursuers would be coming. At the corner of Rue Saint Ursule he halted, listening. There were no sounds from the hill of the Citadel. The gate of Saint Louis was not far away, but how could he pass it without the countersign for the night? It was a moment for great decisions. To hide somewhere in the city merely meant that he would be found in the morning. Better indeed to risk passing the gate without the countersign.

A clatter of wheels upon the cobblestones down the street, a horse galloping toward him. He hid in a doorway. The driver of the vehicle pulled the horse in, waiting. Carroll could see that it was a vehicle of two wheels and ran forth.

"Jacques! Grace to God!" gasped a voice.

It was Heloise.

"The man I counted upon failed me," she whispered quickly. "Here, quickly. A cloak and hat. The countersign for the night is 'Pompadour.' There is still time."

He had already leaped up beside her while she drove toward the gate. It would not do now to send the horse at a gallop, though Carroll assured her that his pursuers could not be far away. As they neared the gate they saw that it was open, but a lantern showed the white uniforms of two sentries under shelter of the arch.

"Drive slowly," advised Carroll coolly. "We will win through now."

As though in negation of his words, they heard at this moment the boom of a cannon from the bastion of the Citadel, in warning of the escape. Before them, the two sentries stood in the roadway, one of them seizing the bridle of the horse.

"Who are you? Where are you going?" the other asked.

"To Trois Rivières," Heloise replied quietly. "I am Mademoiselle de Saint Foy. My father is ill. I am taking the doctor to him."

"The countersign?"

"Pompadour," said Carroll promptly.

"The warning-gun of the Citadel has just been fired," said the man at the wheel of the caleche. "I'm very sorry, Mademoiselle—"

Heloise brought the whip down suddenly upon the back of the startled horse, which sprang forward, bowling over the man at the bridle.

"Wait!"

The man at the wheel leveled his musket, but Carroll fired first, and the frightened horse dashed through the

gate while the men came running from the guard-house. But they were too late. Shots were fired, but the bullets went singing wide. John Carroll could have cried out in his joy. He glanced at her face, and their fingers touched.

"Death for us both, or freedom," she said calmly. It was too dark to see her face, but he knew that the strength of her courage was written there.

"Freedom, Heloise. Yonder, beyond the river."

She gave no reply but a slight pressure of her fingers. She had lost her whip at the gate, but the horse, still frightened, galloped at full speed. Another cannon shot from the Citadel. Already Carroll thought he could see men on horseback on the road behind them.

"We must leave the caleche before we reach Captain Vergor's camp at Anse-du-Foulon. We will take to the bushes near the head of the cliff. They will never catch us."

She nodded and smiled. "You are now the commander of this expedition."

"Now and forever," he said solemnly.

The horse was tiring rapidly. He had run himself out, but the tents of Vergor's guard were not far away. Suddenly their shapes came looming out of the darkness. The cleft in the rocks that John Carroll knew so well was just ahead to their left. He glanced behind them, along the road, and without a word of warning sprang out. Heloise followed. He gave the tired horse a blow with the reins that sent him galloping again toward the guard-tents; then, taking her arm, led her into the bushes, following a path along the very margin of the cliff. It was a fortunate decision, for from their place of concealment they saw three horsemen go thundering past in pursuit of the empty caleche.

Hastening along the edge of the cliff, they at last reached the cleft in the rocks. There was danger here in the darkness, but Carroll's arm went around her waist and they slowly descended from rock to rock, clinging to the branches of trees with hand-holds where they could find them. Half-way down they heard cries from above as their mode of escape was discovered. But below them was the loom of a boat, moored to the rocks in a tiny cove.

"They shall never catch us now; courage, Heloise."

But from the cliffs above shots sounded, and a clatter of small rocks about them showed that the pursuit was continuing. There was more danger indeed from this avalanche of rocks than from the bullets which spat harmlessly in to the river, but they made the lower part of the descent in safety, and in a moment as she faltered he caught her in his arms and ran toward the friendly boat. More shots, dangerously close, as the men above reloaded. They were shooting at the boat now, which must have been in silhouette against the water. He lifted her in and pushed off, rowing furiously. It was not until all the immediate danger had passed that she sank down listless and motionless.

THE shore behind them was just a loom in the mist. Carroll hauled in his oars and raised her head to his breast. He would row no more. Imprisonment again or death, what mattered if she were to die? Her face was as white as chalk in the dark, but she breathed faintly. He dashed water over her, and she stirred in his arms.

"Heloise," he whispered, "are you hurt?"

"I—I'm all right. Something hit me—the head."

He found that it was no bullet, but a stone, dislodged from above, that had

Continued on page 80

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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 79

struck her. He bathed the wound gently and she revived, peering anxiously into the mist.

"The oars," she commanded; "you must not falter for me."

He rowed up the stream, for the tide was at the flood, and in a few moments reached a deserted spot among the rocks of the opposite shore. Here he lifted her out and turned the boat adrift that it might float upstream and thus not betray their landing-place. Long ago he had thought out a plan if he ever reached the southern shore of the Saint Lawrence, and so against her protest that she was able to follow him, he caught her up into his arms and without even waiting to listen for the sounds of pursuit, plunged into the bushes, seeking a trail that he had often travelled. Her cheek was against his, her arms about his shoulders, her lips whispering encouragement at his ear.

"God save us, *bien-aime*. I pray Him that we have won."

"Are you stronger?"

"Yes," she said. "In a moment I will walk again."

But he would not hear of that. She must rest now, he explained. There was a long way to go. He was as strong as a pack-horse. Had he not been sleeping and resting for a month?

Soon he found the trail and followed it for a while, his keen eyes finding another that left it at an angle and led them up the hills and into the depths of a forest, where they paused for a moment to rest and listen. He took the pistol of Colasse from his belt and looked at it ruefully. The weapon had done him a good service, but it was useless now without powder or bullets and only an extra burden. As he threw it into the bushes she took from under her cloak another weapon, a small one, beautifully chased with silver, provided, as she explained with a smile, by Angelique de Pean.

"For myself," she said quietly, "if I had failed."

He put it in his belt, then took her in his arms and kissed her. She yielded gently, but without warmth. But she made no complaint of weakness, and at a sound below them down the trail she started away from him.

"We must go on, farther on, into the depths of the forest, where at least we may die in peace."

"We are not to die, Heloise," he said gaily. "We shall dine tomorrow at the chateau of a fine friend of mine, where you will be as safe as though you were in Baltimore."

"A chateau in the woods?"

"You shall see. Come."

"Lead on," she commanded; "I will follow."

And so they went again through the woods, ever increasing the distance from their enemies. He with no sense of weariness, for his freedom was like a new breath of life to his nostrils. Great plans opened again before his eyes, the fulfilment of the dream of conquest that had sent him upon his dangerous mission. Quebec should fall before Wolfe, and he, John Carroll, would show him the way to victory.

At intervals of half an hour they rested for a few moments. In the east through the trees there was already a gleam of the dawn. The girl in his arms leaned heavily against his shoulder, breathing deeply. Her skirt was torn from her ankles by the thorn-bushes, and her thin shoes had been ground to pulp by contact with the mud and rocks. He held her close in a moment of silent communion. This was no Armande de Lusignac, no pampered darling of the court, but the soul of France itself, Heloise Gueret, a

woman of the people, his woman, his mate.

Already they had come, perhaps, ten miles from the river. As he saw how exhausted she was he blamed himself for permitting her to come so far. And so in a few moments he swung her onto his shoulder like a pack. He was thankful for his many months along the trail, a fitting preparation for this, the supreme effort of his life. His feet lagged over the miles, over rocks, through turbulent streams, but he did not stumble or fall. Safety lay ahead for them both, a sanctuary where friendly hands would greet, feed, and give them comfort. Many times he sat to rest, lowering his burden gently upon the soft moss and dead leaves. She did not stir. Once, in terror, after sunrise, he found her so quiet that he thought she had died, but as he spoke to her she smiled. So he lay down beside her for a moment of rest, and in spite of his will went to sleep.

The sun was high when he awoke and Heloise was bending over him. He raised himself stiffly.

"I have slept," he muttered, getting to his feet and staring at the sun.

"You have carried me—how far?" she asked.

"I don't know. But there's no danger now."

Could she walk again? Her reply was to set out before him. There was no sign of pursuit. After an hour or more the trail widened. And at last, by mid-day, they came upon a clearing where there were fields and a group of wooden cabins, a garden, flowers, and the smell of wood-smoke, and the sound of a dog barking.

"Our hotel," said Carroll with a weary effort at gaiety. "The chateau of Louis Ragueneau, the Sieur de Noyan."

Concluded in the July issue

Legal Information

Continued from page 41

offering it for sale. If the amount realized from the sale of the car is not sufficient to cover the claim and the costs he can sue you for the deficiency. Winnipeg, Man.

Q.—I guaranteed payments of an account for a friend of mine. He did not pay the company and now they have threatened to sue me and garnish my wages. I am only 19 years old and I understood they could not garnish my wages. Please let me know what I should do?—Bobby.

A.—If the account was for necessities furnished to you the company could sue you and garnish your wages to collect same. In this case it appears that you had no personal benefit from the goods purchased. However, there is nothing to prevent anyone from suing you at any time. If the company should sue you and garnish your wages, immediately go to a solicitor and have a defence filed pleading your minority. You will then have no difficulty in disposing of the garnishing order. The point is that being a minor is not an absolute defence unless pleaded, and if you do not put the facts before the court the company will be able to obtain a judgment against you and collect under the garnishing order.

Beware of Woddy

She was the head of one of the largest families in the United States, leaving 102 living descendants, scattered through five generations. She attributed her long life to the fact that she never woddied.—From a news item in a California paper.

For Drowsy Dream the Easy-Chair is sweet;

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Keeping Your Bathroom Clean

WHEN is a bathroom clean? If you have ever watched a hotel maid pick up a soiled towel (discarded by the last occupant), polish the tub and lavatory with it, and walk out, you realize how widely standards of cleanliness differ.

A tub and lavatory cleaned in this superficial way might *look* spotless; but cleanliness in a bathroom implies something more than spotlessness. It implies bacteriological cleanliness as well. A spotless bathroom may not be a sanitary bathroom.

Every housewife should certainly clean her bathroom so carefully that there is little risk of body organisms being carried from one member of the household to another. There is one type of bacteria (*bacillus coli*)—a normal inhabitant of the lower intestine—that will be found in *all* tubs not thoroughly cleansed.

Must be Free from Bacteria

ONE question, therefore, which every housewife should ask herself is: Does my method of cleaning make for bacteriological cleanliness as well as for spotlessness? A common reaction when housewives are asked to consider this question is the query: What disinfectant should I use to kill the bacteria?

Making the room bacteriologically clean as well as spotless does not necessitate two distinct operations. The right cleaning method will do both things at one time. Emphasis should be placed, not so much upon killing bacteria, as upon *cleaning fixtures so effectively that no lodging place for bacteria is afforded.*

A smooth glazed surface with no film or grease, and with no rough places, is a most inhospitable place for bacteria. If we afford bacteria no opportunity to collect and multiply, it is unimportant whether we kill them or wash them down the drain.

The whole problem really resolves itself into a study of cleansing agents. A housewife should consider the various cleansing agents with the problems of her own particular bathroom in mind. In an ideal bathroom—easily accessible for cleaning, unmarred by previous bad treatment,—the problem is comparatively simple.

But most of us, unfortunately, are concerned with keeping in good condition bathrooms which are far from ideal. Stained and roughened surfaces offer special problems.

Whatever its good points, a hard coarse cleanser should be condemned utterly because it mars smooth surfaces. Scratches on these smooth surfaces mean lodging places for dirt and bacteria. The housewife uses more of the coarse cleanser to remove the dirt and bacteria which accumulate in these scratches, and thereby scratches the surfaces to a greater extent and offers increased hospitality to dirt and germs. Any housewife who uses a coarse cleanser will have increasing difficulty in keeping her bathroom clean.

Very fine powdered cleansers, such as whiting (powdered chalk), do not mar the surfaces on which they are used. The important objection to them is that they are insoluble. The very fine particles, heavier than water, tend to collect in traps, and interfere with drainage.

Plumbers consistently advise against them for this reason.

The ideal cleanser is one that is soft, flat and flaky—one that will neither mar fine surfaces, nor clog drains; and will leave surfaces so clean that bacteria cannot thrive.

Family Must Co-operate

SO FAR as keeping the lavatory, closet and tub clean is concerned, one matter cannot be overstressed—the importance of family co-operation. The housewife should hold each member of her family responsible for seeing that the fixtures are left clean after each using. Dirt which is allowed to dry on the surfaces of the bathroom fixtures does not yield easily. More vigorous methods than would otherwise be necessary have to be used, and time and energy are wasted. If every member of the household does his share the occasional thorough cleaning of the bathroom entails no great effort.—Bertha Morris Parker and Mary Koll Heiner, in "Hygeia."



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CHRYSLER "70"

Shinnenbaum's Shoe Sale

Continued from page 7

But now Mrs. Yudenitch by a supreme effort made herself heard above the uproar.

"They maybe ain't all his kids," she said, "but they're anyhow all mine! Wasn't I married with Benny Salzborg and had eight? Nu, Abe, don't cry till you cross the bridge. Eight Salzborgs and eight Yudenitches makes sixteen children. I ask the gentleman to deny it!"

Mr. Shinnenbaum went back to the office to see how the records stood. The next largest family had been twelve in number. After all, nothing had been said about step-children.

"You win, Abe," he said returning. Abe put his arms around the manager's neck and tried to kiss him.

"But wait!" said the boss, "how can I give you any money back when you didn't pay us, eh?"

"Positively I ain't got a rusty cent!" declared Abe, pulling out his pockets dramatically.

"That's right," nodded his ample wife. You should believe us, we didn't bring no money—and for why? Because we knew we'd win!"

Mr. Shinnenbaum encountered the old Russian woman, as he returned to the back of the store. Impulsively he picked up a pair of shoes and pushed them into her arms. He was in a generous mood—or perhaps her continued presence made him a little uncomfortable. He urged her toward the door.

"You should live, Mr. Shinnenbaum!" she said quaveringly.

"Thassallright, thassallright," he said hurriedly, patting her bent shoulders. "We're closing up soon."

"Long years on you!" she murmured, the moisture starting from her faded eyes.

"You shouldn't mention it," said Mr. Shinnenbaum modestly. "I don't forget I once had a mother."

"That you should make me such a grand present!" She began to weep with the joy of it.

"Nu, that ain't so much."

"But just what I'm needing!" she sobbed.

He looked down at her poorly protected feet, blinked rapidly, turned aside as he opened the door for her.

"Such a fine good man!" the pathetic creature muttered brokenly. She renewed her thanks, standing there in the open doorway. Just such a son as this she might have had . . . once in Russia she had beautiful boots, brass-trimmed, made by her man's own hands—before they took him away. She escaped from Russia with the children, fifty rubles hidden in each toe. . . .

"A long life on you, Mr. Shinnenbaum!"

"Sall right—don't make it such a gedinks," returned the now embarrassed manager. We're keeping a draught on the customers—"

"Long years and many grandchildren, Mr. Shinnenbaum! The beautiful shoes! I should live yet to wear them!"

Mr. Shinnenbaum shrugged.

"They ain't so much," he said with fine candor. "We couldn't anyhow sell them on account one is four and one is six and they're both," he added with a tinge of regret, "both for the left feet."

"The spring of yester year," he wrote, 'may have been more beautiful than the spring of today; but today we live in today's spring. It is fine to live in the spring of modernity, but the leaves are ripening for the fall, and the next year there will be another spring.'"

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The Weak Spot

Continued from page 6

from its drum. His ribs, where the tag passed about them, seemed cracking. The delicate skin on his hands burned and stück to the line overhead, so desperate was his clutch, in his endeavor to ease the strain on his chest and back.

To agonize him yet more, the fire that was now roaring up the gorge, like shavings through a blower, as though angered by his defiance, and its impotency to reach him, sent up great billows of pungent, acrid smoke, and waves of withering heat that enveloped, shrivelled, and suffocated him.

He tore loose his left hand to pull his wet cap farther down over his eyes, and to raise a part of the canvas up around his mouth and nose.

The bank toward which he was speeding was invisible, and so he had no means of knowing how many more seconds he would have to endure. He prayed that the situation would be better over there, for he felt that he could not keep his senses much longer without a respite. At the thought that he would have to come back—indeed, if he did come back at all—through all this, and handicapped by the helpless kid, he groaned.

The branches of a passing tree whipped and tore at his face and clothing. His dangling feet cracked against a tall rampike as he shot past.

Slim knew then that the opposite side was near. Even as he decided this, the smoke thinned a little, and he beheld the stumps and debris of the logged-off embankment, twenty feet above which his aerial tramway extended, rushing toward him. He clawed out his revolver with bent fingers, and just as his travelling noose bade fair to smash him to atoms against a tall stump, he pulled the trigger.

Scarce had the report sounded than the line stopped and slowly sagged several feet, giving him the necessary slack to unhook the heavy tag. Slim silently blessed the engineer who was so prompt, and displayed a thorough knowledge of his work in the matter of throwing a slack on the main. Many would have overlooked that vital point, he thought.

Once free from the hard embrace of the noose, he flexed his muscles, and started, on the run, over logs, chunks and roots, in the direction he thought the stricken boy to be.

There was no time to lose. The fire was very close, but thanks to the dryness of the slashed material, in which there was less green growth left than in the ravine, the smoke was not yet unbearable.

"Hey, kid, where are you?" he shouted, at the top of his lungs.

"This way," came back the faint reply, a little to Slim's left and ahead. He dashed in the direction of the call, with renewed vigor.

A jump brought him into what he knew must be the trail. Another few steps ahead on this, and his keen eyes fell upon the kid, reared up on his elbow and staring about wildly.

"What's the trouble?" exclaimed Slim, dropping down beside him.

"Twisted knee, and bunged head, when I fell dere," groaned the kid, with an effort to keep the pain out of his voice.

"Here, get your arm around my neck and use your good leg," commanded Slim, suiting the action to the word. "We must make it snappy."

"Who are you? Where's Uncle Sven, and whad d'he whistle me in for, before I cut that block loose?" queried the kid in a complaining tone.

"Save your breath, if you don't want to leave your charred body for the

ants. Steady, now," grunted Slim, as he bent under the sturdy form of the young "Oley."

Slim likens the ordeal of that trip back to the tag-line to the first time he, as a boy of fifteen, carried a sack of potatoes from the wagon to the cellar steps, to win a nickel wager from his tight-fisted Uncle Hugh. But they arrived at last, and Slim, explaining briefly as he worked, fastened the loop about the two of them, face to face, threw the canvas he had discarded when he landed a moment before over their heads, and with the parting ad-



monition: "Hang on above, breathe as little as you can, we're going through hell," fired the "ahead" signal.

"BY GAWD, I got his idea now," exploded Larson, the first of the crew to regain his wits after Slim's uncereemonious departure from their midst into the infernal spaces. "The nervy devil!"

"Why, what's his hunch, Sven?" questioned several of the men eagerly.

"He's going to bring that kid back the way he went over—that is, if he gets there in time," explained Larson, with a dubious glance toward the other side, now obliterated from view by the smoke.

"By gosh, some stunt eh? I wouldn't chance that ride for five thousand dollars, and I'm a rigger at that," ejaculated Joe Rand, whose work it was to climb the spar-trees, cut the tops off, and hang the rigging on the standing portions. "Nerve is right," and he emphasized his remark by directing a livid stream of pay-roll essence fairly upon the back of an unoffending spider, hieing on its way in quest of a cool spot.

"Say, I don't know much about this business. Has he got a chance?" exclaimed Mr. Wilson, anxiously, stepping up to Larson.

"A fighting one, if he can find the kid in a hurry. Depends mostly on the fire," was the reply. "Damn my warty hide; I should be hung by my own bood-laces for ledding a greenhorn step in here, outthink me, and do the job I should have done," Larson added bitterly.

Before further comment could take place, a pistol shot from the other side reached their ears.

"He's over! Shut her off. Slack the main drum, Ben," shouted Larson to the engineer. But that worthy had been quicker than the words. From long practice these things had been done, as we already know, before the signal had died away.

It was now a tense time for the waiting men. They could do nothing, see nothing, and this made the strain so much harder. They were, with one or two exceptions, accustomed to action and physical endurance, not to inactivity and quiet stoicism.

"If I could only do something. It's my fault if dose two young guys don't get back," groaned poor Larson, slapping his battered hat against his knee.

"Come man, cheer up; you did all you could," consoled Mr. Wilson. "And I believe Slim will make it. There is no limit to that boy's spunk," he added hopefully.

"A very plucky chap, indeed, I'll say," interjected the fire-warden admiringly.

One moment dragged past; another came, and crawled to an end; a third was at hand, and half-spent, and still no sign nor sound from across the clouds of smoke.

It seemed much longer to the grim, silent waiters. Each was beginning to fear the worst, but recoiled from shattering the others' hopes by saying so.

"I can't stand this; I'm going over," shouted Larson at last, beside himself with fear and suspense. "Damn your meddling hide! whad d'you stop me for, in the first place?" he snarled at the constable, as he sprang the second time for the head of the trail.

Crack! A second report from out the spaces smote their ears, and Larson halted in his tracks.

"Start her easy to take up the slack; then run the guts out of her, coming back through that smoke," he roared to Ben.

Then, as steam poured from the exhaust once more, the group became electrified into action. They dropped their tools, and charged like Uhlans for the base of the spar-tree—Larson's burly figure three paces in the lead.

A halt, a pause, anxious expectancy; then as the lines whined and sizzled in the blocks high overhead, a dark, bulky shadow loomed out of the obscurity over the ravine, took shape, and emitting steam, smoke, and fragments of fire, rapidly floated toward them from out the smothering vapors. Two pairs of wriggling feet pended from the weird appearing mass.

"Hooray!" A spontaneous shout of relief and gladness soared upward from twenty throats at once.

"You're sure one damn good man all right," asserted Larson admiringly, gripping Slim's hand, as the latter opened his eyes a moment later to find himself between the speaker and Mr. Wilson.

"How's the kid?" sputtered Slim, still suffering from smoke and the water that had been generously poured over him.

"Oh, he's O.K., 'cept his knee. God more rags left on him than you, grinned Larson with an amused survey of Slim's sorry apparel.

"Well, got to get back to the roary-eyed fire again, before that carrot-headed wop of a warden balls the thing up again," said he, rising. "But before I forged," he went on, "you come around to the house next Sunday and I'll make the kid take out a policy wid you. He needs it, and guess you might as well count me in on it too," he finished as though it were an afterthought, as he lumbered off.

Slim looked at Mr. Wilson and smiled. "The weak spot at last," he murmured in a tired voice, as he rose stiffly to his feet.

"Over There"

New York Pater: "What is there about Europe that's so wonderfully fascinating?"

New York Daughter: "One meets such nice Americans."—Montreal Gazette.

He Was There

She: "Remember you? Of course I do. Didn't we meet at that ghastly party at the Jenkinsops?"

He: "Quite likely. My name is Jenkinsop."—London Opinion.

The Only Way Out

Continued from page 10

wasn't a very enviable task for a rejected suitor to butt in, but—there was Dora to consider.

As the train neared Castleton, Carl's mind was still in a turmoil. One moment he determined to go to Dora herself and to beg her to look before she leaped. The next moment he was equally sure that it was his duty to go to Elijah Strong and to put the cards face up on the table.

But what were the cards—possibly the silly tales of some old wives, perhaps the ugly stories of someone jealous because of Perry's advancement. No, there was nothing to do but to wait until he made a little private investigation and had something definite to present.

Carl reached home in time for supper. He had rarely seen his mother looking so well or in such excellent spirits. She had prepared his favorite meal—warm biscuits and honey, and a layer cake with a rich filling of whipped cream.

"Why, Mom," he laughed, "you must be going to touch me for a new dress or something. What's the meaning of all this spread?"

"I'll tell you after supper," she nodded mysteriously. "But now I want you to eat these biscuits while they are hot, and tell me what sort of a cake maker you think your mother is."

Carl tried to do justice to the meal to please his parent, but he really had little appetite. He was surprised that his mother did not seem to notice. She was much occupied telling him the news of what had happened while he was away.

"The wedding up to Strong's is being hurried up," she told him as she filled his dish up with honey again. "It seems Perry Hanson has got to go away and he is marrying Dora and taking her along with him. The wedding is tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. There are no guests; just the family. I think it's quite the best way. If I were going to be married myself, I wouldn't want a big splurge."

Carl listened with a sinking heart. There was no time for an investigation, but could he let this wedding go on without at least sounding a note of warning?

"Come into the front room," his mother said as Carl drew back from the table. "Aunt Tabitha is going to wash the dishes for me—and I've something to tell you."

Carl looked at his watch.

"I have some things to attend to, tonight," he said, but I can give you a few minutes, Mother."

"A few minutes will do," Mrs. Peters remarked cheerfully. She even seemed relieved, for she was clasping and unclasping her hands nervously.

Ten minutes later, Carl came out of the little parlor and took his hat from the rack in the little hall. His face was whiter than when he reached home. The time was passing, and with it his chance of winning the girl he loved.

The door slammed after him and he walked quietly down the street, not in the least sure what he would do, but of one thing he was certain. He must have an interview with Elijah Strong.

THE First National Bank of which Mr. Strong was president, faced the little park which centred the town, and it was possible that Mr. Strong might be down there tonight. Carl decided to cut across the park and see if there was a light in the president's office. If not, there was nothing for him to do but to go on another block to the Strong home. It wouldn't be

easy at a time like this, but now his duty was clear.

As he neared the Soldiers' Monument in the centre of the square of green, he saw a figure approaching in the shadows of the overhanging trees. It couldn't be possible—but a second look convinced him he was right.

"Dora," he said softly, "where are you going?"

The girl ran to him and clutched his arms with her small, white hands.

"Oh, Carl, Carl," she sobbed, "I can't do it! I can't marry that man! I thought I could, for he fascinated me with his glib tongue, and his elegant dancing. But we can't dance through life, and—and Carl, I know he's the kind of a fellow you thought he was when you followed us out to the Wild Duck. I don't know what I'm going to do," she burst out hysterically. "Mother and Dad think he's all right. Save me, Carl. I can't go on with this."

"Don't," said Carl gently, "you don't have to, Dora. A girl is a fool to marry a man she doesn't respect and love. Let me go to your father and talk to him."

"Oh, he'd just say you were jealous," sobbed the girl. "And think of the scandal when my wedding dress and veil are all ready to slip on in the morning. Listen."

The girl was suddenly quiet.

"I love you, dear—I know it now. Love you well enough to marry you if you didn't have a penny and were blind and helpless—well enough to live with your mother. But I have forfeited that right. I want to say goodbye and please remember me kindly. In the morning I shall not be here."

Carl took the cold, slender hands in his.

"You mean—you mean," he said slowly, "that you care for me enough to marry me."

The girl's teeth were chattering. "Of course I do, you goose," she quavered, "but it can't be now. I'm—I'm going away!"

Suddenly she found herself folded in two warm, protecting arms.

"Of course you are going away," a loved voice assured her, "and I'm going with you. It's all as clear as sunshine. Go home, sweetheart, and get a good night's rest. Meet me at the corner just below your house at six o'clock tomorrow morning. I'll be there with the flivver and a chaperon, and we'll drive to Wilsonville and be married, and come back and ask your dad for his blessing."

Carl suddenly held her off at arm's length and looked into her transfigured face.

"Do you want to know who I am going to take for chaperon?" he demanded happily.

"I can't imagine," Dora said softly, with a shake of her bobbed curls.

Carl laughed.

"It'll be mother," he said, "for she's feeling fine and fit these days, and she's going to be married herself day after tomorrow, to the Hon. John Wilkins, second cousin to my dear old dad. He's been here several times lately—every time when I was away, and tonight she confessed that they'd got it all fixed up—hadn't told me for fear I'd object."

"Six o'clock, Honey, and we'll give some folks the surprise of their life!"

The happy pair strolled along to the edge of the park.

"Here's where we say good-night," beamed Dora happily. "No one must see us together, for there isn't to be any hitch in this wedding."

"Not so you'd notice it," chortled Carl. "And believe me, an elopement is the only way out!"

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SOMETHING THE EDITOR HAS TO SAY

DEAR Boys and Girls: As this is the month when we stand on station platforms and wave goodbye to people going on their holidays, you must try and picture Bobby Burke waving to you from the pages of this Cosy Corner, for the end of this month spells HOLIDAYS to most of us, and I suppose there will be such a scatteration as never was the minute the last examination has been written, the last night that the school door closes behind you! Out into the world you'll go with nothing to do for two long glorious months. "Nothing to do," did I say? Wouldn't that be horrible? What a weeping and wailing there would be, wouldn't there? But instead of there being "nothing to do" the world is just bursting with things you want to do. Picnicing for instance, swimming, paddling, riding, berry picking, wandering through the woods "just looking," playing all the jolly outdoor games, climbing trees (but not for bird's nests), gathering flowers and arranging them, watching the birds and the bees and the bugs, eating warm red strawberries and raspberries, and, last but not least, KEEPING A DIARY FOR THE COSY CORNER. Look farther on in the page and see what you have to do.

When you come back from Holiday Land let me see you all looking brown and plump and happy, especially happy. Perhaps some of you are going to cross the sea and visit strange countries in Europe; perhaps some of you are going through the wonderful rocky mountains to the coast of the Pacific; perhaps some of you are going down to Ontario or Quebec or Nova Scotia to spend your summer among the fruit trees of those old provinces; some of you will be going to nearby lakes I know, and some of you just staying at home and enjoying your own garden and your own picnic grounds. Wherever you go, though, it would be too bad for you to miss a chance of the summer prize, so here's another chance for you. Keep a diary about your trip if you go away from home. Not every day, perhaps, but the most interesting things that happen while you are away. There will be the same prizes for these diaries as for the home and farm diaries. And, now, a happy holiday to you every one from Bobby Burke and the Cosy Corner.

LETTERS RECEIVED

Katherine Nanckwell, of Athabasca, Alta., wants to become a member of the C.C.C. She is 12 years old and wants to have boys and girls write to her. She also wants to know if there are any rules in connection with the Cosy Corner.

(No, to that last, Katherine, no rules, we keep open house and welcome you all, and you win a very pretty gold button by trying one of the competitions you will find every month under "Something To Do.")

Lydia Odenback, of Stony Plain, Alta., who is thirteen years old, has sent us in a pretty little poem she has written. We are going to send her out a gold button for this poem, it is so nice.

Alma Gould, of Summerland, B.C., who is a smart girl of ten years in Grade IV, wants to join the C.C.C. We are very glad to have her and hope she will win a button soon. Alma's verses are also about her pussy, but she must try again and read more poems in the meantime.

Louise Paul, of Govan, and Eileen Dykes, of Calgary, both write nice little letters thanking the C.C.C. for the gold buttons they won and telling us how much they enjoy the reading and the competitions.

Donald Ralph Collins, of Strathclair, sends us a little story with a moral. We hope it is not his own experience!

Three Little Cats Lydia Odenback

Three little cats sat in a barn
Upon a rainy day;
And one was white, and one was black,
And one was pearly gray.

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE

"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"



Three little cats, three little cats,
They watched the rain come down,
It flowed about the quiet street
And over all the town.

"Oh, Crystal White," said Velvet Black,
"And you, dear Pearly Gray,
Let's jump and roll, and have some fun,
And scramble in the hay."

But Crystal White preferred to act
As if she wore a crown,
She was afraid to get a speck
Upon her spotless gown.

So Pearly Gray and Velvet Black
Began to romp and play;
And then they found some little mice
All hidden safe away.

They scampered fast, those little cats,
But with a sleepy frown,
Sat Crystal White against the wall
As funny as a clown.

They chased those little frightened mice
All through the rustling hay,
Till Crystal White forgot her dress
And rushed to join the fray.

And when the merry sport was done,
Each little cat sat down,
And with her pretty coral tongue
She smoothed her rumpled gown.

THE BIRD HOUSES

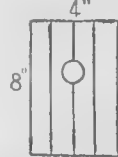
Well, boys, you did very well but not well enough, for a girl is going to take the bird house away from you, and I'll tell you why—she knows more about carpentering than you do! Her description of how to work is clear and can be understood and I only knew what some of the boys meant because I am an editor and editors have to understand everything! Pearl Turner, of Denzil, Sask., who has already won a gold button this month wins the bird house. Good for you, Pearl, congratulations! Little Virginia Morrow, of Edmonton, wins an honorable mention. Virginia is only four years old but has made a very nice little painted drawing of a bird house. Billy Morrow, of 11304-125th St., Edmonton, wins a gold button for his bird house, and Samuel Beddis, of Ganges, B.C., will also have a button for his. Honorable mention goes to Orne Sogers, of Macrorie, Sask., and to Warren Rose, of Newdale. (Warren has had his tonsils out and while he was convalescing drew and painted a nice bird house but his directions wouldn't be much help to any other boy or girl I'm afraid.)

Directions for Making a Bird House

By Pearl Turner, Denzil, Sask.

This may be made out of quarter inch lath one inch wide. Lines in diagram indicate laths, a cleat one inch wide and half inch thick is what they are nailed to.

Side 6 in.x 8 in.
Slant 2 in.



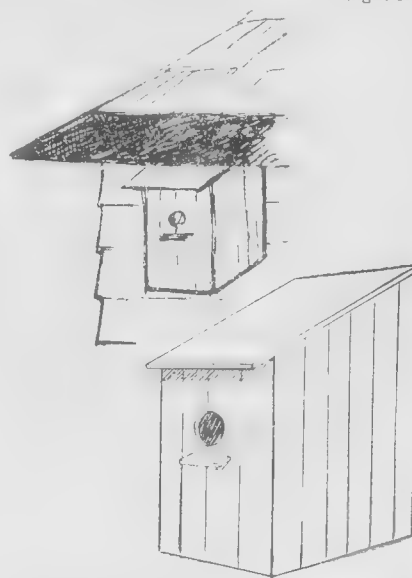
Fit laths before nailing and mark out where hole should be. Then lift up laths which must have the hole cut through and whittle out as this is easier than trying to cut hole after the front has been nailed together. So when nailed on hole will be already there.

This may just be sawed out of quarter inch board. But before you nail it on nail the porch on under the hole as shown in figure 4 so that all nails may be clinched from back.



Make the top out of board with two inches over in front for eaves.

The bottom also may be board. To put together make all pieces first. Then stand the sides the right distance apart and nail on top, then front and back, next nail the bottom on.



This is an ideal bird home to nail up under the eaves, and if puss shows a desire to sit on the barn and "fish" at the bird house nail a piece of tin along eaves of barn so she couldn't keep her balance as in figure 5.

SOMETHING THE GIRLS MADE

Three Candy Recipes

Bessie Coxworth, of Regent, Man., wins the pecan roll, and won't she enjoy it? Here is the recipe for her candy, her own invention. Barbara Ward, of Grenfell, and Pearl Turner, of Denzil, Sask., each receive a gold button for their letters and recipes, which also follow. Pearl's was a particularly neat letter.

My Best Candy Recipe

One evening my sisters were giving a party for some friends and asked me to make some fudge for it. I looked up a lot of recipes but none were what I wanted, so I made up one. This is it: Place in a saucepan 3 cups brown sugar, 2/3 cup milk, 3 tablespoons corn syrup, 2 tablespoons butter. Boil until soft ball can be formed in cold water. Remove from fire and add 1/2 teaspoon vanilla. Beat until creamy. Pour on buttered dish and cool. Do not stir while boiling or it will sugar.

Everyone liked this fudge.
—Bessie Coxworth, Regent P.O., Man.

My Candy Recipe

Two cups of granulated sugar, 1 teaspoonful of fruit juice, 2 tablespoonfuls of cocoanut, enough water to moisten well. Put sugar and water into a pan and boil for one minute. Add fruit juice (beet coloring may be used in place of fruit juice) and cocoanut. As soon as a thin hairlike thread can be formed by dipping a spoon in candy and then holding it away it is time to take off. Have a well greased plate ready and pour candy on to it. When it starts to harden cut into blocks. The amount of material given makes about twenty-five large pieces. If desired, nuts may be added, and if lemon juice is added in place of fruit juice it will make a nice yellow candy.

I discovered this candy recipe when making "flapjack" syrup for breakfast. In reading the papers I forgot my syrup and lo! when it was poured out it went into a beautiful block of candy. Then one day when given run of the kitchen I tried my recipe over, adding the other ingredients until I could manufacture a real nice candy, to the surprise of the

rest of the family, as cooking isn't in my line. Of course, it didn't always turn out perfect, for sometimes it would harden in the pan before I could pour it out, and other times it refused to harden at all. But I found out that this was caused by either boiling it too long or not enough. I soon learned to remedy these mistakes. As this was last fall I now have recipe "down pat."

—Pearl Turner (14), Denzil, Sask.

Dear Editor: I saw the contest in recipes and thought I would like to try it. The story of it is:

One Saturday mother and my sister went to town and mother said I could make candy.

I got the dish out and put the sugar and so on in it. I then said to myself, "It will take the candy a long time to boil so I will go in the front room and sit down." Just as I sat down I saw a good book and opened it. I had read it so I got the Western Home Monthly and started to look at it for the tenth time. I got a good story called "The Second Chance." It was so interesting that I forgot candy. I heard something boil over in the kitchen and I smelt something burning. I was just in the middle of the story but I ran out and found the candy burning. This was April 3rd, but I thought I would try an April fool this day, as both brothers were small and would April fool when it wasn't April fool day. I poured the candy on to buttered pans and put it to cool, forgetting the flavoring, of course. The boys came in and I said I had some nice candy for them. They ate the candy and, of course, the same thing happened to them as does to many other boys. I was paid back for my candy burning and had as good a laugh as anyone.

Recipe—Nut Fudge.—2 cupfuls of sugar, 1/4 cup of milk, 1/2 cup of chopped nuts, 1 table spoon of butter. Boil until it spins a thread, then take off stove and add vanilla. Beat for five minutes, then pour on buttered pans to cool. Cut in squares before it gets real cool.

—Barabara Ward, c/o F. Ward, Box 16, Grenfell.

SOMETHING TO DO IN THE SUMMER

Keep your diaries—one for farm boys and girls, beginning June 1st and lasting until August 25th, telling all the work that is done on the farm in that time. One for city boys and girls, telling what is happening in the garden day by day. Both tell what work is done, what pests come, what flowers and vegetables grow, what is done to keep them growing, etc. What happens to the weeds? Have you a frog? Do birds come?

There will be a choice of prizes, either a rose for indoor growing or a Brownie camera, and for second the choice of a Boy Scout knife or a box of letter paper. There will be gold buttons, too!

SOMETHING TO LEARN

A Wish is Quite a Tiny Thing

A wish is quite a tiny thing,
Just like a bird upon the wing;
It flies away all fancy free,
And lights upon a house or tree;
It flies across the farthest air,
And builds a safe nest anywhere.

—Annette Wynne.

The Moon's the North Wind's Cooky

(What the Little Girl Said)

The moon's the north wind's cooky,
He bites it day by day,
Until there's but a rim of scraps
That crumble all away.

The south wind is the baker,
He kneads clouds in his den,
And bakes a crisp new moon that....
greedy

North....wind....eats again!

—Vachel Lindsay.

"Mrs. Smith always has abominable weather for her afternoon teas, hasn't she?" said a woman to a man guest, according to the Windsor Magazine.

"Yes," said the man, as he reached for his hat and stick; "she never pours but it rains."

Five Hundred Boys and Girls Receive First Aid Awards

Canada represented by 52 names on the Honor Roll for Bravery in Accident-Emergencies.

THE names of fifty-two boys and girls from Canada are now inscribed on the international honor roll, commemorating the five hundred best instances of First Aid service rendered by the children of Canada and the United States during the year 1925.

Each of them has received, as well, a ten-dollar gold piece as a token of appreciation for the bravery they displayed in various accident emergencies and for the skilful way they took care of the unfortunate.

The winners of the First Aid awards from Western Canada are:

Walter F. Van, Keeler, Saskatchewan.
Jean Murdoch, Mawer, Saskatchewan.
Evelyn Myers, Penzance, Saskatchewan.
Fred Bolton, Brandon, Manitoba.
Ralph Gurry, Wawanesa, Manitoba.
Ethel Peterman, Kelowna, British Columbia.

Eric Peake, Vancouver, British Columbia.

Robert Derbyshire, Fernie, British Columbia.

Margaret Gordon, Vegreville, Alberta.
Bertha Jones, Berwyn, Alberta.
Denny Hogan, Jasper, Alberta.
Archie Marshall, Brooks, Alberta.
Mildred Bella Bossard, Calgary, Alberta.

These awards, which were part of a plan sponsored by Bauer & Black, of Chicago, to promote First Aid education and practice among the boys and girls of Canada and the United States, were made by a committee of four judges: Dr. H. W. Gentles, M.B., C.M., Chicago; Dr. Frank J. Monaghan, Health Commissioner, New York City; D. Herman N. Bundesen, Commissioner of Health, Chicago; and Dr. Fred C. Zapffe, Secretary and Treasurer of the American Medical College who, in determining what names should be inscribed on the honor roll, were called upon to consider thousands of reports on First Aid services rendered from every state in the Union and from every Canadian province.

Consequently, the crusade against the tragic aftermaths of accident, which was inaugurated last year primarily through the formation of the Junior First Aid Legion, with an enrollment of several hundred thousand members, proved far-reaching and highly successful in its results.

During the present year, a similar contest will be held, and the prize awards that will go to heroic boys and girls in Canada and the United States for their bravery and skill in accident emergencies, will total \$10,000 in university scholarships and cash, divided as follows:

Scholarship Awards

1st Prize—\$1,000 Scholarship and Gold Honor Medal.

2nd Prize—\$500 Scholarship and Gold Honor Medal.

3rd Prize—\$250 Scholarship and Gold Honor Medal.

The amount of each of the above three scholarship prizes will be paid in cash by Bauer & Black to any school or college which the winning contestant selects—the amount of the prize to be placed to his credit in paid-up tuition fees.

Cash Awards

20 prizes of \$100 each in cash and Bronze Honor Medal.

30 prizes of \$50 each in cash and Bronze Honor Medal.

475 prizes of \$10 each in cash and Bronze Honor Medal.

Any boy or girl is eligible to compete for one of these awards. Anyone performing a First Aid service of any sort merely sends plainly written account of it to Bauer & Black, Limited, Toronto, Canada, giving the date and place of accident, the name of the person aided, and the endorsement of the family doctor, school teacher, druggist or Scout Master.

The Junior First Aid Legion, which just celebrated the first year of its existence, will be continued during 1926, and the rolls are now open for a substantial increase in membership. The drug stores of the country have been made the recruiting stations, and enrolling members will receive a pocket packet of First Aid supplies and a course in First Aid instruction. A life membership costs 12 cents.



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Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

If—and When

Communism will work beautifully, if love, instead of greed inspires it.—London Times.

We've All Learned It

If the School of Experience had a class yell, it would be "Ouch!"—Brandon Sun.

Educational Item

Indulge in only "light" reading, and you will remain a lightweight.—New Westminster British Canadian.

A Citizen Out of the Ordinary

It is the exceptional man who doesn't impose on himself more taxes than the Government imposes.—Saskatoon Star.

A School with Many Graduates

Every time the bottom falls out of the stock market another class graduates at the School of Experience.—Detroit News.

The Wolf at the Limousine Door

Automobile enamels have been so improved in recent years that it is said a wolf scratching at a limousine door no longer mars the finish.—Buffalo Express.

So It Might Appear

Liquor seems likely to be the outstanding issue in Ontario and U.S. elections this year.—Vancouver Sun.

Neither Do We

On the whole we do not feel any urge to go to Nova Zembla or Spitzbergen and consider flying over the Pole.—Calgary Herald.

'Tis True We Are All Human

The trouble with the farmers is that they have got the same itching as the city man for bigger profits and less work.—Toronto Telegram.

A Question Answered

"Why aren't there parking places for pedestrians?" asks a motorist. He forgets our commodious cemeteries.—Punch.

Groceries in the Gold Rush

Judging from the prices charged for supplies at Red Lake, the gold mines seem to be in the grocers' stores.—Fort William Times-Journal.

An Old Libel in a New Form

After July 1, it will cost only two cents to mail a letter. You have two guesses to name the nationality that will write no more letters till after July 1.—Halifax Herald.

What, Indeed!

So Chicago has been once more told legally that it can't have any more water diverted its way than it is entitled to. But what's a little thing like a law to Chicago?—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

The Idea Does Rather Confucius

We observe that a Chinaman has been caught "red-handed" with opium in his possession. A red-handed Chinaman should be able to make a living in a side show.—Neepawa Press.

Very Likely

A one-legged convict has escaped from a New Jersey prison by sliding down a rope. If this fellow had possessed two legs he is the sort of convict who would have walked out.—Chatham News.

A Chicago News Item

A Chicago beauty specialist states that women over forty years of age use more cosmetics than do their younger sisters. An attempt to "make-up" for lost time, no doubt.—Montreal Gazette.

Prairie Berries and Fruits

Why should Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta go without fruit which can be raised here? We can make a success of raising berries, currants and small fruits on the majority of farms. We can raise apples, certain kinds of cherries and plums and other tree fruits much more successfully than most of us think. Let us save a great part of the \$12,000,000 spent yearly for imported fruits by raising them ourselves.—Regina Leader.

In Regard to India

The outbreak in India gives a faint idea of what would happen if the British administration ceased, and the country was left to its own devices. Of course it wouldn't be for long. When conditions got just so bad some high-minded people who were purely thinking of the good of the country would step in and take control, and what a control it would be, for instance, if Japan were to be the nation.—Los Angeles Times.

A Florida News Item

Ladies who went in bathing used to dress like Mother Hubbard. Now they dress more like Mother Hubbard's cupboard.—Tampa Tribune.

The Poles and the Dukes

The Polish monarchists want the Duke of York for King of Poland. But we are certain that is as far as it will ever go.—Indian Head News.

The Land of Teeming Millions

Two thousand Chinese have been killed in a battle near Peking. The population of China, however, is four hundred million.—Galt Reporter.

Italy to California to Florida

It is noted in the news columns that a Californian accuses Florida communities of stealing the state's names, such as Venice.—Montreal Herald.

And Real Estate Exchange?

If all three expeditions arrive at the North Pole together, they should be able to start quite an active chamber of commerce.—Duluth Herald.

A City of Strenuous Politics

Two politicians in Chicago have been found with their bodies riddled by bullets. They use up their politicians very fast in Chicago.—Hamilton Herald.

The Result of Too Much Vigor

We regret to report that during the past winter we have heard of only one case where a Charleston dancer broke his leg while doing it.—Omaha Bee.

A Texas Opinion

Our private opinion is that the failure thus far has been due to trying to mop up the Prohibition leak with a lot of bung-starter appointees.—Dallas (Texas) News.

Where are Saxophones Made?

Another Hawaiian village is doomed from a volcanic flow: Would it be too much to hope it is the one where they make the ukuleles?—Vancouver Province.

"After You, My Dear Engineer!"

Selfishness, says a Grand Rapids statistician, is responsible for 86 per cent of all automobile accidents. A thorough gentleman will always concede to a fast freight at the crossing.—Niagara Falls Review.

What About the Cowbird?

There is an argument on in Texas over which shall be named the State bird. Some prefer the mockingbird, although there is a strong undercurrent of sentiment for the frying-size chicken.—Los Angeles Examiner.

"Pansies for Thoughts"

William Toole, the pansy king, is dead. The passing world may well note the passing on of one who added so much color and loveliness to the gardens of the world.—Calgary Albertan.

Another Standard Joke Disposed of

There are numberless jokes about Sir Harry Lauder's closeness. But Harry has offered to subscribe \$25,000 for a national monument to Burns, and thus turns the jokes on the jokers.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Comparing Characteristics

There is at least this to be said for the British habit of "grousing." The British nation knows the worst. We, on the other hand, seldom do, because we are forever fooling ourselves with beatific visions.—Brooklyn Eagle.

What Has Happened in Florida

Something has happened to the land boom in Florida. Something always happens to land booms everywhere. It happened years ago in Toronto. And as the tide recedes, many fish are left splashing about in the pools along the seashore of speculation.—Toronto Star.

What?

Mr. Poole, of the United Farmers of Manitoba, has been telling the Educational Convention that "the aim of education ought to be to teach how to think rather than what to think." We would go him one better and say the aim should be to teach how to think about what.—Winnipeg Free Press.

They May Get Some Such Idea

Every Visitor to Petrograd reports that the heads of the Soviet government are always asking when the communist revolution is going to break out in this country. Perhaps now that they are hearing American jazz by radio they will be deceived into thinking that at last their political ideas are taking hold on this side of the Atlantic.—Kansas City Star.

Utopia Discovered At Last

A sanctuary for weary taxpayers has been discovered. The residents of an island off the coast of Galway have not paid taxes for over 20 years.—Monetary Times.

A Great Influence for Good

Rare first editions of books may be worth thousands of dollars, but cheap vest-pocket versions have done much more for human advancement.—Toronto Globe.

Is It Fair to the Cannibals?

A Chicago lady back from darkest Africa states that cannibals are "kindly, jolly folk." She is, perhaps, comparing the cannibals with Chicagoans.—Victoria Colonist.

Musical Note

There are, we read, two kinds of music played on the Highland bagpipes. All the other kinds and some additional ones are played on the saxophone.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

A Distinction

The wife of one of the Whitmore gang says: "I did not know my husband was a criminal; he gave me lots of money but I thought he made it running whisky."—Springfield Republican.

Or Are Figures Lying?

According to statistics we have seen, the average car costs the average car-owner more than the income of the average farmer. Yet the average farmer owns an average car. Or are liars figuring?—New York World.

It Would Seem to Indicate That

U.S. Prohibition officers only seize about 5 per cent. of liquor smuggled into the country. Which looks as though there isn't a great deal of enthusiasm for the enforcement of the acts by people along the border.—Moose Jaw Times.

Domestic Economy

The really efficient modern home will have nothing but a can opener in the kitchen, soup-cubes in the pantry, ear-phones in the living-room, and a hat-rack in the hall (in case the owner should wish to stay the night).—Minneapolis Journal.

What Would Seem Most Startling

If a woman who had come to maturity in 1900 should have spent the subsequent twenty years in a Rip Van Winkle sleep, she would probably have been less startled by an airplane than by garters worn visibly below the knees.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

We Must Surely Hope So

Selfishness is not new in the world and the old Satan is not the especial prerogative of any generation. The fight against it has gone on for ages and will continue as long in the future, with, we hope, occasional victories.—Lethbridge Herald.

A Slogan from The Pas

Let Florida with her swarming, sweating millions, the mad house of America, rave on until she busts; peace and quiet, health and youth, vigor and virility lie the other way. Florida—the old man's paradise; Canada—the young man's dream.—The Pas Herald.

Canada's Advancing Prosperity

The conditions in Canada now are conditions of advancing prosperity. If Canadians keep their heads moving forward steadily, but without excessive speculation they can look for several years of solid progress. The country is all the better fitted for expansion now because its recovery from the post-war depression has been painfully slow.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Quite So

An orator has been described as a man who tells others to do what he himself does not propose to do. Burke said that you cannot indict a nation. Parents as well as voters make up nearly the whole adult nation. It is fashionable today to blame nearly everything that goes wrong on the home and the parents. In a sense they are at fault. But the statement means nothing; as well say with owl-like solemnity that everybody is to blame.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Bursting of the Bubble

What has happened in Florida proves once more that the men who make money out of real estate booms are those who are "on the spot"; who buy shrewdly, sell profitably, and get out before the crash comes. But sometimes even the men "on the inside" are blinded by the sheen of the easy money they are making, and cannot see that the bubble they have blown is about to burst.—Journal of Commerce.

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